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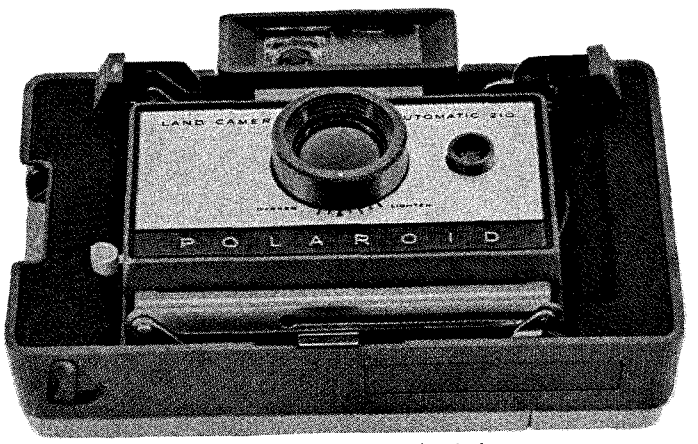

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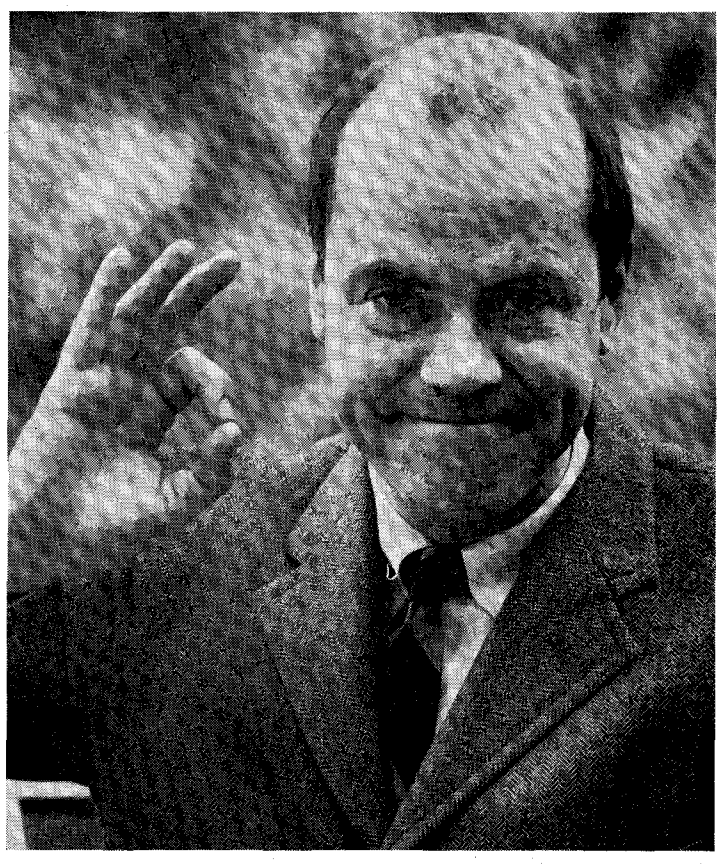

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POST

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From the Editor

I am reminded again every weekend that I live in a clearing in a jungle. And there are only a few weeks left for me to reassert my will over this jungle before winter dominates both of us. My jungle is infested with molds and blights and slugs and beetles, with ants and pigmy yellow jackets, and with a curious, convertible creature known as the sod webworm that becomes a white moth and flies off under your nose. And, of course, with a cannibal plant known as *Digitaria sanguinalis* or CRABGRASS. This jungle is my lawn, and it is in this environment with the balance of nature chronically askew that I have picked my enemy. I could have written a novel in the time I have spent trying to uproot him.

Our forefathers fought for their lives against trees which they conceived to be weeds. Clearing ground, backbreaking acre by acre, they grew enough crops to keep them alive. Is it the vestigial remains of this homesteading instinct that keeps me in this struggle? In some mythic way does this weed-picking tie me to some ancient, grubby kinsman heaving on rocks and striking back at slash pine? And I can't help wondering what some grizzled sodbuster of the early 19th century would make of a suburbanite hunkered down over a minute patch of lawn. They had their problems and we have ours. But these are frivolous considerations because crabgrass is a dead-earnest subject. The terms of the struggle are what make it interesting.

Life is full of ill-put challenges, fuzzy dilemmas, muddy crises that produce unsatisfying antagonists. Not so with crabgrass. There it is, a bilge-water green, resplendent, an angry weed holding on radially with many arms—it is a direct rebuke. You can pull it out by its roots and throw it into your neighbor's yard and feel much better about it. You work on your knees at this chore, a salutary position for modern man. Tracing out the intricate networks of pure subversion, you eradicate it as you might root out a Communist cell in the P.T.A. It is a microcosmic world, tiny, manageable, and menaced by a palpable, concrete evil. And yet over the space of a few square feet, as your mind wanders, you can imagine that you are stamping out poverty, eradicating racial prejudice, de-escalating Vietnam. If you feel guilty of microphilia (expending ever more intense effort on smaller and smaller problems), look around you and see how people are handling the big problems. Besides, you can't stop once you start. Pulling crabgrass is addictive. It is like eating pistachio nuts. It is my sort of hang-up, my sort of weed. And it is a good trip. Remember, it is consciousness contracting. When everybody else is expanding, it is much more stylish to contract.

Bill Emerson

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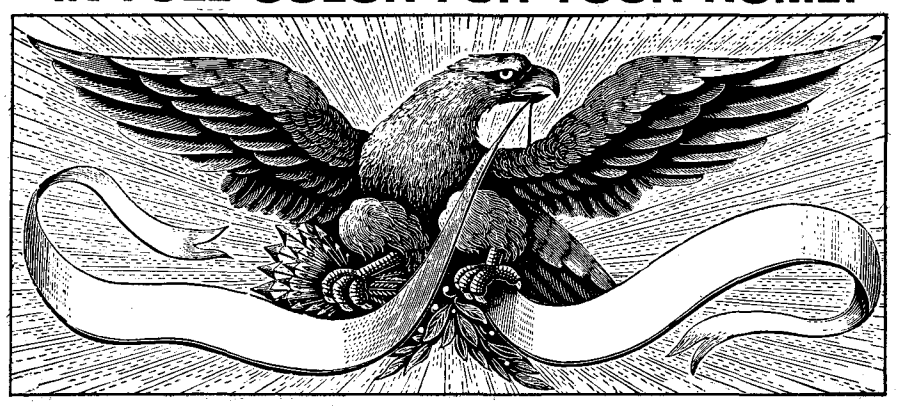

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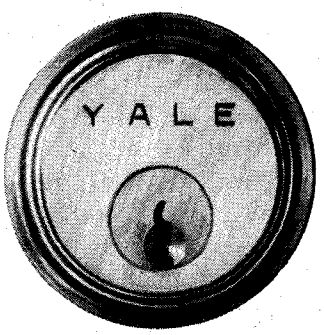

Body guard

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

Letters

The hippie de-generation?

Dear Sir:

I am a 17-year-old former champion of the hippies, disillusioned, disgusted and disheartened by Joan Didion's factual-sounding report [HIPPIES: SLOUCHING TOWARDS BETHLEHEM, Sept. 23]. However, I remain a champion of the "hippie philosophy" as I interpret it: the vital importance of genuine brotherly love, individuality in the face of mass conformity, and a rejection of materialism in favor of developing the minds and emotions of men to their highest degree. I only hope that the millions of adults who will shudder even more violently at the thought of hippies after reading this article will not associate this philosophy with the mixed-up, unhappy people who use it as an excuse to escape from reality.

MARILYN BYRD
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Your article on hippies was an excellent example of truthful and informative writing. Everyone reads and hears so much about this new portion of society, and yet the truth about these people is very seldom discovered. Your article got to the truth. Thank you for your fine reporting of the happenings of today.

TOM KNOLL
Hartford, Wis.

To the Editor:

After reading the article on the hippies, I was convinced of the truth of the old saying that "the fools ain't all dead yet."

WILLIAM E. FINLEY
West Hartford, Vt.

Dear People:

Joan Didion's article, SLOUCHING TOWARDS BETHLEHEM, presented the usual "straight's" view of the underground.

Yes, we have dropped out of your society, and for cause shown. We'd rather not slaughter 40,000 of ourselves on your highways, nor do we feel that one can be shown the delights of democracy over the napalm-charred bodies of his loved ones. Ulcers, mortgages and $12,500 a year are not our utopia. Unfortunately, this seems to be all society has to offer. We have love, euphoria, friendship, hope, faith and charity. The freedom to explore these unmolested is all we ask. This, we firmly believe, is not beyond reason.

KEVIN
Old Town, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Regarding the hippie cult, I have only one concern for these nasty, heathenish young dopeheads: Will our nation, in another 10 years, have enough Skid Rows to accommodate such a mob of gruesome creeps?

C. H. HEASLEY
El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Yesterday I visited Haight Street in San Francisco. I walked the filthy pavements, shopped the untidy shops, and had a bite to eat in one of the unclean cafés. I observed the unlovely young people, who must have evolved from unloved, misunderstood or neglected children. They were trying to find solace in a community, but even in community they seemed defeated, dreaming loners sitting in their own filth and suffering a sort of nonviolent sickness of the spirit.

Whatever they are, they are part of the whole, practicing their own particular form of escape from responsibility. We can sympathize, understand or be appalled, but we can never restore the lost love or the lost understanding of their childhood.

MRS. E. C. ALLEN
Salinas, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I don't know where Joan Didion went to get her information about the hippie generation, but it wasn't Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco. I lived and worked in Haight-Ashbury as a Digger for eight months, and I know it to be a fact that 98 percent of everything she said is untrue. Only a handful of the hippies take drugs, and the ones who do certainly don't feed them to their children. The majority of the flower children are good kids who are trying to improve the world and make it a better place to live.

SUNNIE 'THE DAISY' BRENTWOOD
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I can't believe you wouldn't cover the World Boy Scout Jamboree and yet devote such space to the hippies.

IRENE PALMER
Altadena, Calif.

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Letters

Our mysterious children

Sirs:

The conclusion of your editorial [OUR MYSTERIOUS CHILDREN, Sept. 23] was that the hippie movement is a fad with little sociological significance. Hippies are largely intelligent people who have rejected the materialistic views of an older generation. They are heroic in that rejection. Whether their course is fruitful or not is another matter.

MATTHEW LAMKIN
Worcester, Mass.

Dear Editor:

This editorial explodes the myths that have been foisted on us by youth worshipers and puts the younger people in true perspective.

MRS. LEWIS DICE
Denver, Ind.

Tom, Dick and the critics

Dear Sirs:

Do these two upstarts [THE BROTHERS SMOTHERS, TOM AND DICK, Sept. 23] really expect us to believe that they "whittled" their show into the comedy hit of the season without the help of writers, directors, guest stars? If the Smothers Brothers' talent ever catches up with their egos, Lord help us!

BILL FAITH
North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

How distressing it was to learn about Tommy Smothers's ulcer. As a matter of fact, I felt so bad that I sobbed openly on the hood of my car. I plan to cry again on the front porch tomorrow about his condition. I believe in constructive crying.

PATRICIA LECISTER
South Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Does George Fox, who wrote on the Smothers Brothers, also tell little children there is no Santa Claus? He has pictured two near-geniuses as nervous, conceited egotists!

We are starting the first Smother George Fox With a Pillow Club.

MR. AND MRS. ROGER SHAFFER
Springfield, Ohio

Enjoying race riots . . .

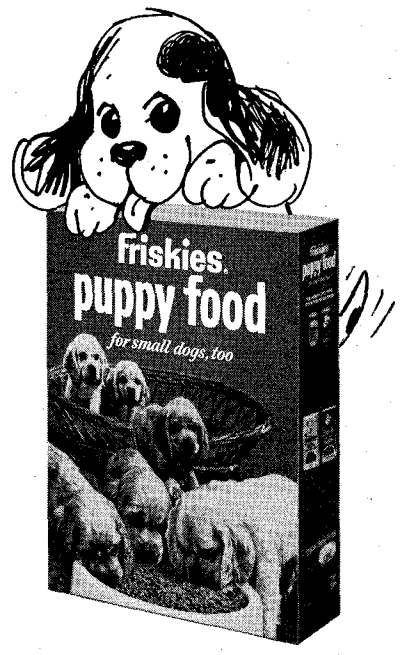
Dear Sirs:

In response to Stewart Alsop's WHY JUANITA ENJOYED THE RIOT [AFFAIRS OF STATE, Sept. 23], why have the sociologists not drawn parallels between the "urban rioting" of young Negroes and the "beach rioting" of young whites?

Detroit and Fort Lauderdale have shown us that economics is not always the cause. The attractions and compulsions of mob action can make good kids "go wrong" in Detroit or Fort Lauderdale, and the youthful urge for excitement will continue to motivate our youth while befuddling our parents and our government.

KENNETH L. JESMORE
Detroit, Mich.

puppy love



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Letters

Dear Editor:

WHY JUANITA ENJOYED THE RIOT was most important and perceptive. I was stunned by Mr. Alsop's uncommon willingness to "lay it on the line," impressed by his insight, but not at all surprised by his conclusions. The people who had so enjoyed the rioting are the displaced, dismal heirs to a lamentable, disadvantaged past, but they are entitled to more than a cut-rate future.

ANDREA SERLIN
Chicago, Ill.

. . . and handling them

Dear Sirs:

I was extremely encouraged to read Ray Girardin's article [AFTER THE RIOTS: FORCE WON'T SETTLE ANYTHING, Sept. 23]. As he so well states, the *Miranda* and *Escobedo* cases prevent neither arrests nor convictions, but merely assure that the convicted party is the guilty one.

The tragedies in our cities this summer were aggravated more by the "cop" who deserves the label of "vicious, vindictive creature," than by the perceptive and merciful policemen with whom Girardin would like to see our urban forces staffed.

KENNETH T. SOLNIT
Rego Park, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Girardin's statement that shooting people is a lot worse than destroying property is an alibi. His men could have used tear gas with no great harm to the looters.

MILTON B. SHABER
Detroit, Mich.

Submarine rescue

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading THE RESCUER by Peter Maas [Sept. 23] aloud to my husband. The article was enthralling to say the least. Adm. Momsen was my grandfather and I knew him as a wonderful, delightful man, but only knew rather vaguely of his accomplishments until his death. He was never one to brag or talk about himself. Thank you for publishing THE RESCUER.

ANNE BARTEE
Columbus, Ohio

Gentlemen:

During the Korean conflict I served on the same kind of submarine as the *Squalus* and used the Momsen lung several times during practice escapes. Your article brought me right back to that scene, and I couldn't put it down. It was a wonderfully factual account!

ROY RANDALL
Hobe Sound, Fla.

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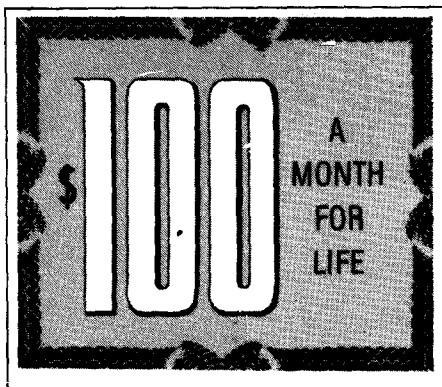

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Lew Louderback, here with his wife, Ann, is the author of a forthcoming book on the dilemma of the fat person in a society that worships slimness. They live in New York.

More people should be FAT

By Lew Louderback

Fat, we are told, is ugly. It's self-indulgent, therefore immoral. It's certainly un-American—for the President's Council on Physical Fitness has declared war on it. Schoolchildren are taught that overweight individuals eat to assuage their feelings of inferiority, insecurity, sexual inadequacy. Fat is unhealthy; in fact, suicidal. I concede that all this can make sense for naturally thin people. But these views are nonsense when they are applied to people who are honestly fat.

Americans, as a Yale physician put it recently, are "prisoners of a culture that worships thinness." Never before has so large a minority—an estimated 20 million fat people, about one out of 10 inhabitants—accepted the majority's view of themselves with so little protest. Never before have so many people been browbeaten into slimming down toward an arbitrary image (an estimated 10 million Americans are on diets). America's overweight population can with justice echo Falstaff's anguished cry: "They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop."

There's something distinctly unhealthy, even sinister, in the anti-fat madness that has swept this country in recent years. American culture, for all its liberal ideas, seems intent on forcing a single acceptable form of body build on everyone, including those whom nature has endowed differently. The pressure to conform physically is intense. Any overweight person can confirm this—and I speak here from personal experience, being well over the "norm" for my height and build, just as my wife is. It would seem that the affluent society has finally spawned its Reformation, and that instead of "roundheads" we now have "thinbellies" making life unpleasant for the rest of us.

Most Americans, being devotees and victims of the slimness cult, do not care when fat people are subjected to persecution. A 260-pound New York City civil engineer is told to lose weight if he wants to keep his job; New York policewomen who check on parking-meter payments are ordered to avoid overweight, and half a dozen are fired when they fail to do so; in other cities, policemen are instructed to reduce or quit; a recent survey shows that colleges turn down overweight students in favor of slim students. If such discrimination happened because of race, religion, or almost any other personal factor, the protest would be fantastic. But when people are persecuted because they are fat, not a word is spoken in their defense.

A fat man's natural inclination is to blame the entertainment, fashion and dietetic food industries, to see some massive conspiracy. But the motivating force, in my opinion, comes from some deeper level—perhaps a Puritanical reaction to affluence, and also to an ugly snobbery. Nonfattening foods are expensive. Starchy staples like beans, spaghetti and potatoes aren't. The waistline has in some ways replaced the accent as a handy guide to class. I'm also convinced that the craze for slimness and the hate for fatness are related to the increasing tribalization of contemporary life, to the growing power of the group over the individual.

There's more than a hint of the Nazis' *Kraft durch freude* in our Government's physical-fitness program; a reminiscent whiff of the McCarthy era in the injustices perpetrated on the fat citizen and the reluctance of the population at large to speak out against them. Weight reducing, I submit—and some doctors agree—has now reached the proportions of a mass neurosis. It has become so "in" to be thin that fat people's civil rights are repeatedly and openly violated. Take, as an example, the recent conclusion by a Harvard School of Public Health study that college-admissions officers and high-school teachers who recommend students to colleges usually discriminate against the fat student. Reports of the study were widely circulated in the press. Yet no editorials appeared defending the fat students' equal right to an education. *The New York Times* headed its story this way: *College Admission Hint: Lose Weight.* The meaning is plain: Conform or suffer the consequences.

The situation in the job market is even more obnoxious. Any fat man knows that the overweight executive has virtually no chance at all of securing a decent position. Even if he gets past the employment agencies, he'll find that personnel directors are reluctant to hire him. It's part of the slimness insanity: Overweight individuals, it seems, might tarnish the "corporate image." An editor of my acquaintance recently settled on what he considered the perfect secretarial applicant, only to be overruled by his boss on these grounds: "We already have too many fat people on that floor."

Cases like this rarely come to light, of course. The applicant is formally rejected for other reasons, and is usually unaware that weight had anything to do with it. The person who makes the adverse decision will often mutter something about a "weight problem," but may not even be aware that he is prejudiced against fat people. The fat, we are told, are not a true minority. They are not permanently imprisoned by the physical characteristic that makes them different; they can always join the majority by becoming thin. That's what we are told—but it simply isn't true. It is time for the public to learn the facts, and for the American Civil Liberties Union to bring out picket lines in defense of the persecuted fat. All that the fat person *can* do, at great personal sacrifice and daily torture, is attempt to "pass" as a thin person.

The fact that millions of fat Americans live such charades in order to survive, that they are forced to lead what a nutritionist has called "lives of diet desperation," is the most tragically wasteful aspect of our slimness mania. My wife and I are refugees from this insanity. Both of us are, by nature, fat. We didn't know this—or at least refused to admit it—until a few years ago. Instead, we fought against our natural condition through most of our adult lives, compulsively following each new diet, gulping down appetite-depressant pills, getting ourselves injected with thyroid extract, filling our shrunken bellies with tasteless low-calorie drinks and foul-tasting dietary supplements.

It didn't seem too high a price to pay. We were young career people, and our professional and social lives depended on our maintaining at least a semblance of thinness. The trouble was, we rarely maintained thinness for more than six months at a time. Then our rigid self-control would snap, and off we'd go. The result was an endless battle. We never knew from one month to the next what our sizes would be. We spent our money on new clothes, and having our old ones taken in and then let out again.

The psychological toll was terrible. Stringent on-again, off-again dieting shattered our reflexes

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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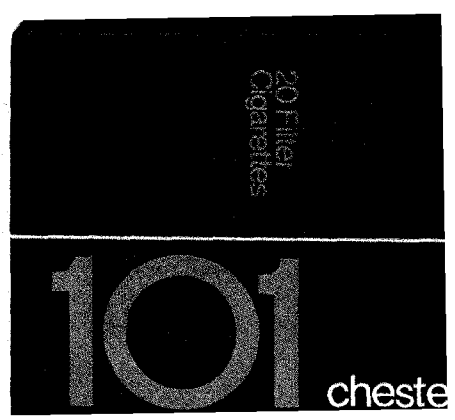

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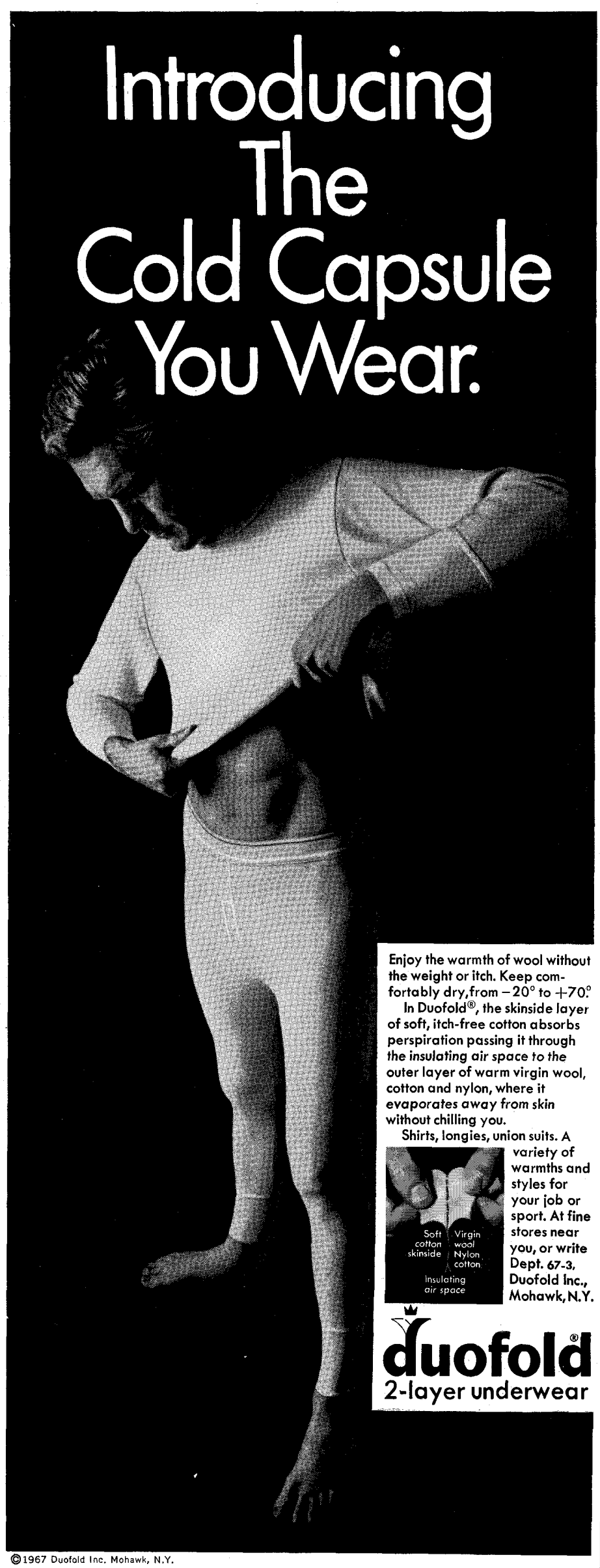

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and judgment and nerves. We had screaming, nonsensical arguments, wild drinking sprees and bursts of intense but meaningless activity. At the time it never occurred to us that our diets might be to blame. Finally we came to a decision. We'd had enough of pretense. Even when thin, we were really "thin fat people," and the time had come for us to admit to our fatness. So, at age 33, we took the big step. We dropped out of the Thin Culture.

My wife had just had a baby and wasn't planning to return to work—so in her case much of the pressure to be thin had been removed. A year later I quit my job and began to work at home as a free-lancer. That meant that I could start eating normally too, since the only image I'd tarnish by being overweight was my image of myself.

Each pound that we put on made us feel physically better, more relaxed. We discovered that we could finally concentrate on what we were doing. No longer did we live with one eye on the refrigerator, the other on the clock. Food lost its importance. As a matter of fact, we rarely thought about it. Our weights rose to a certain point, then settled there. They haven't changed in the last four years, and they are far, far above the "norms." They are our natural weights, and while our figures might not be aesthetically pleasing to others, they're comfortable for us.

One question continued to nag us, however. What about our health? At the New York Academy of Medicine's library we found reports on adult obesity which, if more widely known, would free generations of Americans from fad diets, questionable (if not dangerous) medication and lives of useless denial.

Briefly, the facts reported by researchers are these:

There are fat people, and there are thin people. Both are what they are by heredity and the eating habits they acquired as infants. In other words, as some recent research indicates, the number of adipose (fat) cells becomes fixed in childhood and cannot change later on. Diet can only modify the amount of fat these cells store, but such forced changes, in our experience, are not only likely to be temporary but can actually cause physical and emotional damage.

Our investigation has turned up quotes like the following:

Dr. Alvan Feinstein, professor of medicine at Yale, addressing a meeting of the American College of Physicians in New York, January 18, 1967: "The five-year cure rate for obesity is virtually zero—most people who lose excess weight soon gain it back."

Dr. Joseph A. Glennen, in *Archives of Internal Medicine*, July, 1966: "Thus far, review of the published long-term results of the treatment of obesity tends to support the proposal that at present it is incurable."

Dr. Clifford F. Gastineau, of the Mayo Clinic: "How urgent is weight reduction? Is the patient tolerating his obesity well and perhaps enjoying it? How serious is the patient's need to remain obese? Overeating may be a means of releasing simple tension in some persons, but in other persons overeating and obesity may be an important defense against destructive emotional forces."

Dieting often unleashes these forces. Dr. Albert J. Stunkard of the University of Pennsylvania states that more than one out of three patients in a control group suffered "severe emotional upsets" while dieting. (One wonders just how much mischief in the world is created by "thin fat men," particularly those required to diet because they are in the public eye. Perhaps that was what Shakespeare's Caesar had in mind when he said, "Let me have men about me that are fat.")

Part of the liturgy of the slimness cult says that fatness is invariably harmful to health—but even this is doubtful, and my wife and I feel much better when we are fat than when we were struggling to get thin. According to Dr. Jean Mayer, professor of nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health, on-again, off-again dieting, with wide fluctuations in weight, can be more harmful than staying at a somewhat elevated weight. Furthermore, among those who survive a heart attack, the victims who are fat seem to live longer than the thin ones. Medical specialists do not even agree on the relationship between coronary disease and obesity. Cancer seems to be unaffected by overweight. Some specialists have decided that fat people run a greater risk of having gall-bladder trouble and contracting diabetes—but we also seem to run less risk of getting tuberculosis. And fat people have an unusually good record for not committing suicide.

So we "fatties," it turns out, are not even being maligned for "our own good" as we're so often told. Our persecution is based on aesthetic considerations. We are not pleasing to the eye—at least not to the thin majority's eye. In commenting on this, Dr. Feinstein half-jokingly suggested that fat people who want to feel better might well be advised to go to a society where obesity is worshiped. "Or," he continued, "we might urge magazines like *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* to publish pictures of plump women.

"But then," he added, "we'd have to worry about all the thin people who would be considered abnormal."

A cultural change of this type isn't as impossible as it might seem. Already there are some hopeful signs of change in the land. The recent announcement by two psychologists, Dr. Seymour Fisher and Dr. Howard Osofsky, that sexual responsiveness in women was "positively and significantly correlated" with a general positive attitude toward food and eating, can only help the fat cause. The same can be said for the "Fat-in" held in New York City's Central Park last June. Five hundred people—thin as well as fat—turned out for this event. They carried banners: FAT POWER, THINK FAT, BUDDHA WAS FAT; wore buttons: HELP CURE EMACIATION, TAKE A FAT GIRL TO DINNER, and ceremoniously burned diet books and a large photograph of Twiggy. The event's organizer, Steve Post, a radio announcer, told reporters: "The advertising campaigns have attempted to make us feel guilty about our size. People should be proud of being fat. We want to show we feel happy, not guilty."

Inside millions of thin Americans are fat men and women. Guilt is the lock that imprisons them. The time has come to turn the key.

Lew Louderback

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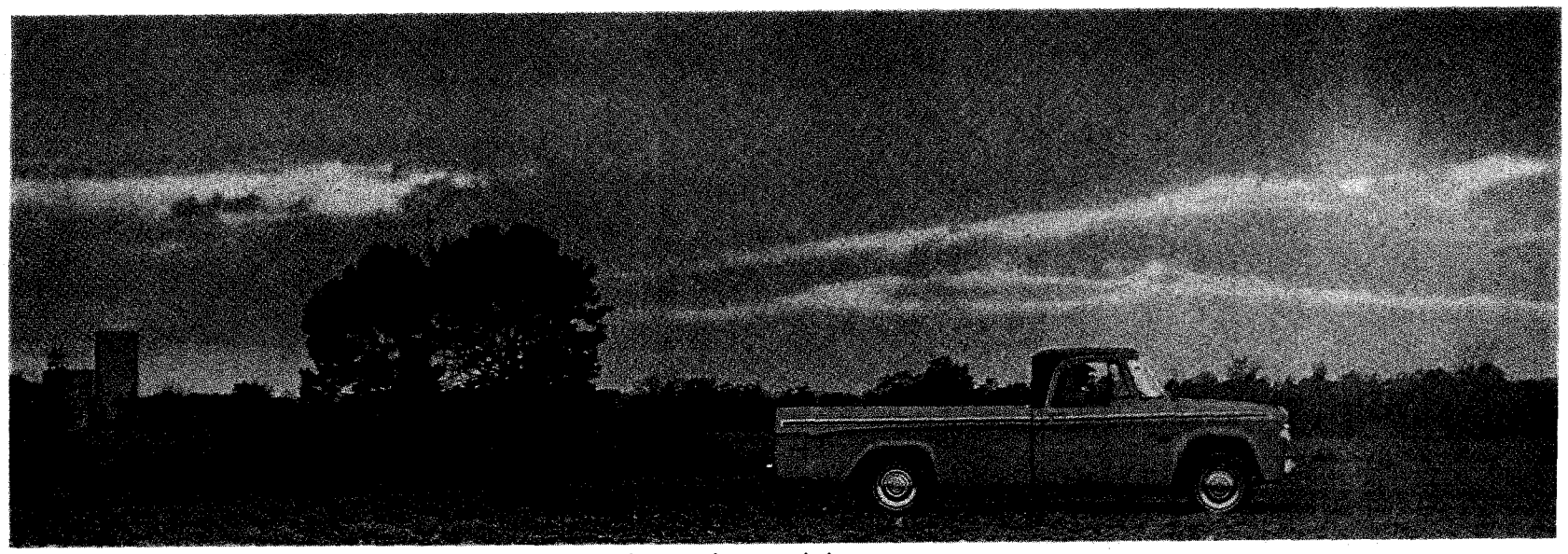

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Why is Congress so boring?

WASHINGTON:

Most citizens, asked what the first session of the 90th Congress has accomplished, would remember that the Senate censured Tom Dodd; that the House kicked out Adam Clayton Powell and voted first in favor of rats and then against them; and, aside from the painful subject of taxes, that is about all. The session of Congress now soon to end, in short, has been a colossal bore. So have most congressional sessions in recent memory. Why?

One reason is the fact that Congress operates under an unwritten amendment to the Constitution. If it were written, this amendment would read about as follows:

Article XXVI. *Not less than two thirds of the Chairmen of the Standing Committees of both Houses of Congress shall be white Anglo-Saxon Protestants from the small towns and rural areas of the Southern and Western portions of these United States; and control over legislation shall be lodged in their hands.*

This unwritten amendment operates with all the force of constitutional law, and it helps to make the American Congress the least representative of all the major parliaments of the free nations. There are 16 standing committees in the Senate and 20 in the House. The 36 men who chair these committees are, in Arthur Krock's phrase, "the lords proprietors of Congress." The first Robert La Follette said of the committee chairmen that "They report, shape, or suppress legislation at will," and although a few of the chairmen have had their wings clipped a bit, that is still largely true. And who are these "lords proprietors"?

In the Senate 9 of the 16 chairmen are from the old Confederacy. Two are from the border states of Oklahoma and West Virginia, two from the state of Washington, the others from Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico. Thus not one of the 11 most populous states in the Union boasts a Senate chairmanship. Such towns as Doddsville, Miss., Houma, La., Fayetteville, Ark., Everett, Wash., Camden, Ark., Elkins. W. Va., Winder, Ga., and Saxapahaw, N.C., boast Senate committee chairmen—but not New York or Chicago, Philadelphia or Los Angeles.

Until Powell was booted out, the House had two committee chairmen from New York City and one from Chicago. Otherwise the picture in the House is much the same. Texas is represented by no fewer than 5 committee chairmen out of 20—they come from Anson, Lubbock, Waco, Texarkana and College Station. A great majority of the committee chairmen are WASPs, or white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. In the Senate, WASPs occupy the chairs of all of the 16 standing committees. This despite the fact that WASPs are a dwindling minority in the multiracial, predominantly urban population of the United States.

Seniority, of course, is the enforcer of the unwritten amendment. To become a committee chairman, a man must outlast all his colleagues on that committee. This means that he must come from a safe seat. Except for an occasional big-city congressional district, almost all the safe seats are found in the South, the smaller states, especially in the West, and the small towns and rural districts.

There are two parties in Congress—the Congressional Party and the Presidential Party. The unwritten amendment weights the whole congressional power structure heavily in favor of the Congressional Party. Once in a long while—in the early New Deal, or during the 89th Congress, Barry Goldwater's political legacy—the President will command a majority in Congress, and then a lot of things get done. But normally the Congressional Party, whose hard core is the Republican-Southern Democrat coalition, is in the majority, as it is in the 90th Congress. Then very little gets done. For the Congressional Party has an essentially negative and passive function—it vetoes, it delays, it emasculates, but it does not originate.

Indeed, even when the Presidential Party is in the majority, the Congress hardly ever originates anything any more. There was a time when a man could hope to leave behind him a major legislative monument—Carter Glass's banking act, for example, or George Norris's TVA, or Robert Wagner's labor act. The only really important law originated, shaped and passed by Congress since the second War is the Taft-Hartley Act, and there may never be another.

Congress has become a mere conduit for legislation originating in the executive branch, and the chief function of the Congressional Party is to plug the conduit at regular intervals. Nay-saying has its uses, but it is not very entertaining. The endless wordy inaction of this session of Congress has reminded Representative Sidney Yates of a conversation between Queen Victoria and her prime minister on the queen's return from a long holiday:

"Tell me, sir, what Parliament has passed in my absence."

"Parliament, your Majesty, has passed seven weeks. Nothing more."

The unwritten amendment is not the only reason why Congress, most of the time, passes weeks and nothing more. Time and technology have forced a passive role on Congress.

The Constitution gives Congress the right and duty to "declare War" and to "provide for the common Defence." But the real power of decision on war and peace has passed to the executive branch—the U.S. is now fighting its second major undeclared war in less than 20 years. So has the power of decision on "the common Defence."

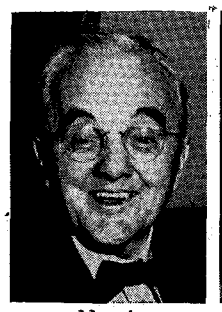
In the prewar days Congress could intelligently debate and decide the size of the standing army, or even whether the U.S. fleet should match the British fleet. But a body of 535 men is simply not qualified to decide on the proper balance between the multiple-warhead ICBM, say, and the Nike-X. That sort of question has to be decided by the technicians, with their computers and their secret war games.

Even on the domestic front the operations of the Federal Government have become so vast and so complex that Congress can hardly do more than adopt a sort of watching brief. Many congressmen have become little more than middlemen for their constituents, passing on complaints, or acting as intermediaries for interested parties back home who want to get their share (or perhaps a bit more than their share) of the federal billions.

Finally, Congress is powerless to do anything much, except talk, about the two problems that worry the folks back home more than any others—the horribly expensive and seemingly endless war, and the race crisis at home. Theoretically, Congress could vote to end the war and bring the boys back home, but it won't. As for the race crisis, there is no way to outlaw lawlessness, and no way either to legislate effectively against racism, whether black or white.

There are many very able men in both Houses of Congress—more, probably, than what the late Frank Kent used to call "the great rancid American people" deserve. But, collectively, the Congress is reduced to impotence both by the system under which Congress operates and by the situation in which the United States finds itself. And therein lies much danger, for impotence breeds contempt, and contempt for the national legislature endangers democracy.

Stewart Alsop



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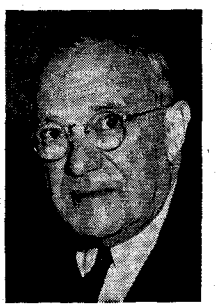

Wagner

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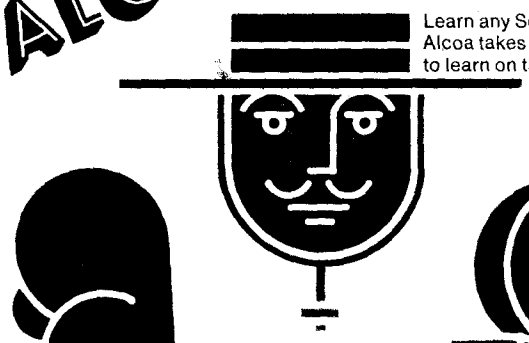

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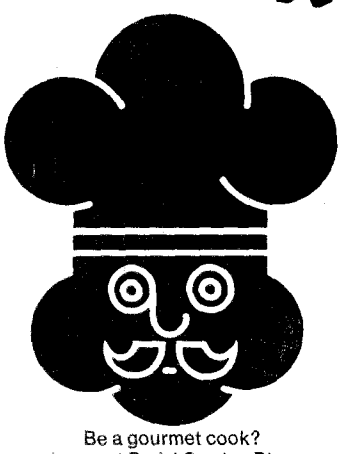

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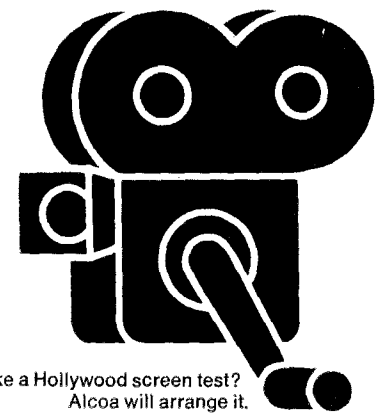

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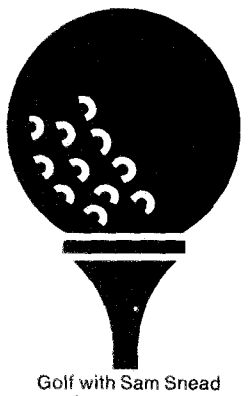
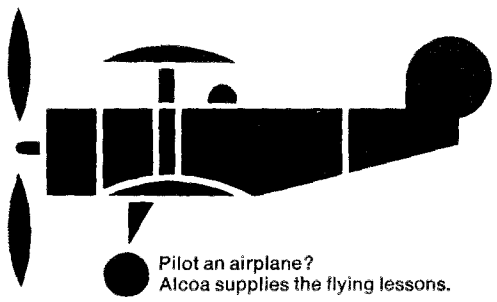
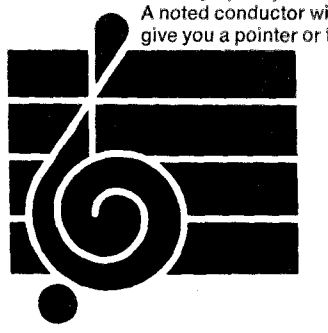


Golf with Sam Snead at the Greenbrier? He'll give you lessons, too!



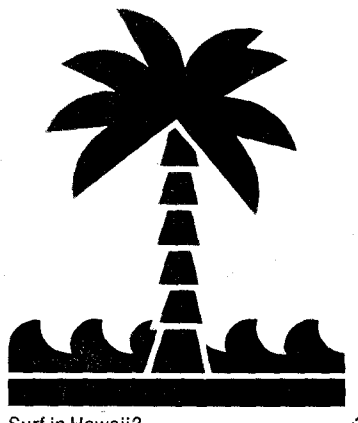
Pilot an airplane? Alcoa supplies the flying lessons.

Sail the Caribbean? Alcoa will charter the yacht.



Conduct a symphony orchestra? A noted conductor will give you a pointer or two!

Sit in with a top band? What do you wail?



Surf in Hawaii? Alcoa will make the arrangements.

EASY TO WIN— NOTHING TO BUY:

1. To see if you have won, fold on the dotted line and insert under the ring of any easy-opening canned soft drink marked with the word "Aluminum" on the can top. If the ring in the ad is completely covered by the ring on the can, you are a winner! Print the word "ALUMINUM" on the can top in this ad as it appears on the actual can. You may also enter by only filling out the coupon. If you are a winner, you will be notified. Send to:
Alcoa Soft Drink Can-Do Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 35527
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460
2. Entries must be postmarked by midnight, December 17, 1967, and received no later than December 31, 1967.
3. Entries automatically void if altered or mutilated in any way.
4. Determination of prize winners under the supervision of an independent judging organization whose decisions are final.
5. You may write to Alcoa Soft Drink Can-Do, P.O. Box 35533, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460, for a reproduction of the ad. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
6. Tax liability is winners' responsibility. Alcoa reserves the right to provide the grand prize winner with a check for $10,000 and all runner-up prize winners with a check for $1,000 to fulfill the desire they "Can-Do" by being a winner.
7. Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents, except where prohibited by law. Not open to employees of Alcoa, its subsidiaries, advertising agencies, Adams-Burke Corporation or their families. Sweepstakes subject to all Federal, state and local regulations.

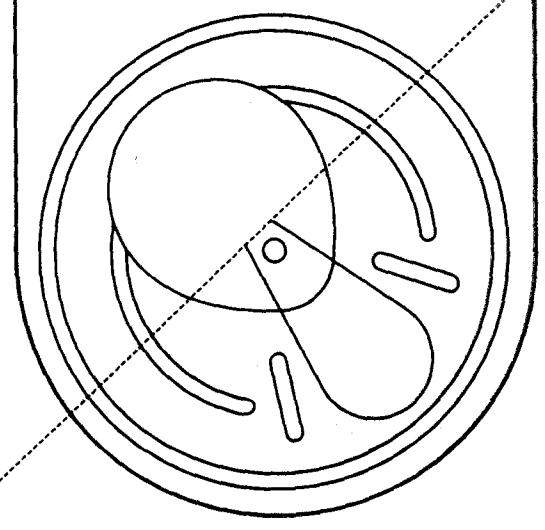
This offer expires December 17, 1967.
NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

Here is my entry in ALCOA'S $500,000 ALUMINUM CAN-DO:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____



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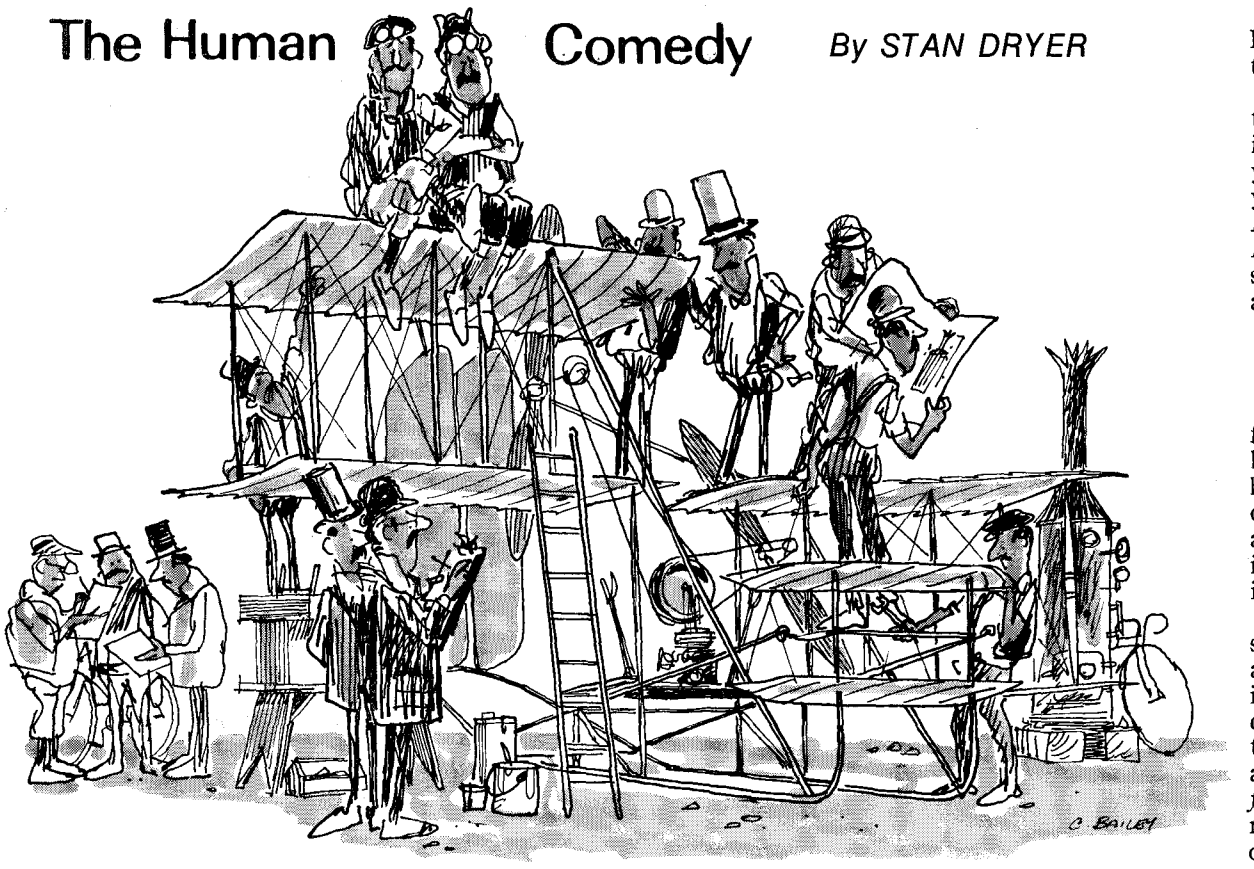
The Human Comedy

By STAN DRYER



A feasible flying machine

After four years of experimenting in their spare time, two bicycle repairmen named Orville and Wilbur Wright flew the first powered airplane in 1903. Their cash outlay was about $1,000.

What would have happened if the Wright Brothers had built their airplane under a modern, government-financed, research-and-development contract? The record might read as follows.

To: J. L. Flailer, Vice President in Charge of Research, Mammoth Bicycle Corp.
From: Orville Wright, Manager, Kitty Hawk Test Station

Little progress was made on the flying machine this week. Wilbur was at the Symposium on Flying Machine Progress, and I was tied up in paper work. Monday I completed employee-evaluation reports. Tuesday I checked procurement vouchers. Wednesday I signed security-clearance forms. Thursday and Friday were used up in meetings.

I am worried about your plan to double the size of the test station. Although I realize that under our Army contract this could double our profits, I cannot see that it will speed things up. I favor leveling off the work force to a technical staff of about 100 with a support staff of not over 700.

The men you have been sending for interviews seem to be overly concerned with what you call the "systems approach." I think you should stop running that ad in the bicycle trade journals which shows a hand holding the earth like a baseball and says, "The flying machine is an integrated system." The machine we are working on will have four wings, a motor, two propellers and some control surfaces. All we want to do is make it fly. I do not need any more bright young men who talk about ops. analysis and systems configurations. However, if you can spare Joe, the mechanic in the motor pool, send him down.

The union problems seem to be settled. We're agreed that members of the electricians', mechanics', chainbenders', carpenters' and seamstresses' unions will all be on the launch team.

To: Orville Wright
From: J. L. Flailer

Regarding your report of November 3, I am worried at your insistence on directing work toward production of equipment. Frankly, I would be happier to see more concept-oriented work. Remember that our contract calls for a feasibility study and does not specify hardware development. From the standpoint of obtaining future study contracts, a good report in the hands of the right people in Washington is worth far more than the production of hardware.

In regard to our expansion plans, I have retained the Coordinated Research Institute to assist this effort. Their teams of research-methodology consultants will visit the facility this week.

To: J. L. Flailer
From: Orville Wright

Wilbur returned Monday and was angry when he found one wing had been put on the flying machine upside down. Our staff psychologist was upset when Wilbur chewed out the engineer in charge. He feels that Wilbur has "disrupted the stability of the command structure" by taking direct action at two levels below his own in the hierarchy. Nonetheless, the engineer got the wing on right side up in one day.

Your research-methodology people say they have "delineated a satisfactory dynamic organizational phaseover philosophy." My general feeling is that expansion is a mistake and I strongly object to their recommendation that Wilbur and myself be separated in the management structure.

To: Orville Wright
From: J. L. Flailer

I have read the C.R.I. report. As it points out, a management partnership of brothers may fail due to latent sibling rivalry. I am therefore moving ahead with its recommendations to break the facility into East Coast and West Coast divisions, with each of you heading one division.

Our biannual report on flying-machine feasibility is due in two weeks. Your last biannual report was very terse, and this should make up for that deficiency. I suggest a minimum of four pounds of single-spaced typed material.

To: J. L. Flailer
From: Orville Wright

As you have probably read in the newspapers, about 50 people picketed the front gate yesterday. Gus Hanks, our public-relations specialist, informed me that these were two sets of protest marchers who had gathered in response to a rumor that we were about to test a flying machine. A scuffle broke out between the group carrying the Flying Machines Are a Threat to World Peace signs and the group carrying the World Peace Through U.S. Air Power signs. We had to call the police to restore order.

The irony is that there was no possibility of any test flight. Although the body and wings of the flying machine have been completed, no engine has yet been provided. The propulsion-systems analyst you hired just completed a massive report titled, *Power Plant Selection for Heavier-than-Air Flying Machines*. I hoped it might contain at least the specifications for an engine, but it seems to be only a proposal for a two-year feasibility study.

To: Orville Wright
From: J. L. Flailer

Newspaper accounts of the episode at the test facility have produced some extremely bad publicity for the company. I have had calls from stockholders who are disturbed about potential effects on our bicycle sales, and have assured them that an announcement will be made that no testing of flying machines is currently planned. I trust you will issue the necessary press release.

I read the report of Ed McGurty, the propulsion-systems analyst whom you criticized, and I find it a well-written exposition of the problems inherent in the selection of a power plant for a flying machine. A two-year study of this area does not seem to me to be at all out of order. I must emphasize again that our contractual task is the *study of the feasibility of heavier-than-air flying machines.* Let me remind you that the biannual progress report is due in my hands next week.

TWX REPORT TO: J. L. FLAILER
FROM: ORVILLE WRIGHT
HEAVIER-THAN-AIR FLYING MACHINE A REALITY. WILBUR AND I MADE FOUR FLIGHTS TODAY. AVERAGE SPEED 31 MILES AN HOUR. LONGEST FLIGHT 59 SECONDS.

To: J. L. Flailer
From: Orville Wright

As you may find my telegram somewhat unbelievable, I want to fill you in on the details. Last Friday, when Wilbur returned from committee meetings, we discussed the engine problem, and he suggested we might use the engine from one of the guards' motor scooters.

Saturday morning we went to the deserted facility, removed the engine from a scooter, bent some mounting brackets and installed it in the flying machine. We had two of the security guards help us move the machine out to the south parking lot. I climbed aboard and Wilbur started the engine. After a run of about 100 feet, the machine became airborne. The first flight lasted 12 seconds. As we became more adept, the flights became longer, with the longest lasting 59 seconds. On the final flight a rough landing damaged one wing and forced abandonment of the tests. I think you will agree that these flights prove the feasibility of a heavier-than-air flying machine.

In place of a biannual report, I am enclosing:

1. A two-page description of our test flights.
2. Two photographs taken by one of the security guards of the flying machine in the air.
3. Complete plans of the flying machine.

To: Orville Wright and Wilbur Wright
From: J. L. Flailer

I regret to inform you that as of this date you have been terminated as employees of the corporation. The reasons for this decision are as follows:

1. You conducted tests of the flying machine after specific orders from me not to do so.
2. Your substitute report is inadequate in size and concept.
3. The Zootscoop model 4G-78 motor-scooter engine you specify as the power plant is not manufactured by the Mammoth Bicycle Corp., which *does* manufacture a line of low-horsepower engines for its motor bicycles. Company policy requires that in-house equipment be used whenever possible in systems developed by the company.
4. Government property was removed from the test site without approval, and was damaged.
5. Guards took photos without authorization.

I regret that this decision is necessary, particularly in view of your long service with our firm. Please feel free to utilize our personnel office for assistance in obtaining new positions. □

Illustration by Colin Bailey

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Now, a different dish for every day of the week. From Purina, the name you know and trust. Each Purina meal is named and numbered for your convenience.

The numbers make Purina so easy to shop for, so easy to remember what you fed your cat last.

Here's a complete week's variety menu with aromas so pleasant, you'll say "thank goodness for Purina." With tastes so tantalizing, your cat will say "thank Purina for goodness."

Take this coupon to your grocer and get one can free. Your cat will thank you for it.

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Mr. Grocer: Please redeem this coupon for one can of Purina canned cat food. Your Purina representative will reimburse you for your regular shelf price plus 2c handling charge for each coupon. Or you may mail this coupon to: Dept. 200, Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Missouri 63102. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock of Purina canned cat food to cover coupon(s) presented, must be shown upon request and failure to do so may, at our option, void all coupons submitted for redemption. Use of mails to collect for coupons not properly redeemed will be reported. This coupon is non-transferrable, non-assignable and good only on the products specified. Offer void wherever taxed, restricted, or prohibited by law. Cash redemption value 1/20 cent.

Offer expires Jan. 15, 1968
RALSTON PURINA COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

S.E.P. 11/67

STORE COUPON

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Motorola introduces America's first all-transistor Color TV

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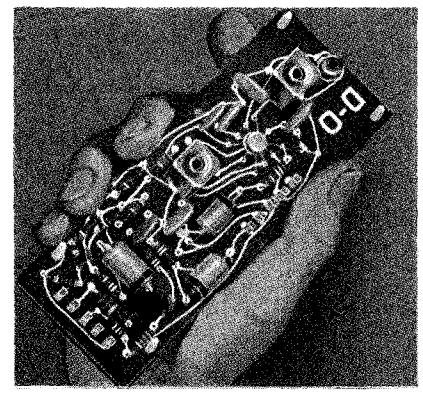


Now transistors replace tubes for a whole new standard of reliability in color television.

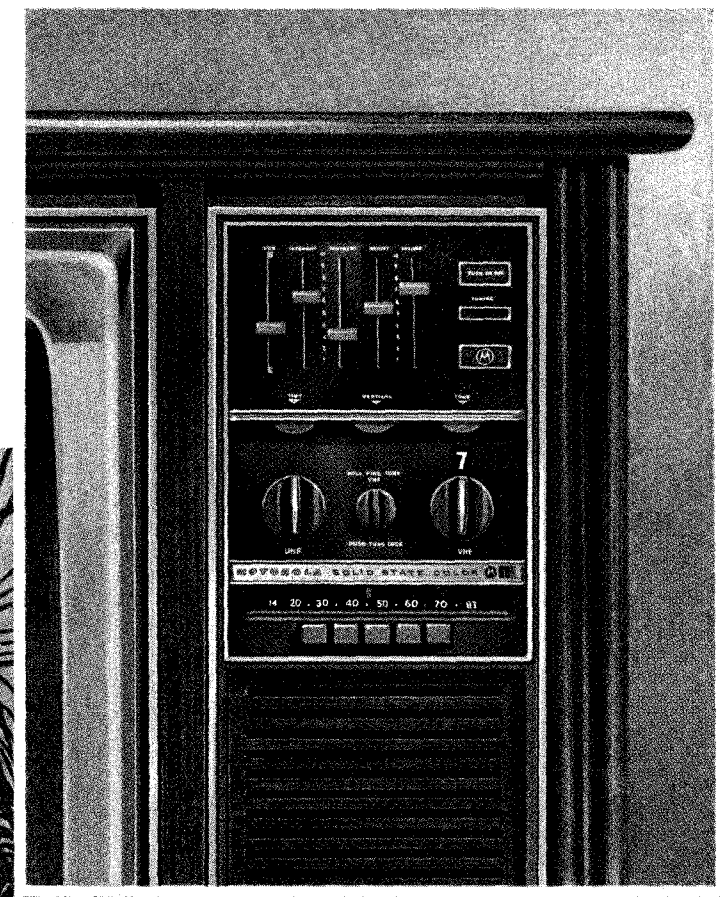
This is America's most advanced Color TV—with solid state devices replacing all tubes but one, and innovations for tuning ease and color reproduction not available on the other color sets today.

It was engineered to make the TV repair man a stranger at your house. Separate circuits that work without tubes are contained in 10 solid state modules like the one shown above. This construction principle, using solid state electronics, is designed for maximum operating reliability. It eliminates hundreds of chances for human error in manufacture, and is specified in most space electronics and computer systems.

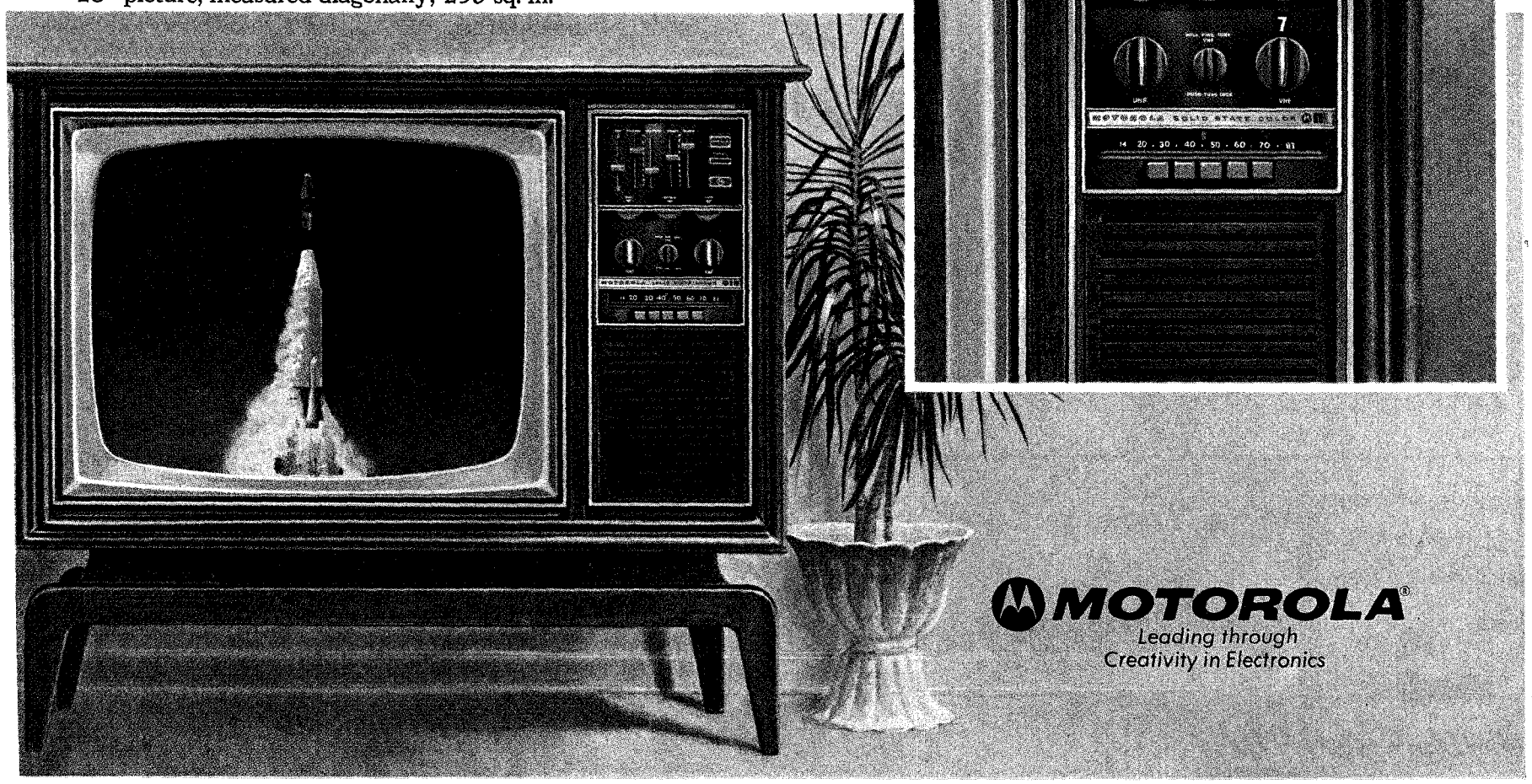
Fine-tuning is virtually foolproof—so easy, you don't even have to look at the picture. The Motorola Visi-Trak tuning system electronically senses if your picture needs fine-tuning, and turns on a signal light to tell you so. You just turn a knob until the light goes out. That's it.

Added advantages: The all-transistor design gives you instant sound and an automatically color-purified picture in about five seconds. You get faithful color reproduction of the broadcast signal. It's the color set of the future, available right now at your Motorola dealer's. See it soon.

This Color TV is easier to fine-tune right than black and white



23″ picture, measured diagonally; 295 sq. in.



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Leading through Creativity in Electronics

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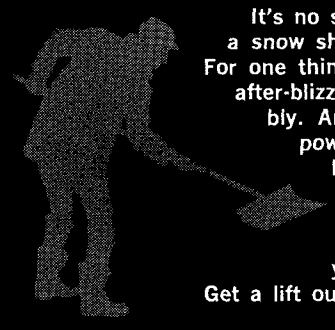
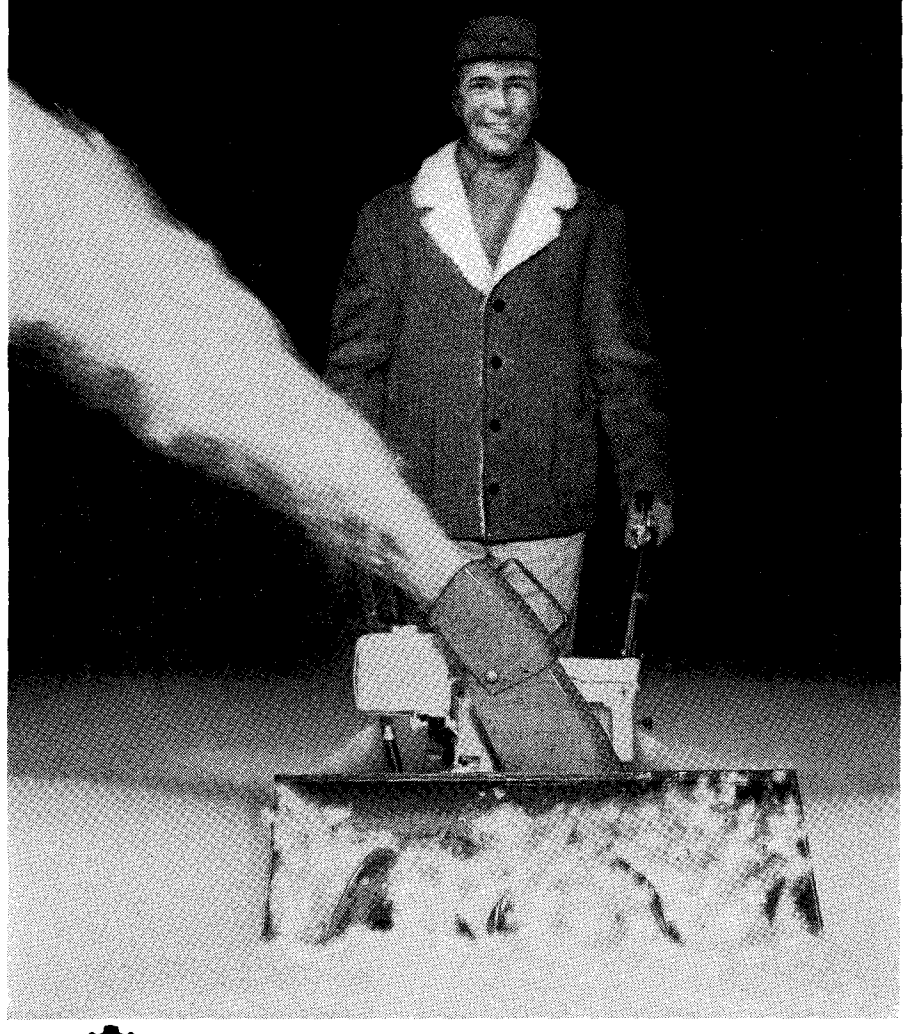
Ariens takes the Lifting out of Drifting all over America



It's no secret, an Ariens Sno-Thro costs more than a snow shovel. It should. It does a whole lot more. For one thing, a 2-stage Ariens Sno-Thro cuts through after-blizzard drifts quickly, conveniently, dependably. An Ariens Sno-Thro gives you a feeling of power — a way of putting Old Man Winter in his place. In case you're wondering, Ariens Sno-Thros are sold and serviced by a network of dealers across America's snowbelt. In fact, there's one right near you. See him today, or over the weekend. Get a lift out of life with a new 1968 Ariens Sno-Thro.

All Ariens Sno-Thros are equipped with four forward speeds, power reverse and a directional discharge chute. The Ezee-Start 4 hp, 5 hp, 6 hp and 7 hp engines have been winterized for dependable get-up-and-go performance. NEW! LOCK-OUT DIFFERENTIAL! Standard on Models 10M-6D, 10M-7D. Available for Models 10M-6, and 10M-5. *Optional attachments turn some models of the Ariens Sno-Thro into a lawn vacuum, reel or rotary lawn mower. Ask about them, too, whatever the weather.*

Ariens COMPANY



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Yellow Pages

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He's a Cut Above the Rest!

Points West

By John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion

An Iron Snake selection

Everyone thinks he's got a book in him, and I've got the mail to prove it. "Oh, there are things I could tell you if only I could write," my mother says, and she stares at me meaningfully. My landlady drags out a diary her 90-year-old mother has written. "It's about a Pennsylvania girl who went to live in Tallahassee," she says. "I mean, her experiences, being Northern and all. It doesn't need much pulling together." I nod and look at the ocean. "Funny, a red tide this time of year," I say. A Vassar girl I knew slightly is now running a dude ranch in Colorado and couldn't I make something of that? A Princeton classmate wonders if there isn't something in a small electronics manufacturer competing with Tex Thornton and the big fellows. "Dear Jack," his letter begins, an indication of how close we were. But I've just finished a book, and the experience is not all that it's cracked up to be. In fact, I want to tell you something about the real emptiness of it.

In the first place, no one bothered to tell me how ludicrous I would feel. It takes a surpassing arrogance to think that what the world needs is another book. After all, there were 30,000 books published last year. Zen housewives from Van Nuys, an unbeaten high-school football coach from Butte, Mont., a Vermont general practitioner who fathered triplets in his 89th year and ascribes it all to his wheatgerm diet—this is the company of first authors. I wonder if they all feel the same way I do as I sit here reading my galleys. It is an unnerving experience. On the 30th reading my attention wanders; I begin to doze. Metaphors that scintillated months before seem viscous when set in type. It is a non-fiction book, and holes appear in the manuscript that I had not noticed before. The fear of factual error nags like a migraine. I think of the telephone call I did not make, the interview I canceled, the statistic I meant to double-check. On my desk is a letter from a prestigious San Francisco law firm, one of whose clients I had mentioned, not altogether favorably. "We should say that our client quite naturally does not like to be libeled, and will undertake to protect itself if any libel does appear," the letter says. "Please understand that the foregoing is intended only as a statement of fact; it is not intended to be a threat." My lawyer finally translated that for me at a cost of $200, but his contention that they will not sue does not shore up my confidence.

Beyond the fear of libel, we first authors are sensitive to every fancied humiliation. When the typist handed me back the completed manuscript, she said, "It's a marvelous book. I really laughed." I replied, with a wintry smile, that it was about a labor strike, and that people were shot at and beaten up with tire chains and run down by automobiles. "I know," the typist said. "But you handled it all so humorously." In the mail I received a letter from a man in New York who had formed something called The Iron Snake

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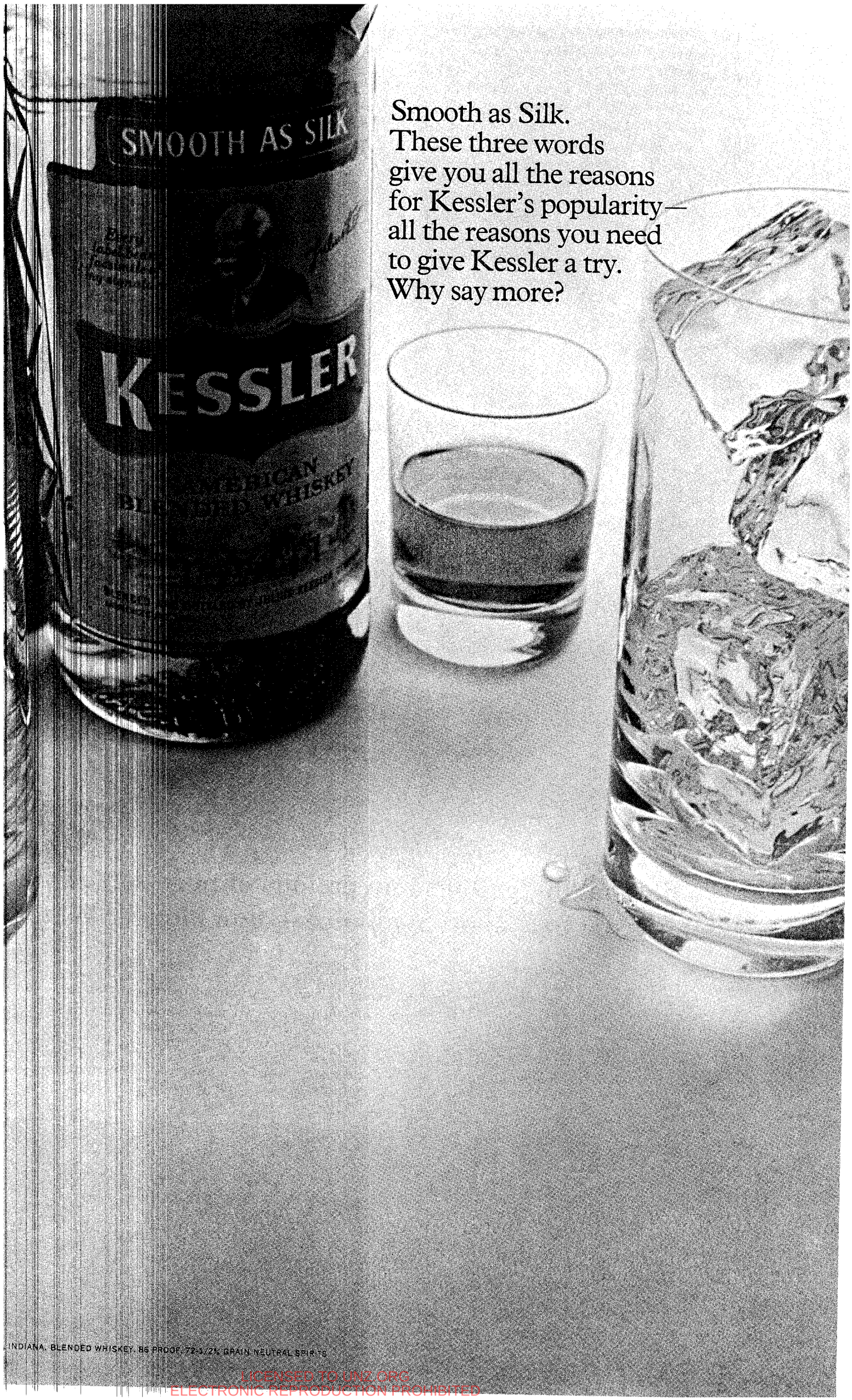

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dishes sparkle like jewels with half the soap

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It's hard to believe that one small appliance in your home could add so much pleasure. Wash your hair and it turns out smooth as silk. Dishes and clothes come out cleaner with *half* the soap. Your bath is a luxury of light, foamy suds.

No trips to the basement to adjust messy valves because Pioneer's electronic controls do *all* of the remembering for you. It's *automatic!* No maze of unsightly pipes and tanks. Your Pioneer Water conditioner is a sleek, modern appliance that many families install in the utility room or kitchen. It is no larger than an apartment size stove.

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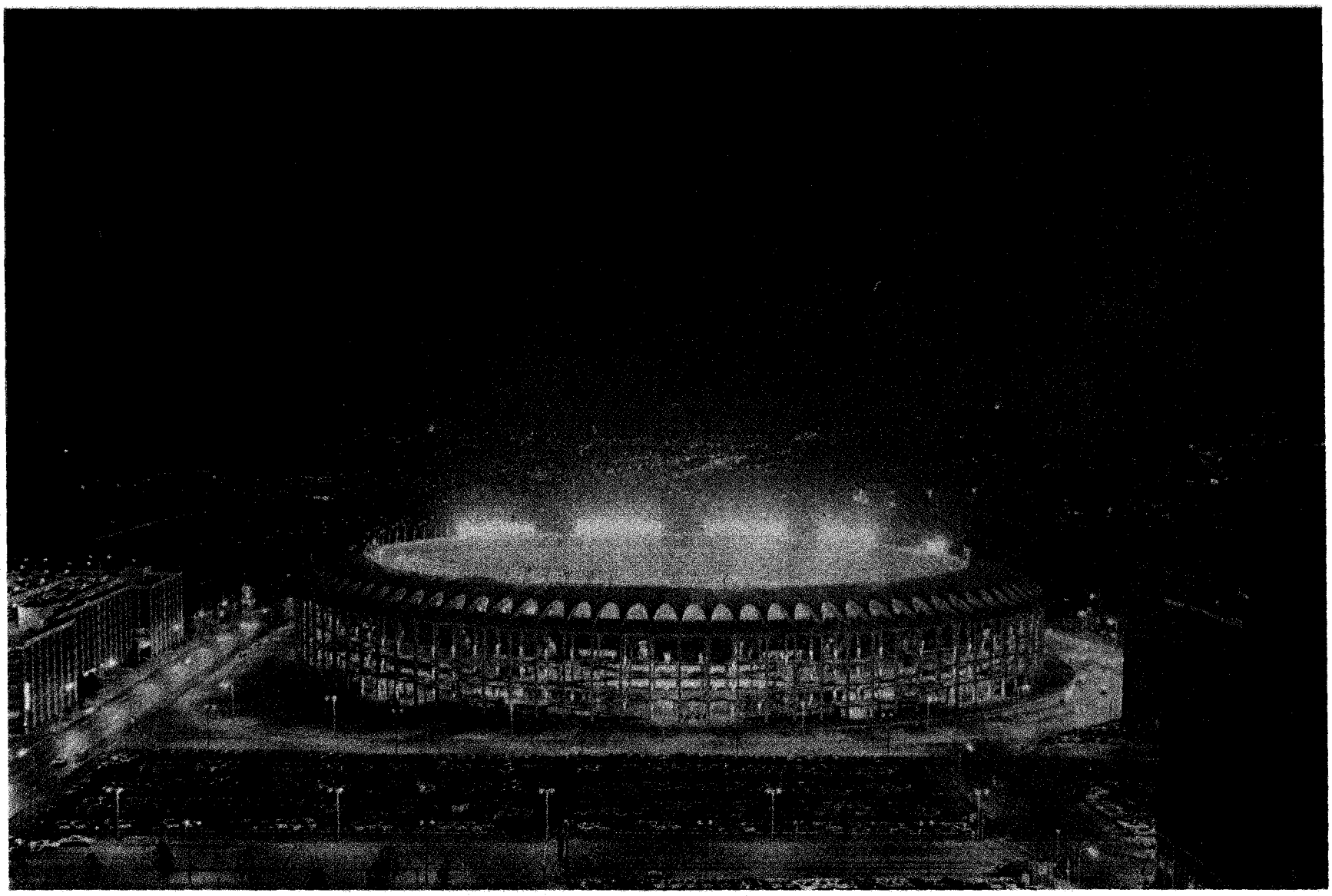

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One sip and you'll know why we want everyone to know just who it is that makes this Bourbon.

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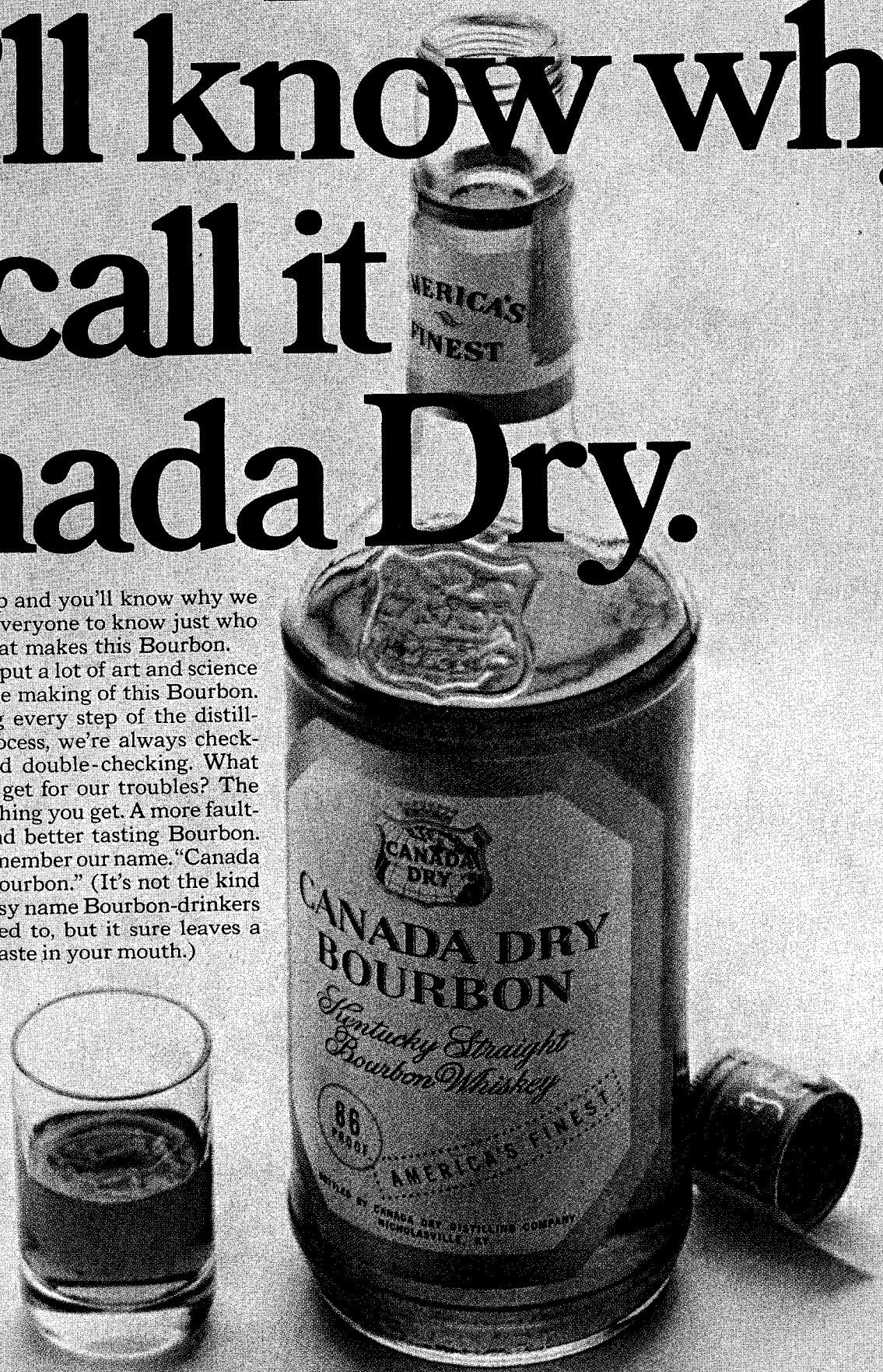
Remember our name. "Canada Dry Bourbon." (It's not the kind of folksy name Bourbon-drinkers are used to, but it sure leaves a good taste in your mouth.)



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. CANADA DRY DISTILLING CO., NICHOLASVILLE, KY.

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Book Club, which had chosen my book as a fall selection. The only other books previously honored, he said, were *The Iron Snake: The Story of the Uganda Railway* and *The Last Manchu: The Fabulous Life Story of Henry Pu Yi.* It took some time before I realized that I was being put on, and the knowledge that some wit in New York thought the subject matter of my book arcane did not improve my disposition.

I think it is because first authors are so touchy that we spend so much time on such ego restoratives as dedications and jacket photographs. Long ago, John O'Hara concocted the perfect parody dedication: "For S.G.F.—Wise and witty, generous and kind, who sharpened the pencils, made the coffee and kept the fires going—this book is inscribed with love." For a while, I toyed with the idea of dedicating the book "To John O'Hara, Who knows why," and then, after abandoning that, to a young lady who has been the mistress of three of the best novelists in America, each of whom has dedicated a book to her. It was an inside joke that I thought might give me some cachet among the literati. But a first book is no joking matter, and I finally compromised on a maiden aunt. The questions about the jacket picture were equally time-consuming. Should I wear my glasses or not, smoke a pipe, sit before my typewriter? It took days before I finally settled on an ensemble—denim shirt, black turtleneck sweater, tweed jacket with leather arm patches. And, of course, a cigarette.

At last I flew to New York to meet my publisher. The stewardess wanted to stow the manuscript in the back of the plane, but I firmly declined, keeping the heavy, oversized box wedged between my knees, hoping in vain that her interest would be stimulated enough to ask what it contained. My publisher was a revelation, everything that I had anticipated a successful New York literary figure to be. He is given to double-breasted cavalry-twill suits and he calls everything "delicious," from a pompano souffle to the latest love-in. He asked where I wanted to lunch, and when I said The Four Seasons, I had the feeling that he thought it slightly *déclassé.* Two of his more successful authors were sitting at the next table. He beckoned the wine steward and, pointing to them, whispered, *"Une demi-bouteille de Puligny-Montrachet 1959 avec mes compliments."*

This, I thought, was what writing a book was all about. No less than actors, writers crave recognition. I was not even cross with my publisher for a publicity statement he had sent out saying I had written 127 cover stories when I was working for *Time.* He was 123 above the mark, but if the grandiose statement got me newspaper space, well, that was how the game was played. But if I thought my name was already a household byword, I was sadly mistaken. At literary cocktail parties, I had the feeling that I was dressed wrong, that my clothes somewhere contained a large blinking sign that kept announcing, CALIFORNIA. I was ignored, aching to be spoken to, but afraid of saying the wrong thing. Susan Sontag's eyes drifted over my shoulder, and when Dwight Macdonald stuck out his hand, it was for someone behind me. My face was frozen halfway between a smile and a scowl, wherever I stood I was in someone's way, colors blurred, and I kept getting people's names wrong. I thought the book critic for *The New York Times* was an agent, but by the time I extricated myself, I could see that review frittering away. I would have gladly locked myself in the men's room, but I could not find it. In my fantasies, people at these parties talked about Proust, but the only dazzling literary conversation I heard was about deferred payments and tax advantages. One author had just returned from North Vietnam, and when I asked him about conditions there, he complained about the advance his publisher had given him. Another writer said he had just fired his accountant, who had not bothered to tell him that manuscripts donated to libraries were tax deductible. I think I would have been happier at an N.A.M. convention.

I am back in California now, and there is nothing to do but wait for the reviews. November 8 is my own personal D-day. The book is called *Delano,* and part of it was published in this magazine under the title *Strike!* I will be writing another book by publication day. It seems that, emptiness or no, there is nothing that the author of a first book wants to be more than the author of a second.

John Gregory Dunne

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The Lucky Strike 100.

A Lucky Strike that tastes soft, for once.

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And a new taste: soft.

If you still like the old Lucky, stick with it.

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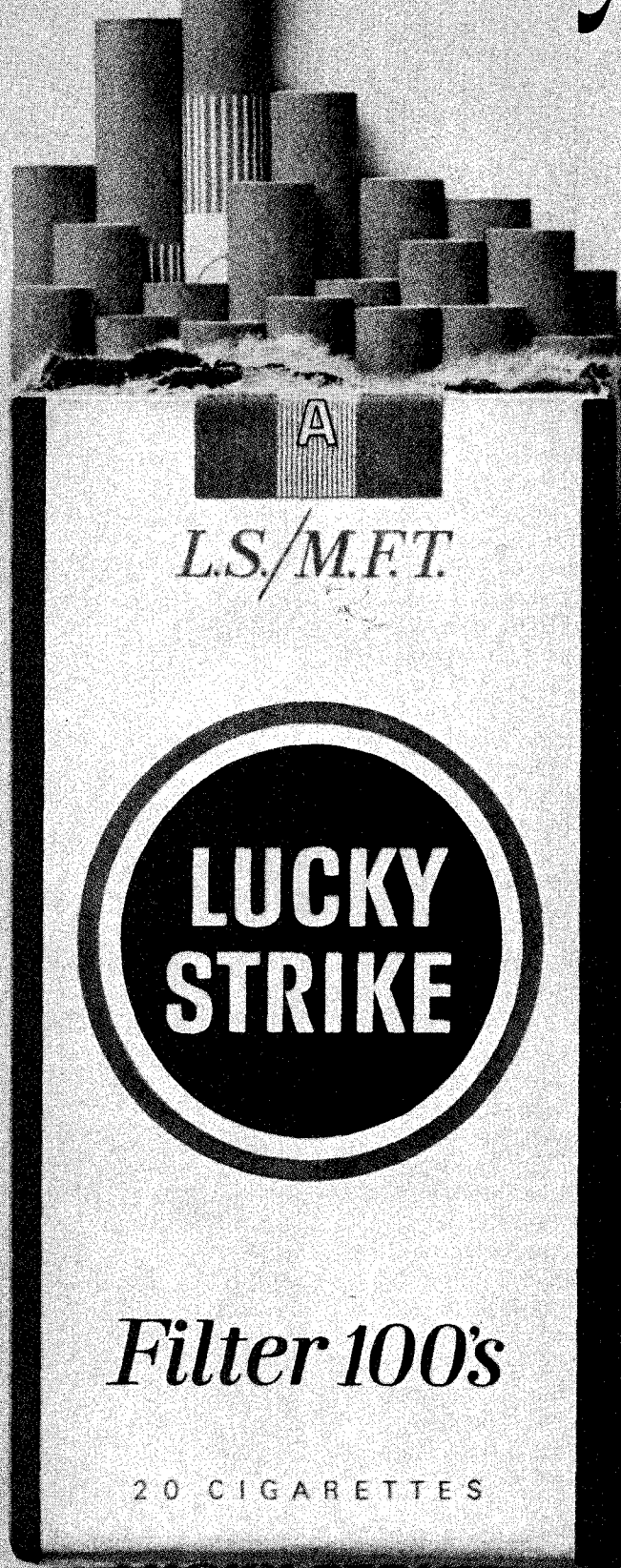

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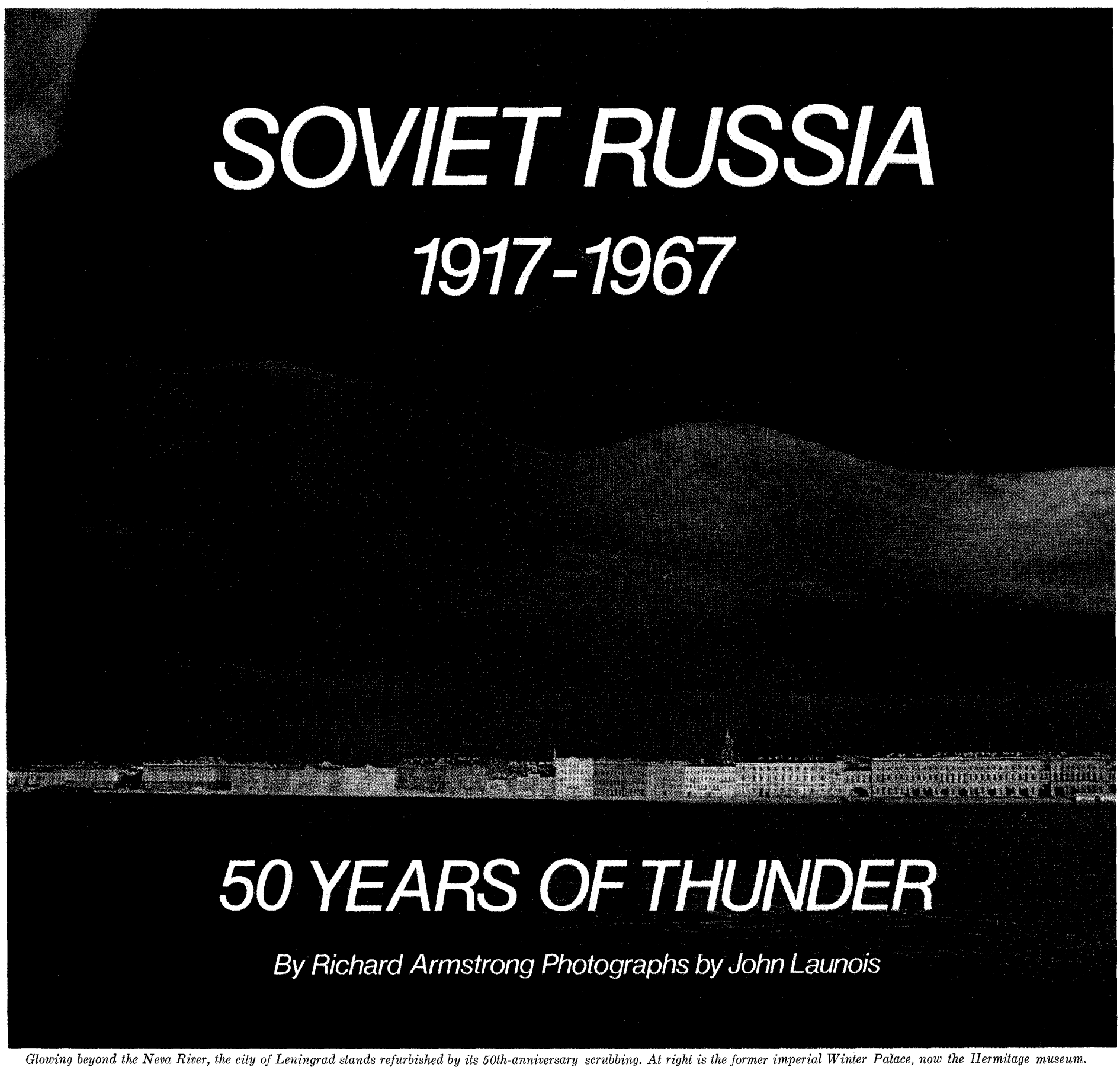
The Saturday Evening POST

SOVIET RUSSIA
1917-1967



50 YEARS OF THUNDER

By Richard Armstrong Photographs by John Launois

Glowing beyond the Neva River, the city of Leningrad stands refurbished by its 50th-anniversary scrubbing. At right is the former imperial Winter Palace, now the Hermitage museum.

Out of the revolution that shook the world came a Communist colossus that controls the destiny of half mankind. Here, in a monumental survey of our arch-rival, is Bolshevism as remembered by men who fought against the czar and as appraised by today's ordinary Soviet citizens.

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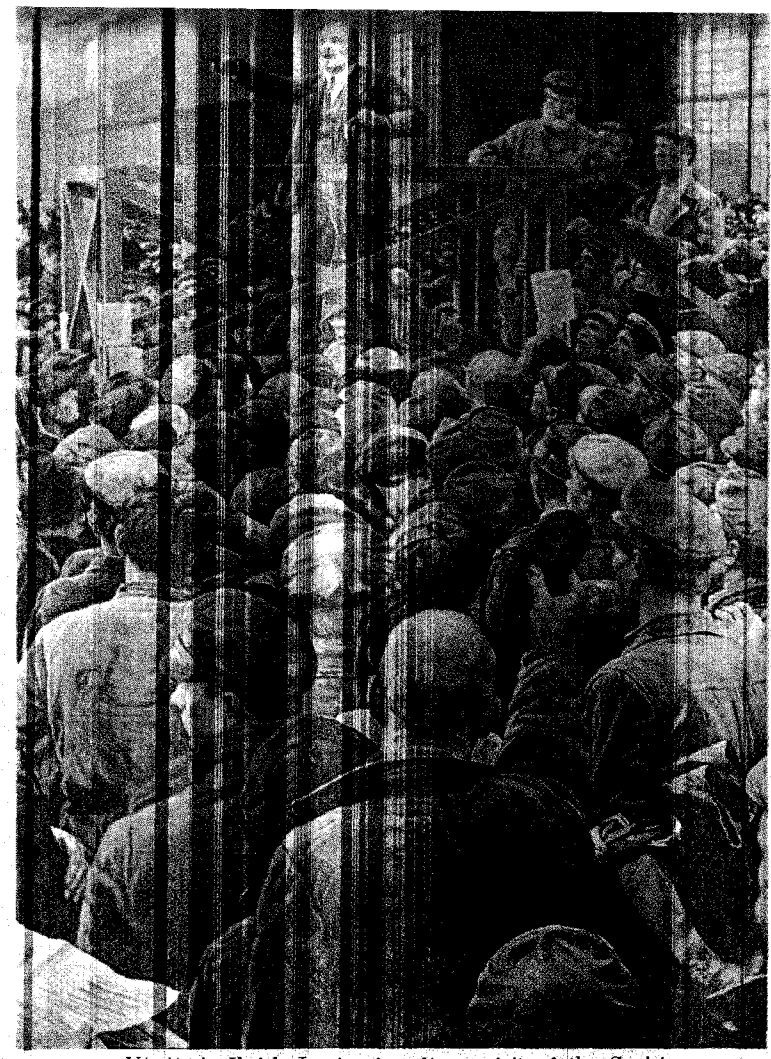
Over the vast expanse of Soviet Russia, the painters and polishers have been at work all this year. In Moscow they have scrubbed the old buildings white and cleaned away the construction debris around the new ones. The park that winds around the Kremlin walls has been ablaze with flowers all summer. In Leningrad the grass has been neatly clipped and groomed over the mass graves holding one million dead from the siege in World War II.

For this is the "Jubilee Year," the 50th anniversary of that November 7, 1917, when Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and his fellow Bolsheviks seized control of Russia in an almost bloodless coup that changed the course of history.

"Guests are here from all over the world," says Vladimir Promyslov, the mayor of Moscow. "Some of them are our true friends, and some are not too true and are looking at us through a microscope. So we have been painting, paving and building. All that dust in the air comes from the new construction, but we will be ready in time. The Hotel Russia, the biggest in the world at six thousand rooms, is opening on schedule. The parade to Red Square will be the largest in all our history. There will be fireworks and celebrations all over Russia. My job is to make this city as beautiful as this anniversary deserves. We Soviet people have made a revolution, and we want the world to see it."



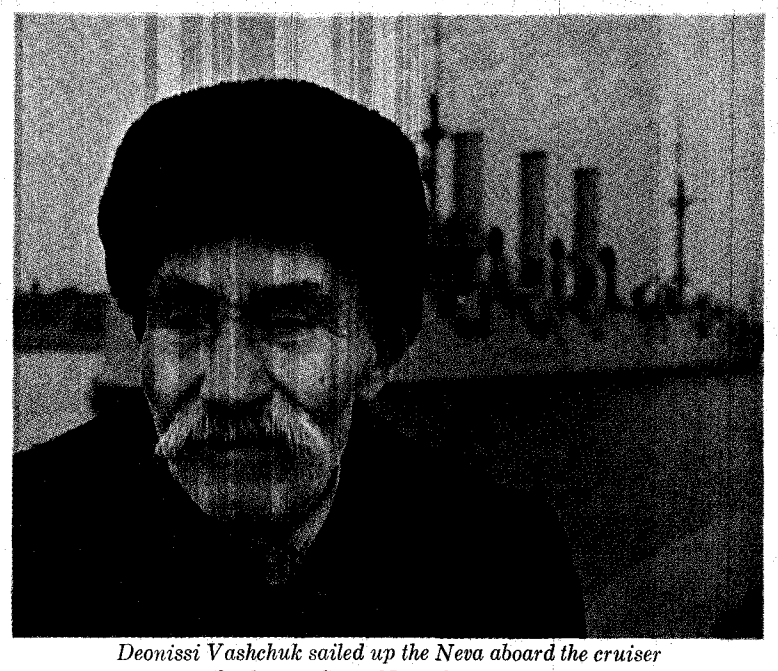
Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, founding spirit of the Soviet Union, incites steelworkers to revolt at the Putilov plant in Petrograd. They listened; Petrograd is now Leningrad.

"To the revolution," said Aleksi Begashvili, a red-faced Georgian farmer in Stalin's old home town of Gori, lifting a cool glass of white wine he had just dipped up from a cistern in his stone-walled cellar. He stuck a spade handle down the cistern to measure the wine level and announced proudly he had 3,000 liters, or almost 800 gallons. "Before, we were just poor peasants. Now we run our own affairs here on the collective farm, and I make this wine just for my own family. I drink four liters a day myself and never get drunk."

At a class of ninth-graders at Secondary School No. 4 in Moscow, when asked how many of their families had a television set, the children burst into laughter. All of the families did. "A car?" said Anatoly Serkov, foreman in the Red October steelworks in Volgograd. "Yes, I've owned one for five years. I bought it secondhand, but it runs fine. By next summer I'll have a little *dacha* [country house] on the other side of the Volga. I bought the lumber, and I'm building it myself."

As the thousands of tourists visiting Russia this year can see on every hand, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and his followers did indeed make a revolution—and went on to make the second-strongest nation in the world. Until the earthquake in 1917, Russia had been a shaggy, untutored, uncoordinated giant sitting awkwardly at the far end of the European table, more Asian than Western except in the forcibly Europeanized cities of Moscow and St. Petersburg, more medieval than modern in class structure, economy and religion. Too vast to be conquered by Europeans, she was at the same time too weak and backward to be taken seriously by them.

In the half-century since the revolution, Russia has lived through half a millennium. The absolute caste system, which condemned the sons of peasants to father more peasants, has not given way to the heralded egalitarianism, for caste still exists—but with the vital difference that there is room in the highest caste for a son from the lowest. Russia's ancient agrarian economy has been transformed into a colossus, and demonstrated in the process that a centrally planned and controlled economy can outproduce any capitalist economy—with the single overwhelming exception of the United States. Her people have passed from hopeless poverty and grinding tyranny to a condition of comfortable bellies and reasonable justice, within tightly defined rules. Russia's 250 million citizens, comprising 22 distinct nationalities speaking 19 languages and uncounted dialects, do not seem to share their leaders' dogmatic insistence on world revolution. It is enough for them that their own revolution should have succeeded so well. Their antagonism toward the West centers on their resentment that the West should have demeaned or ignored the immensity of their achievement. By the most brutal measuring stick, this achievement has made Russia one of the two gods of 20th-century mankind: able to grant life and peace to the people of the world, or in less than an hour's time to destroy them all.



Deonissi Vashchuk sailed up the Neva aboard the cruiser AURORA (background) on November 6, 1917. AURORA's guns commanded the Winter Palace during the assault.

This Russia that visitors will see is a secretive and crazy-quilt place by American standards. "It is a two-layered country," one Western expert explained. "Where they assign top priorities, as in missiles and space, they are right up there with the United States. But when you get out into some of the villages they are harvesting with oxcarts, and you are right back in a feudal society in the old European sense of that term." The Moscow girls wear their skirts fashionably above the knee, and they click along down the streets without even noticing the ancient women in tightly wrapped scarves who are sweeping the streets and shoveling away debris.

The price-and-wage structure is cockeyed. Prices are quite low in state stores for such staples as cabbages, and for what must surely be the toughest, stringiest beef and mutton in the world. But a single ripe tomato fetches a ruble at the collective farm market in Moscow, where peasants barter their own produce for whatever the buyer will bear. This ruble is supposedly worth $1.11. But nobody really knows, because the second-richest country in the world (and the largest gold producer) has a completely artificial currency. Hustlers, some of whom are government agents, pester tourists constantly with offers of 10 rubles for a dollar—which would make the ruble worth 10 cents. It sells for 30 cents on the money exchange in Vienna.

Serkov, the steel foreman, makes 400 rubles a month, twice as much as a skilled physician. "And that is as it should be," a young doctor explained with loyal fervor. "I have visited a steel mill, and I know how hard he must work." Dr. Ljudmila Karatkina, head of the English department at Moscow University and holder of a master's degree from Columbia University, was quite proud that the next-door neighbor in her apartment building is a janitor. They both pay the controlled rents that prevail all over Russia: 1.25 rubles a square meter, or about 20 rubles a month for a small two-room apartment. "There's no doubt," says a Western economist, "that the revolution has tried to pay off on its promises to the worker. If he is skilled, he often lives better than the university graduate. Those guys you see in cloth caps on the street are living and eating well."

The government promised, and came through with, a five-day week in every plant and on every farm before the anniversary. It promises to make all housing and all city transportation free by 1970—and since a great deal of face is involved, it probably will. With the purchase of an entire factory from Fiat, it promises to quadruple auto production. But when production is quadrupled, it will still come to only 800,000 cars a year versus 8.5 million in the U.S. The Russians have been boasting for a generation that they would "outstrip" the U.S., and they are still at least a generation behind. Their gross national prod-

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uct is only $350 billion, versus America's $743 billion. Their growth rate is faster, about seven percent, but even at this rate they would need decades to approach the booming American economy.

"Their scientists were almost drooling when they picked up the IBM catalogue," says the chief of a recent U.S. trade fair in Moscow. "The equipment wasn't for sale. Hell, some of those machines can put a man on the moon." "Of course you are ahead in computers," says Dr. Vladimir Kochergin at the Soviet Union's leading computer center in the shining new "Science City" the Soviets have built out in Siberia. But Kochergin, one of Russia's top mathematicians, adds with a somewhat wan smile: "Maybe because we are behind, we are forced to do more basic thinking, which could bring results in the years ahead."

Russian officialdom proclaims: "Our only privileged class is our children." This is mostly true. The Soviet Union had a population explosion after World War II, just as did the U.S., and the children are now pouring out of the high schools and universities. There exists an almost Prussian discipline in the schools, but once these students come out the doors, they are very much their own breed. They learn to play the guitar, let their hair grow long, show a faint interest in Communism, but none in world revolution—in fact, they seem as immune to rigid ideology as are America's teenagers. What is called the "generational problem" in the U.S. is called the "Fathers and Sons problem" in Russia—a name taken from the Turgenev novel. The Russian press gnaws and worries at the problem, but can't find an answer. And what, indeed, can be done? These kids will be taking over the government one day soon. The best twist dancer and folk singer in Moscow is the beloved daughter of a top diplomat, and the daughter of the leader of the Communist Party, Leonid Brezhnev, is spoken of as a "swinger."

The most amazed spectators of the new Russia are the men who set out to make it, the wily revolutionaries of 1917. Their children are highly placed university graduates and professionals of one sort or another. The revolutionaries are limp and aging men who hang out at "Old Bolshevik Clubs" in all the major cities. Aluminum canes are much seen, and the talk is about Kolchak and Kerensky, those "counterrevolutionaries," and about events 50 years ago. Most of the old men chain-smoke—they grew up before the days of cancer warnings. They like to move salt shakers around to illustrate a key maneuver, and they are charming and simple men. Their memories are vivid and to the point.

"You want to know why there was a revolution?" said Nicolai Ismailov, 75, who rose from the rank of naval sergeant under the czars to admiral under the Soviets. "You should have been alive in 1905. Those events were the preview—a massacre in Leningrad, peasant revolts all over the country. I was fourteen, and we were miserable peasants in the village of Nadezhdenka in central Russia, living in a log hut with a straw roof, working for the *kulaks* [rich peasants]. We were hungry, and we sacked the storehouses for grain. A company of Cossacks rode in, lined us up against a wall, and whipped me until my back was a mass of blood. I was a revolutionary from that day on.

"Look at me now," said Ismailov, snuffing out a cigarette and stomping around the room with his cane. "I'm dressed like an American. I have more suits than I can wear. When I went to work at the age of twelve, for thirty kopecks a day, I wore straw boots and clothes that we made ourselves. My parents were illiterate. I had a third-grade education. My two children and their five children are educated people. And not because I fought in the revolution, but because it is their right."

A revolution, say the historians, results more often from hope than from the kind of despair Ismailov felt when the Cossacks lashed his back. The last Romanov, Czar Nicholas II, a charming and gentle man, lifted the lid off feudal Russia and could never get it put back on. It was not the czar who did the real work but a brilliant financier of Dutch extraction, Count Serge Witte, who managed to double state revenues and begin industrializing the country—partly through such ingenious domestic measures as monopolizing the sale of vodka, but mostly by raising huge credits abroad. Not until the 1930's, in fact, were the Soviets able to exceed the industrial production of 1917, the year of revolution. But in the process Witte turned peasants into workers who were rapidly converted to revolutionary socialism. "I

As reconstructed in a diorama on display in Moscow, the storming of the Winter Palace brings in the Bolshevik era. Their refuge gone, Kerensky's parliament disintegrated.

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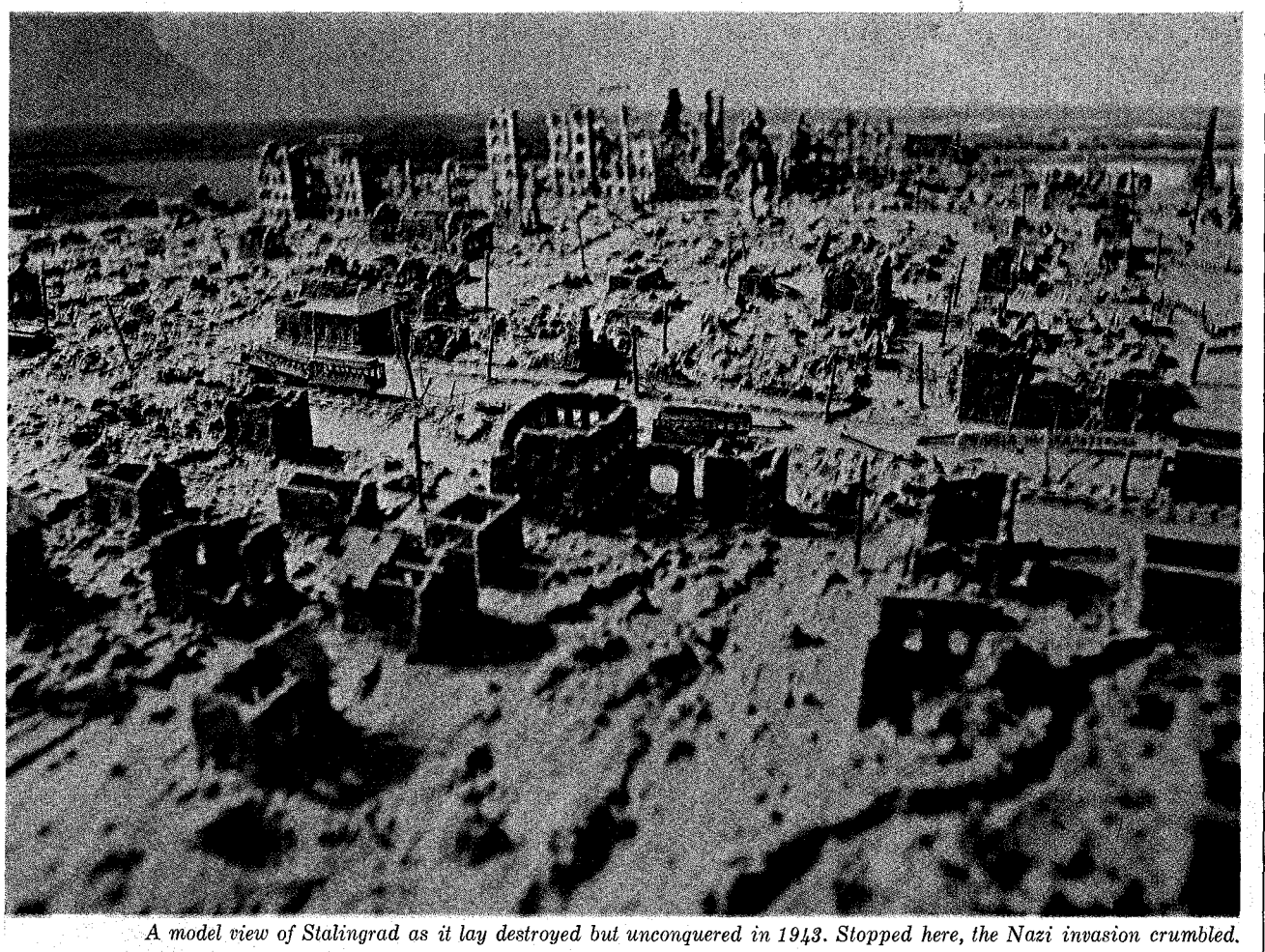
was a skilled worker, a lathe operator," says Alexander Belyshev, 73, a spry little man with wisps of gray hair. "In those years after 1905, wherever I worked, I found revolutionary ideas spreading—although very few of us were Bolsheviks in those days."

But Count Witte did not bring down the House of Romanov by building steel mills and railways. It needed Czar Nicholas's peculiar genius for disaster in foreign affairs. First he provoked a war with Japan in 1904 and got roundly trounced, losing most of the Russian fleet in the process. Then, in defense of Serbia and some dim concept of pan-Slavism, he took into World War I a Russia totally unprepared for such a bloodbath.

St. Petersburg's Finland Station. Lenin, his wife, and dozens of his comrades had been sent from Switzerland by the Germans in the famous "sealed train," to be injected, as Churchill put it, "as a plague bacillus" to knock Russia out of the war.

"I went because I wanted to get a look at him," says Belyshev, who had joined the Bolshevik Party just six days before. "I was disappointed at first. He was just a little fellow, very modest in his dress. Then the workers carried him on their shoulders to the top of a car, and he started to speak. In about three minutes I was a Leninist and have remained so all my life." Belyshev paused and passed around his powerful cigarettes again. "The effect that Ilyich had is difficult to capture



A model view of Stalingrad as it lay destroyed but unconquered in 1943. Stopped here, the Nazi invasion crumbled.

By March of 1917 the Russians, fighting bravely for the most part, had taken a staggering nine million casualties. And then a bunch of old women standing in bread lines in St. Petersburg brought the proud 300-year-old dynasty down.

"I remember it as if it were yesterday," says Belyshev, who was on the cruiser *Aurora* in St. Petersburg. "Nobody planned it. It just happened. The women took to the streets demanding bread. On March 9 the soldiers fired into the crowds, and the factories closed down in protest. Two days later, a Sunday, the crowds came out again, and the soldiers refused to fire. They joined the revolution. Our officers had locked us belowdecks, but we broke out and took the ship with our bare hands. We did it at dawn," he adds with a chuckle, "when all the officers were asleep. We grabbed all the guns on board. We locked the officers in their cabins under guard, but we took the captain and first mate up to the bridge and shot them. Then we took to the streets and joined the revolution."

The greatest and most emotional moment of Belyshev's life was April 16, 1917, when Vladimir Ilyich Lenin bounced down onto the platform of

for someone who was not there. I remember the cool, clear logic. Perhaps he got that from his German mother. I remember the warmth and humor. Perhaps they came from his Russian father, who used to take him for walks in the woods and sing to him. He never flailed his arms around, never gave a harangue, but he always carried the audience with him. He was a gentle man, though decisive, and I loved him."

Leon Trotsky, a brilliant, dapper Jew who had led a "workers' soviet" during the 1905 revolution, came hurrying home from exile in New York. Between them, Lenin and Trotsky made the second stage of the revolution. These are days difficult to understand in retrospect. After the czar's downfall the country was theoretically being run by Alexander Kerensky, head of the Duma, or parliament. The Allies kept pressing him into an offensive that the country was totally unprepared to sustain. They offered him big foreign credits, but as the U.S. envoy put it bluntly: "No war, no loan." This came at a time of near anarchy, when soldiers were deserting in droves, hurried homeward by reports that land was being handed out to one and all.

The real power gradually passed from the Duma to the "Soviet of Workers and Soldiers." This was a motley crew of delegates, haphazardly elected, who roosted in St. Petersburg's Smolny Palace—formerly a convent school for the daughters of the aristocracy—sleeping on the floors and littering the place with potato peelings and chicken bones. And within the Soviet, power was gradually assumed by the Bolsheviks. "We had the best slogans," says Belyshev, with an engaging smile. "'Land, Peace and Bread' was one. 'All Power to the Soviets' was another. There were only six Bolsheviks on the cruiser *Aurora* in March. I am proud to say that by October the entire crew was either Bolshevik or sympathetic to our cause."

The Bolsheviks were capable of endless guile. "I got a message from Lenin in mid-October to prepare for an armed uprising," says Ismailov, who by this time was one of three commissars for the Central Baltic Fleet, stationed aboard the czar's old yacht, the *Polar Star*. "At this point we were desperately short of arms. I went into St. Petersburg to the naval ministry and told them we needed rifles because we were sending a detachment to the front to fight the Germans. Like fools, they believed me. One of the admirals told me, 'At last, the Central Baltic takes care of the Motherland.' I got three thousand rifles, five thousand grenades, thirty-five machine guns and one hundred pistols—and we used them to overthrow the Kerensky government."

For an event that was to change the history of the world, the Bolshevik coup on the night of November 6–7 went off with incredible ease. Trotsky organized and orchestrated the whole affair—a fact that Soviet historians now ignore, since he is a nonperson in Russia. By the time Lenin arrived at Smolny on the evening of November 6, all the key directives had gone out.

"I got orders to sail the *Aurora* up the Neva River to a position opposite the Winter Palace, where the Duma ministers had holed up," Belyshev recalls. "With our six-inch guns, nothing could oppose us. The officers refused to budge, saying they would remain neutral in this affair. I solved the problem by a simple expedient: I arrested them all. We sailors took the cruiser up the river ourselves. Along the way we discovered that Kerensky had raised the drawbridges on the Neva to cut off the working-class district from the center of the city. We passed under and then sent landing parties ashore to close them again. The workers began pouring across."

In the meantime Trotsky's troops had captured the telephone-and-telegraph office at about midnight and, in the early morning of November 7, all the key points of the city, and with no loss of life. "By midafternoon only the Winter Palace remained as a stronghold," says Belyshev. "It fronts on the Neva, as you know, and we had brought the *Aurora* directly in line for point-blank fire. We could have blown it to bits, but that was the last thing we wanted to do, because it is one of the great monuments of Russia. It was built by Catherine the Great, as you know, who called it her 'Hermitage,' or private place, and stocked it with the art treasures of Europe. We fired one blank round as a signal, and then ground troops stormed the palace, losing only six men to the cadets defending it. We found all the ministers huddled in a back room. Everybody but Kerensky. (I understand he is living in the home of a rich widow on Fifth Avenue in New York. Is that true?) He escaped to try and get troops from the front. So the revolution was again in danger."

"Lenin personally got on the telegraph to me," said Ismailov. 'How many warships can you send?' 'Three more, completely supplied.' 'When will they arrive?' 'In eighteen hours,' I said, and they did." It was a campaign of complete confusion

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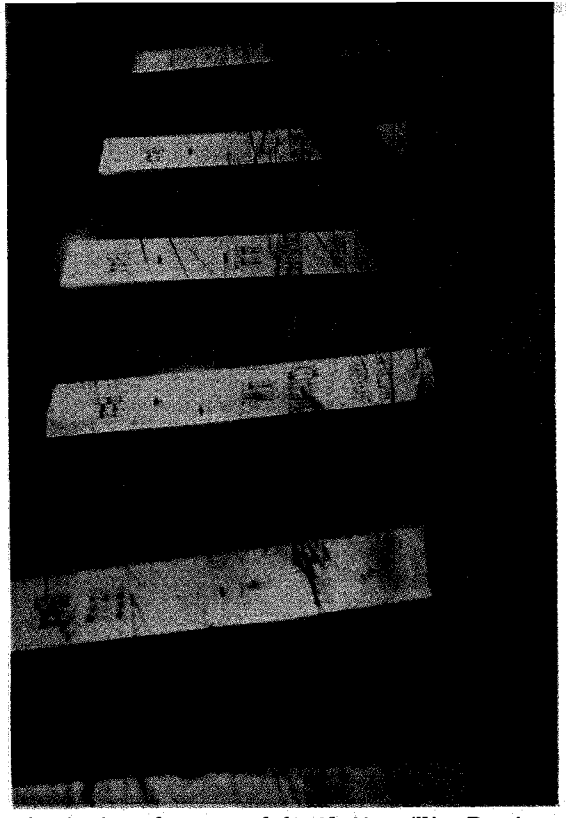
on both sides, with nobody sure who was friend or enemy. But with the fire support of Ismailov's cruisers, the Bolsheviks put down an uprising of military cadets within the city and routed Kerensky's troops 10 miles outside of town.

The soviets of workers and soldiers had seized power all over Russia, and the peasants were taking over land at will. Then came the Western intervention, which has left great bitterness even today. The plan, according to Churchill, was to "strangle this monster in its cradle." The Western powers occupied the Arctic ports and the oil-rich south and set about arming any reasonably competent White generals they could find, firing up a civil war that lasted for two years.

One man with vivid memories of the intervention is Lev Shaumyan, 63, now an editor of the Soviet Encyclopedia, an Armenian with a white beard and huge paunch. His father, Stepan, was the top Communist in the Baku oilfields, and at 14 Lev had already made a trip across the breadth of Russia by train to deliver a message to Lenin. In 1918, at Krasnovodsk on the Caspian Sea, he and his father and 34 other top Communists from Baku were caught trying to escape by boat. They were yanked onto the docks, beaten with rifle butts and thrown in jail. "I will never forget the face of that British officer, with his polished boots and riding crop, smiling through it all.

"Just before dawn, on September 20, 1918, the guards came into the cell. They said that twenty-six men were being sent by train to a different prison. My father's name was first on the list, and he knew he was going to die. I could see it in his eyes. He embraced me with great dignity and told me, 'If they release you, try to get to your mother. Take care of her.' The train stopped in a deserted section of the countryside. The counterrevolutionaries took the twenty-six prisoners off in small groups and shot them and left their bodies to rot. I have recently exchanged letters with the son of the British general, Mallison, who was in command in Baku. He says his father never gave any such execution order. I do know that a British officer smiled as I was beaten on the pier. And I do know my father is dead."

The violence ran, of course, both ways. On the night of July 16, 1918, the czar Nicholas, his wife Alexandra, and their five charming and guiltless



This Leningrad cemetery shelters half a million Russians who starved during the German siege. "We ate glue and sawdust and were glad to get it," a survivor remembers.

children, who had been held prisoners in the Siberian town of Ekaterinburg, were taken to the cellar, lined up, and butchered by machine-gun fire. On August 30 a disgruntled revolutionist girl named Fanny Kaplan shot and wounded Lenin. That night the Bolsheviks shot 500 key leaders of opposition parties. At about this point the Western powers decided to dismiss the whole thing as some sort of Slavic madness, demonic and unpredictable, that they could not begin to understand. They gradually pulled out their troops.

Stalin, who took over total power after Lenin's death in 1924, quite cheerfully starved, shot or exiled to Siberia an estimated 20 million people. They were mostly unschooled; they liked this land they had seized; and they had no use for Stalin's state farms. He shot thousands from the party and army ranks. The debate still goes on whether he did it from paranoia or from following Machiavelli's cynical advice that a man who seizes power should destroy all who helped him get there.

Nobody has yet explained Stalin. He shot his friends right and left. He went into a yellow funk at the German invasion, and then rallied to become a great wartime leader. He staged a parade in Red Square when the Germans were in the suburbs of Moscow. With primitive factories, and some Allied aid, he managed to train, equip and inspire an army that, in Churchill's words, "tore the guts out of the German Army." He outmaneuvered Roosevelt and Churchill and grabbed all of Eastern Europe. And, after the piles of captured German banners were flung at his feet in Red Square, he began a ruthless purge of the Eastern European Communist Party leadership, with show trials that were reminiscent of Moscow in the 1930's.

"I have never understood that man, and I don't today," said the Soviet novelist and propagandist, Ilya Ehrenburg, who died last September at 76. "I came home from the Spanish Civil War for what I thought was a few days' rest. And then I could not get an exit visa. I wrote to Stalin and got no reply. I wrote again in stronger terms, saying that there was nothing for me to do here, and that there was work to be done in Spain. My wife said, 'You're a fool, you have just committed suicide.' The visa came through immediately.

"I talked to Stalin only once, over the telephone, after I returned from Paris, just after the fall of France. He called and asked me about my novel about the war. I was in a panic, because my daughter had this wild French poodle that was biting at my trousers and barking so that I could hardly hear what Stalin was saying. I kept kicking the dog away, and the damn beast kept running back. Stalin asked me if I had portrayed the Fascists as they really were. This was during the time of the Nazi-Russian pact, and I told him that I could not even get the word 'Fascist' past my editors. He laughed and said, 'Perhaps we can give you some help on that.' This was a signal to me, and through me to other writers, that the pact was just a piece of paper, and that we were getting ready for a war with Germany.

"The Stalin era was a terrible and frightening time. During the 1930's, writers kept a small valise packed with a change of clothes, toothbrush and razor and soap. They stayed awake most of the night, listening for the creak of the elevator that

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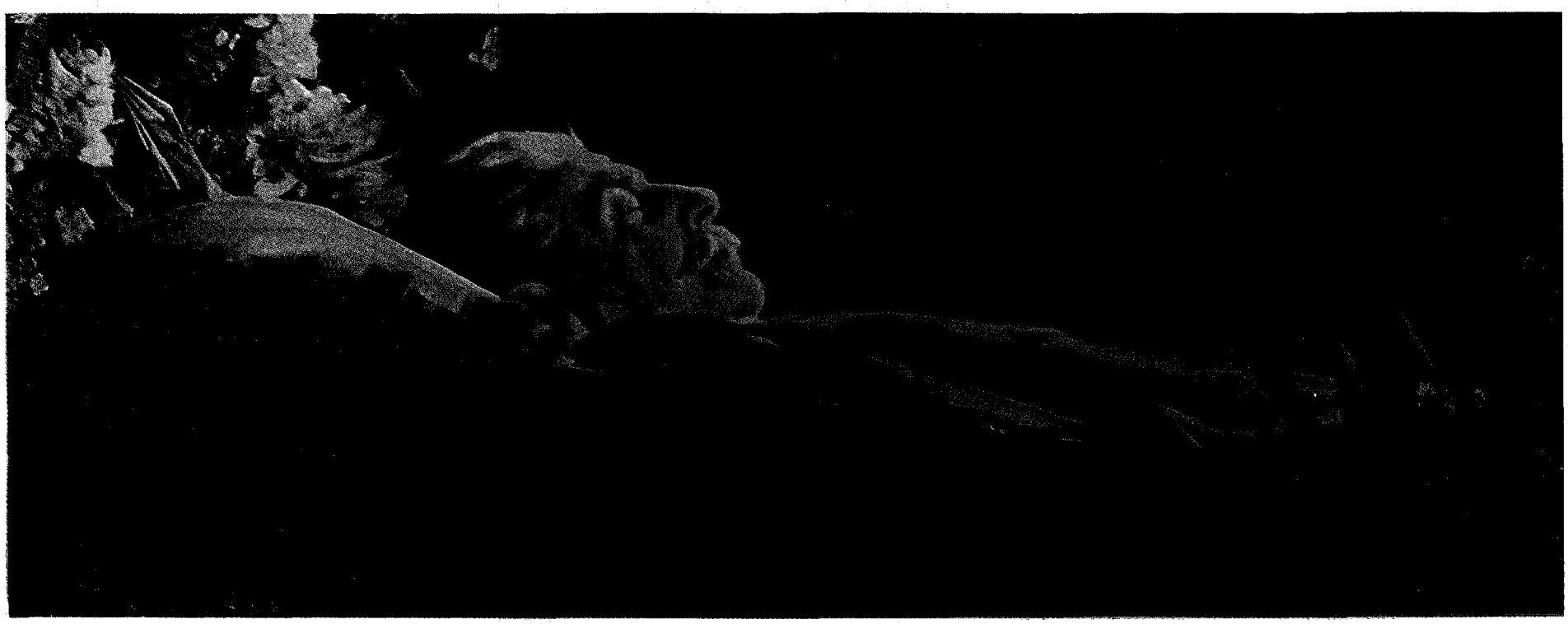

Josef Stalin portrayed as he lay on his bier. The painting hangs in Gori, Georgia, where Stalin was born. Elsewhere in the Soviet Union his memory has been expunged.

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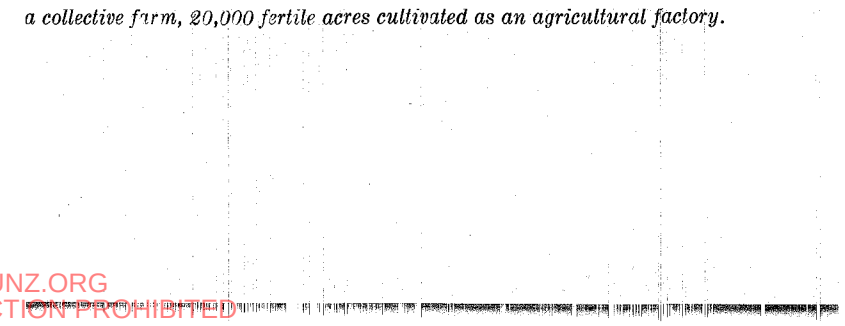
a collective farm, 20,000 fertile acres cultivated as an agricultural factory.



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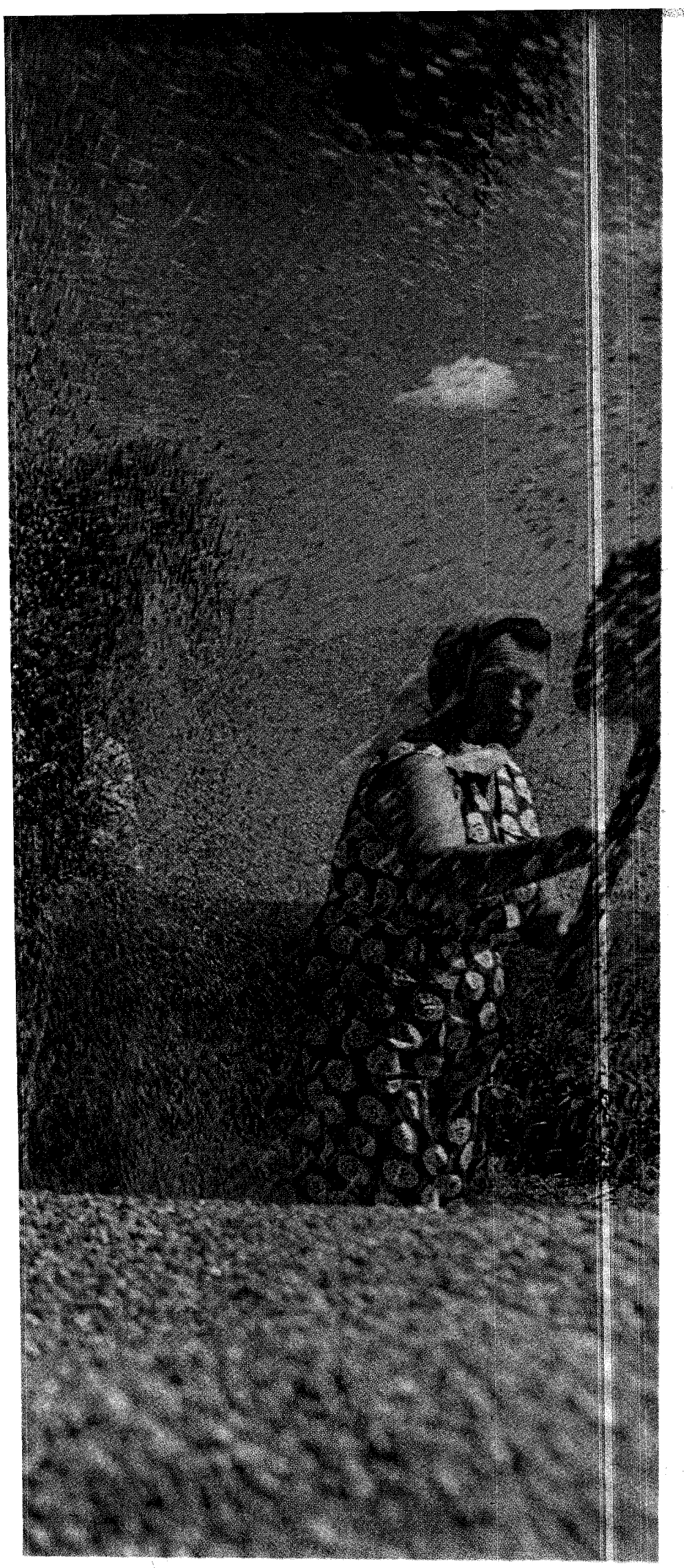
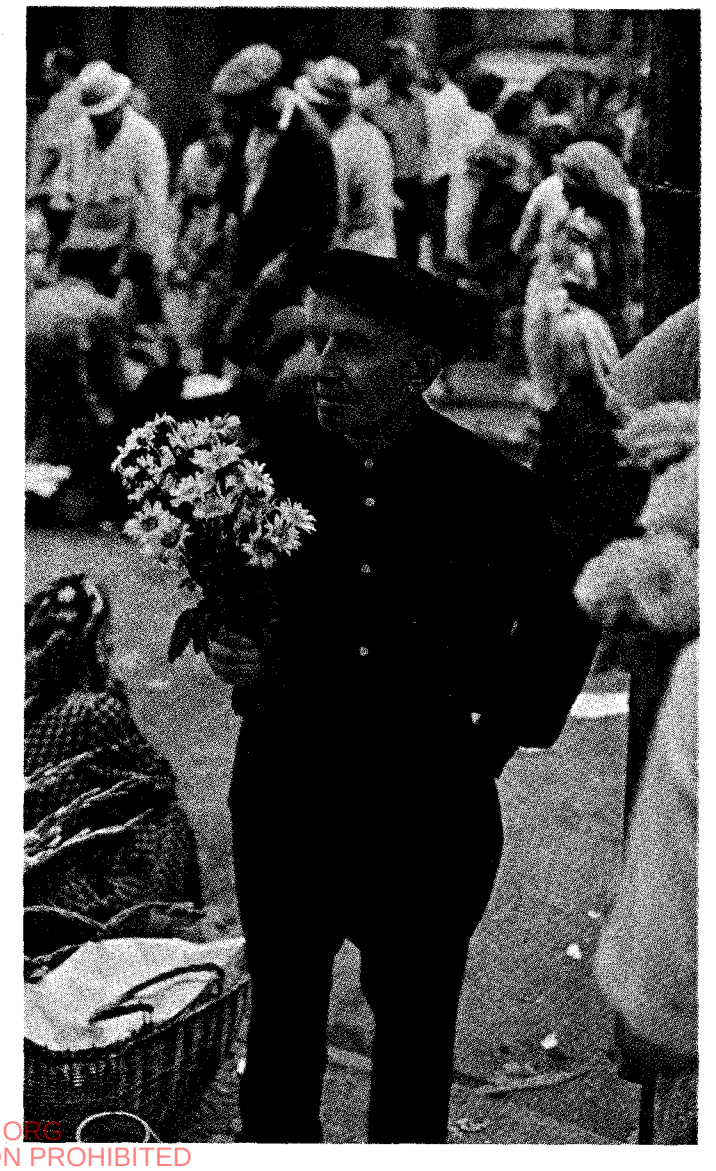


Uncollectivized plots like this one furnish half of Russia's produce.

"Creeping capitalism" brings privately grown flowers to city market.



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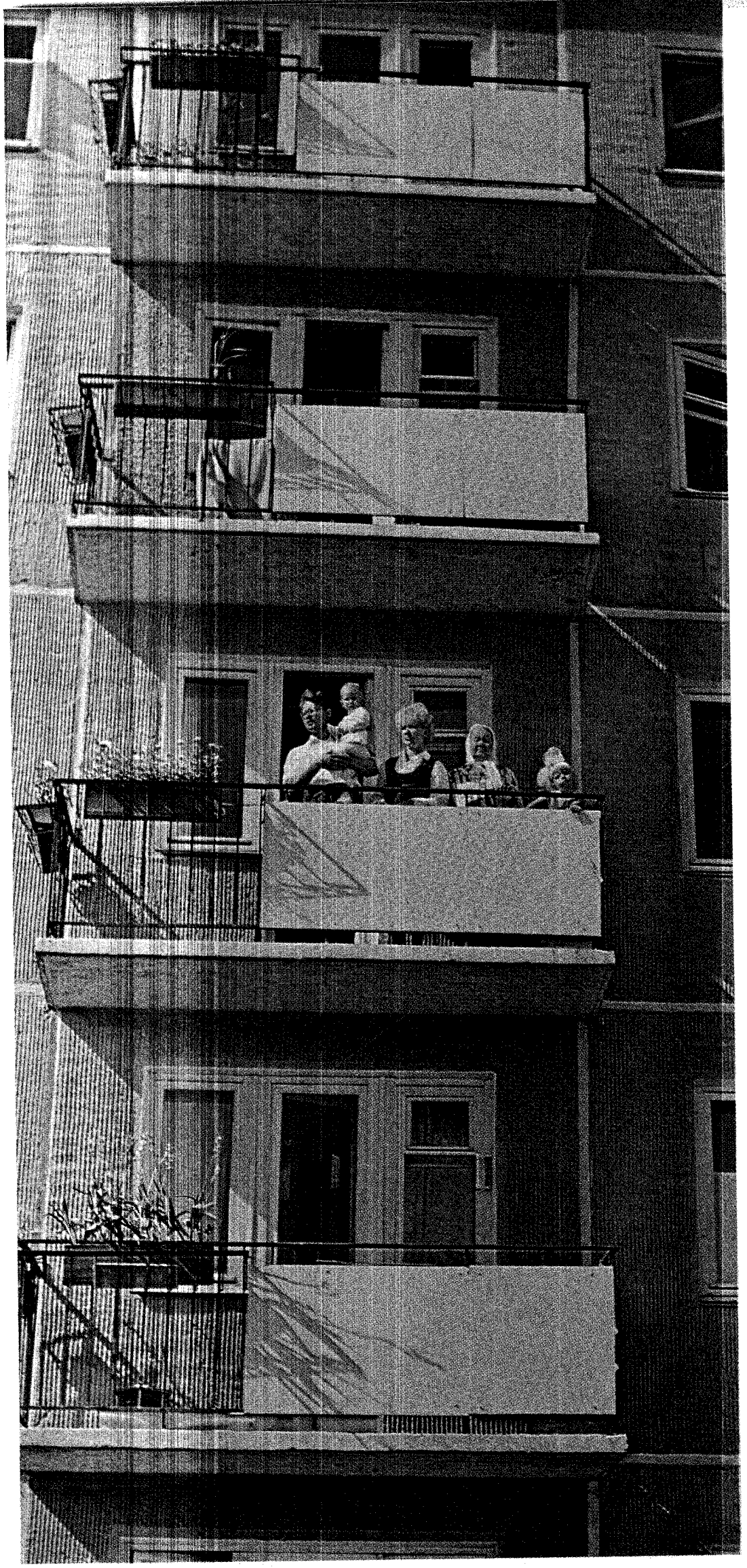

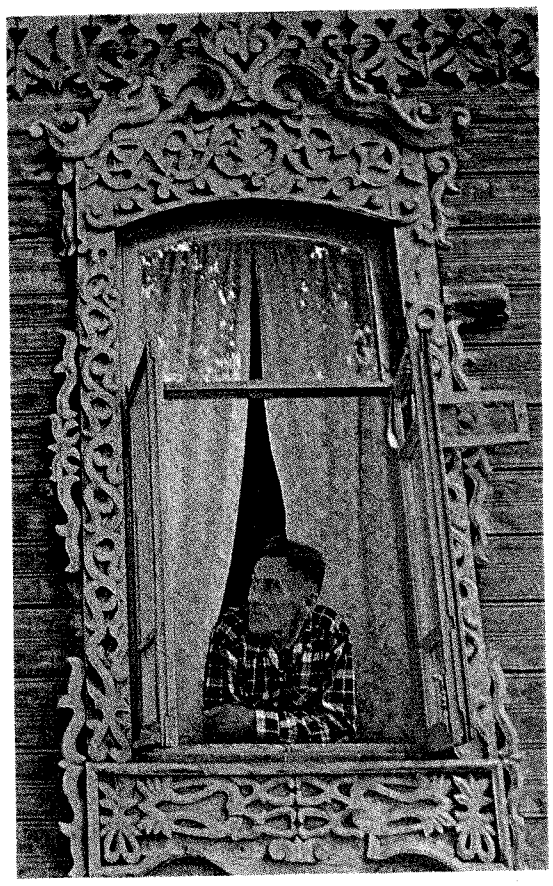

The Science City of Novosibirsk is mushrooming from the Siberian landscape, where old dwellings (top) stand alongside new apartment blocks (left, and under construction above). Mathematician Vladimir Romanov (on balcony) looks forward to moving his expanding family into larger quarters, scheduled for occupancy soon.

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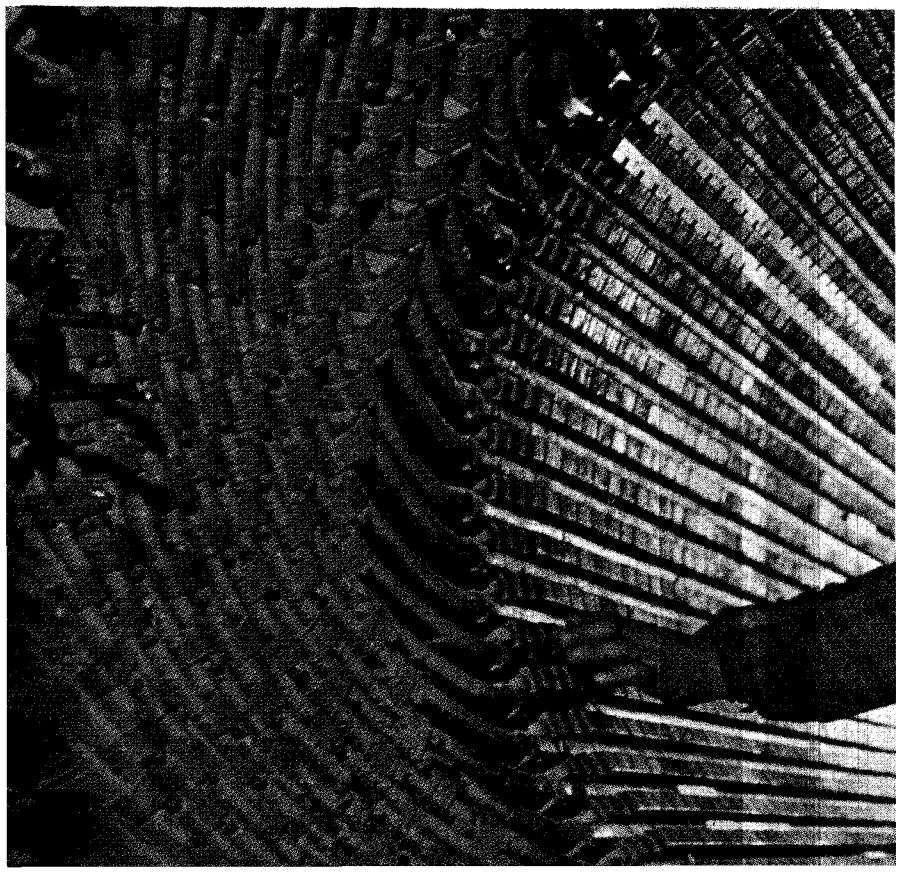
Soviet heavy industry pulses across the nation from southern Georgia (as in the steel plant at right, in Tiflis) to the Siberian north. Women accomplish much labor that is done only by men in America. At the Siberian Heavy Electrical Machinery Factory in Novosibirsk (below) a worker checks the wiring of a giant generator.



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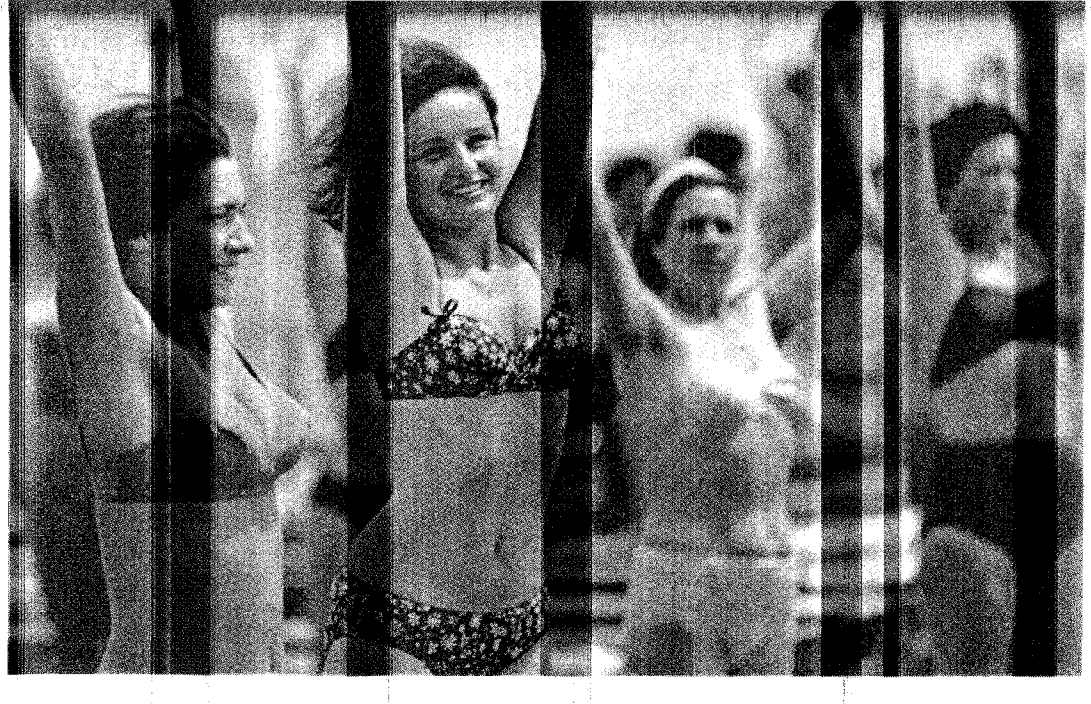

Holidaying on the Black Sea coast, bathers at Sochi form a typically Soviet group (left) for calisthenics, and Russians of assorted shapes and sizes (below) bask like seals in the sun. Most vacationing workers and their families stay at factory-administered hotels.

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Writer Ilya Ehrenburg shortly before he died. ***Like other*** *"approved" artists,* ***he lived*** *well, even owned Picassos.*

A Russian bathing beauty comes equipped with transistor radio, and other elements of the scene seem American.

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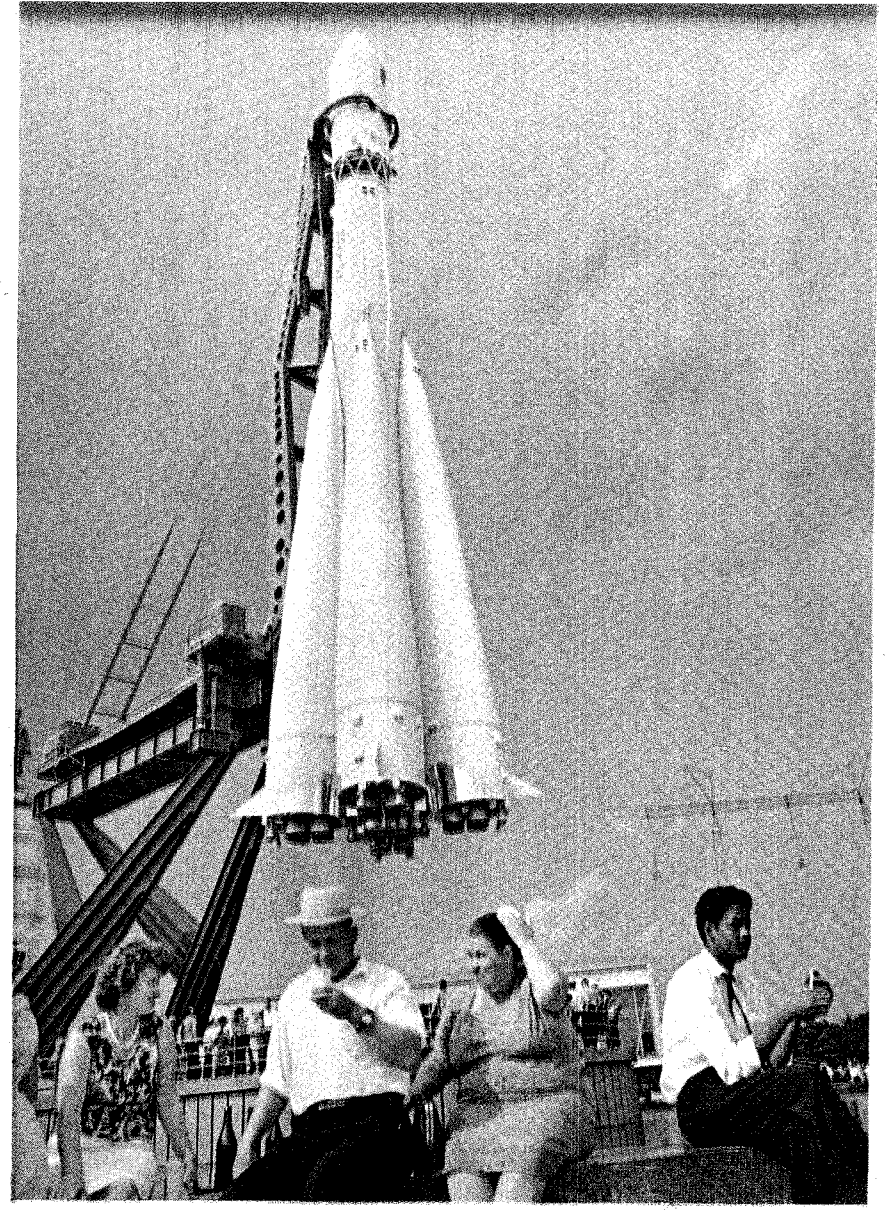
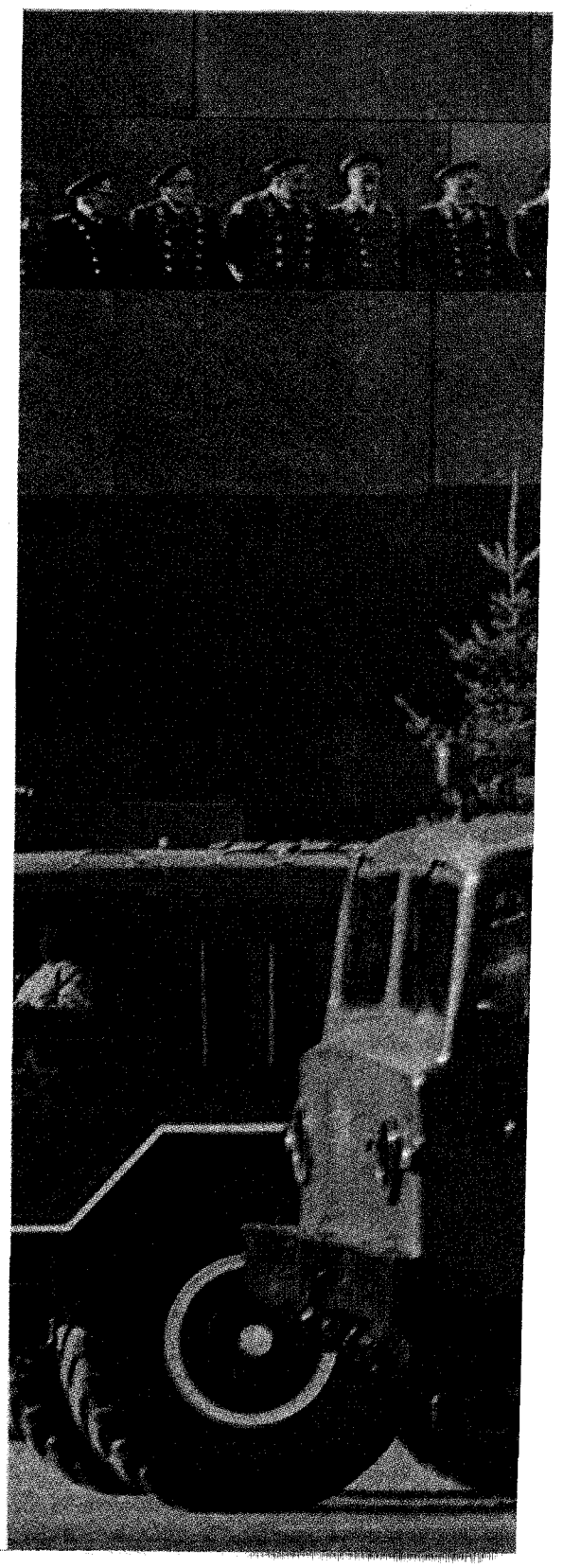
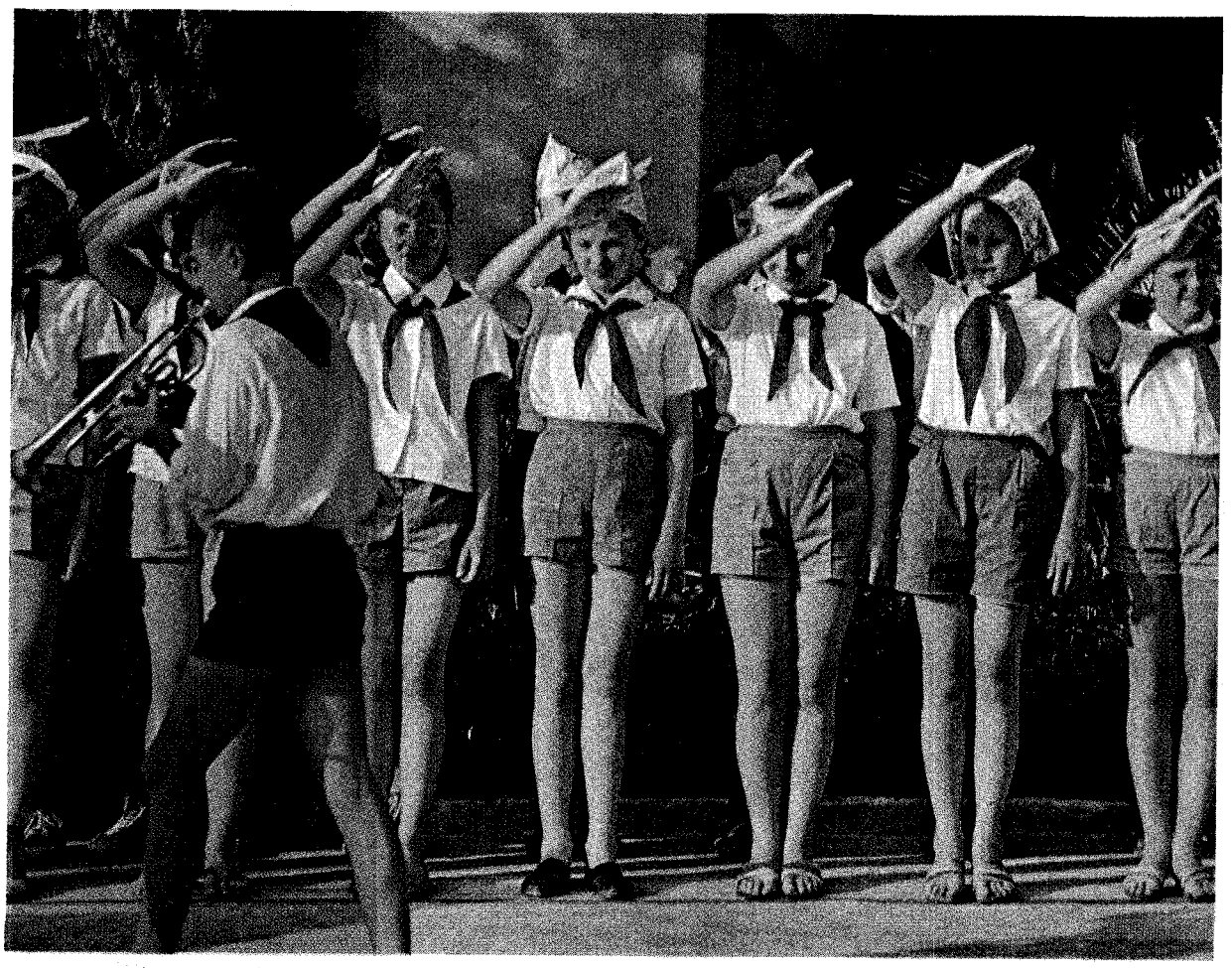


The nation, its population, its aspirations, its weapons—all are formidably immense. At left the Vostok spaceship goes on public view, and at right shoppers throng Karl Marx Avenue in Moscow, where consumer goods are becoming less scarce. Young Pioneers at lower left are the Soviet equivalent of scouts, and virtually all children are members. While many Pioneers go on to join the Young Communists, relatively few graduate into the party itself, whose leaders gather on Lenin's Tomb (below) for the annual display of Russian military strength in Moscow's Red Square.





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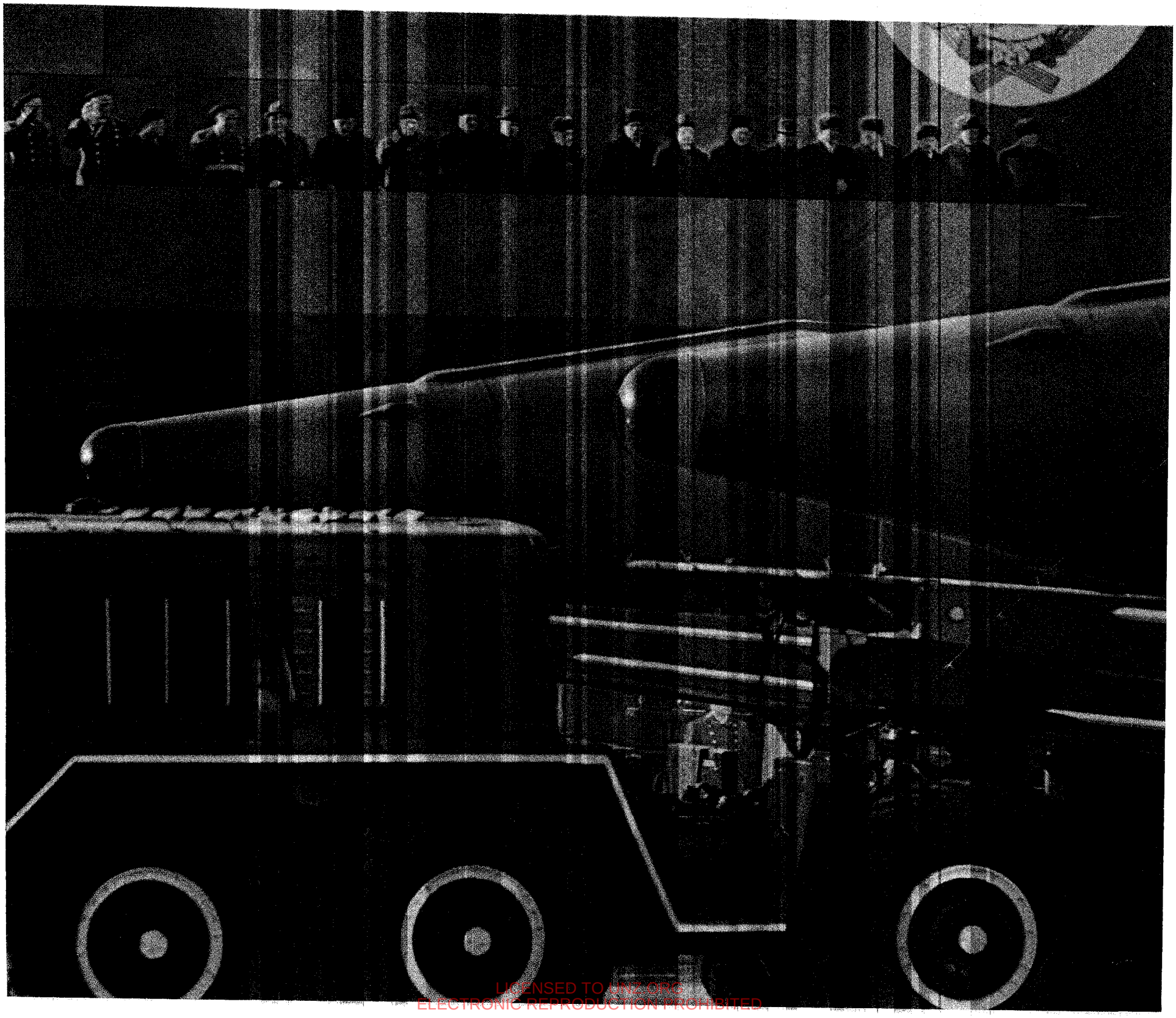

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Streaming into Red Square, loyalists of the workers' paradise parade their banners to celebrate the Bolshevik uprising.

50 YEARS OF THUNDER *(continued from page 29)*
meant the police had come. They slept during the day. After the war they did not bother about packing the valise. They knew they were going to be taken to the prison and shot.

"It was like drawing tickets in a lottery. Some drew good numbers, and some drew bad. I still don't know why. Maxim Litvinov was foreign minister in the '30's. Stalin arrested most of the top diplomats under him but never touched Litvinov, who lived to a happy old age. Why? I don't have the slightest idea." Valentin Kataev, 70, who is probably the best-selling Russian writer still alive, dodged the problem nimbly by writing children's books under Stalin. "But even those were severely criticized, because I wrote them as parables of good and evil." Sitting in the garden of his *dacha* in a writers' colony outside Moscow, with buttercups growing wild in the grass, he pointed toward the house. "Several very good writers who lived here before me were arrested by Stalin. Who knows why? Here—try some of this Calvados. It was given me by a French millionaire, and I think you will find it to your taste."

Perilous and uncertain as were the lives of the writers, they were models of security compared with those of Stalin's own colleagues, the high-ranking officials of party, government and army. Long after Stalin had consolidated power in his own hands, anyone who resembled a potential rival was eliminated, and after these were gone, rivals were invented and eliminated in their turn, along with their families, their colleagues and their most casual acquaintances. The most brilliant generals, the most dedicated old Bosheviks, the most gifted of bureaucrats were expunged systematically. Terror was the means and terror the end. From the first of the great purge trials through his death nearly two decades later, Stalin's government was an engine running on blood.

Stalin warmed up for the purges by the slaughter of an entirely different class, the peasantry. In the summer of 1928, enthroned but not yet unassailable as the nation's dictator, Stalin toured the vast farmlands of Siberia. The peasants, well-to-do *kulaks* and the poorer "middle peasants" alike, had been withholding huge amounts of grain, selling it privately as best they could rather than deliver their quotas at the fixed government price. Stalin simply turned the problem over to the secret police. As a result millions of peasants were herded onto collective farms, millions more shipped off to labor camps. The best estimate of the number of *kulaks* liquidated during the next four years was given by Stalin himself to Churchill during a wartime meeting.

"The collective farm policy was a terrible struggle," Stalin reminisced over a drink one night.

"I thought you would have found it bad," Churchill said, "because you were dealing with millions of small men."

"Ten million," said Stalin, and held up all his fingers for Churchill to count.

The men around Stalin saw clearly enough what the massacre of the *kulaks* foreboded, and they entertained few illusions about Stalin. "We are left with nothing but a police state," said Nikolai Ivanovich Bukharin, a powerful intimate of both Lenin and Stalin, as early as 1928. "Stalin will strangle us all." Yet these men, whose collective power ostensibly overpowered Stalin's, did nothing to stop him and nothing to save themselves.

Still, Stalin moved cautiously at first. As late as 1934, when Stalin decided to eliminate Sergey Mironevich Kirov, chairman of the Leningrad Central Committee, he felt it necessary to cover up his own role in the assassination. Kirov was murdered by a paranoiac minor functionary named Nikelayev, who had been armed, prodded and supervised by the NKVD (Secret Police). But Kirov was given a hero's burial in the Kremlin, with Stalin himself delivering a florid funeral oration, and Stalin initiated an elaborate witch-hunt to find the "enemies of the working class" who had engineered his murder.

After Kirov's death the persecution of the party hierarchy moved swiftly into the grotesque, openly vengeful spectacle of the Moscow trials. On the very night he received news of Kirov's assassination, Stalin put through the "Law of December 1, 1934," with its two chilling provisions:

1. The investigating agencies are directed to speed up the cases of persons accused of the preparation or carrying out of acts of terrorism.

2. Judicial organs are directed not to delay the execution of death sentences pertaining to crimes of this category in order to consider the possibility of pardon, because the Presidium . . . does not consider possible the receiving of petitions of this kind.

With this law came the assembly-line procession of accusation, sentence and execution that in the two bloody years of 1936–37 alone accounted for a minimum of seven million victims. Some observers put the figure at over 20 million.

Stalin was not content that his toothless rivals be removed and executed. It was further necessary that they be shown guilty of the most conscienceless treason to the state, that they admit to the whole catalogue of Soviet crime and condemn themselves as traitors, frauds, butchers and vermin.

The first trial, in August of 1936, was known as the "Trial of the 16," but there were two major targets: Grigory Evseyevich Zinoviev and Lev Borisovich Kamenev. Zinoviev, who for the last 20 years of Lenin's life had been closer to him perhaps than any man, had also been one of the triumvirate who assumed power after Lenin's death. Kamenev, the third member of the troika, had been editor of *Pravda* when it was an underground paper before the revolution, chairman of the extremely powerful Moscow Soviet in the first years of Soviet rule, and the functioning head of government during Lenin's last illnesses. They and their 14 accused co-conspirators were tortured for months in Lubyanka Prison, coached in the lines they were to recite, then trotted out for five days to sing their confessions under the direction of prosecutor Andrei Vishinsky, later Russia's champion *nyet*-man at the U.N. The day after the trial, Kamenev, Zinoviev and the others were shot by the NKVD in the basement dungeons of Lubyanka.

The two major trials that followed were duplicates of the first. In one the leading figure was Karl Radek, a passenger in the sealed train that brought Lenin back to Russia, and at the time of his arrest the editor of *Izvestia*. In the other, Stalin brought down Nikolai Ivanovich Bukharin, successor to Zinoviev as chairman of the Third International, and a man described by Lenin as "the most valuable and important theoretician in the party, and the favorite of the entire party."

As before, the defendants abjectly admitted to Trotskyite conspiracies against the state; as before, they were swiftly sentenced and executed. But by now the prisoners in the dock were the most celebrated of the victims. Down with them went hundreds and thousands of associates, anyone with whom they had any link, however tenuous or spurious. Daily death lists containing hundreds of names were brought in to Stalin like so many petty-cash slips, and he signed them by rote, without even reading them.

Stalin felt so secure that he now accomplished one of his major purges without even bothering with the apparatus of a public trial. In the summer of 1937 the public prosecutor announced without preamble the arrest of eight of the senior generals of the Soviet army. It was a gaudy list, headed by Marshal Mikhail Nikolayevich Tukachovsky, commander of Soviet forces against Poland, a Vice-Commissar of Defense and probably the best tactician in the Russian Army. He and the others were secretly arrested and sentenced by eight fellow generals, and shot in the courtyard of Lubyanka; then six of the eight generals were shot in turn.

Of all the massacres, the purge of the generals

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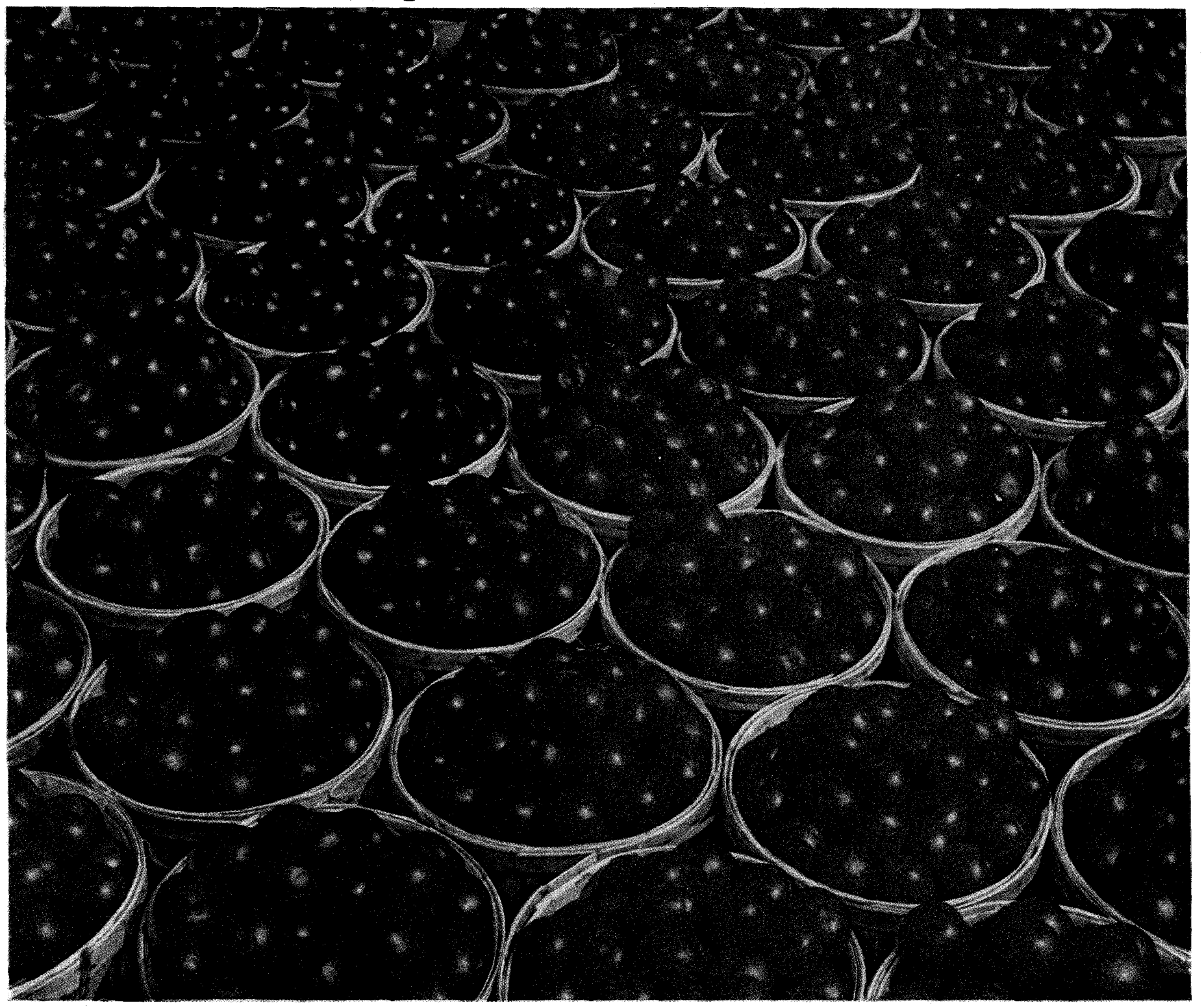
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



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Our Big Red Ones are in for '67.

It took fast work and close timing to get the 1967 crop of Campbell Tomatoes to our kitchens.

But the real flavor-story began three years ago when seeds were selected for this harvest. Much of that time was spent in research and selection and increasing the seed yield from which each year's crop is grown.

Some of these ancestor-proud tomatoes can brag on family lines that go back thirty years or more. Each separate strain brings its own heritage of taste, shape, color, and flavor.

We call these our "fast" tomatoes. Because we start picking them wet with dew, hustle them to our plant to make sure you get every nuance of vine-fresh, just-picked flavor.

These tomatoes have to be right. The Campbell Chefs use tomatoes just the way you would yourself for Tomato, Tomato Rice, or Bisque of Tomato Soup.

Our 1967 crop is now on the shelves of your favorite food store. You'll find the deep, rich, fresh-picked flavor of the Campbell Tomato in our soups, tomato juice, and V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice.

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'I'm glad I survived, of course. Visit our cemeteries and see the acres of people who did not.'

was most dangerous to Stalin and to the state. The Spanish Civil War had already begun, and a full war with Germany could not be avoided forever. To meet the threat, Stalin had a broken-down agricultural machine that produced roughly half what it had a decade earlier; a vast government apparatus shorn of experienced leaders on all levels; a manpower supply reduced by the tens of millions, and now a ravaged army general staff.

In this crisis the genuine advances that Stalin was achieving in industry were his only redeeming accomplishment. From the early 1930's huge new factories and entire new towns were thrown up and began turning out trucks and rubber, tractors and ball bearings. Giant dams were built to supply the new works with power. Significantly almost all the new projects were located far to the east of Russia's borders, tucked behind the protective barrier of the Ural Mountains. When war came, Russia was perhaps a minor industrial power compared to Germany and the U.S., but her factories were able—just barely—to equip her armies and preserve Russia and Stalin from annihilation.

Stalin seems really to have believed that his cynical 1939 pact with Hitler would keep him out of war. What it did, of course, was give Hitler a green light to swallow up Europe and leave Stalin alone to face his most bitter enemy. For 11 days, after Hitler finally attacked Russia on June 22, 1941, Stalin fell into a paralysis of fear and despair, and stayed holed up at a resort on the Black Sea. The Germans advanced at the rate of 20 miles a day, surrounding and chopping up entire Soviet armies. Not until July 3 did Stalin appeal by radio to his "brothers and sisters" of Russia to destroy the "fiends and cannibals" who had invaded. From that point on Stalin gathered his nerve. He celebrated November 7 in Red Square even though the Germans were on the outskirts of Moscow.

"How did we stop them after they had come so far?" Dmitrji Zaev and three other lieutenant generals discussed the point warmly in a Moscow officers' club. "Stalin's presence in Moscow was a great morale factor," said Zaev, a barrel-chested man with five rows of ribbons and two rows of gold teeth. "But we had been fighting and taking a toll all the way from the frontier. This was nothing like their sweep through France. We stopped them at the Luga River in July and on the Dnieper in the fall. We held them up at Kiev and at Smolensk, and that threw Hitler's grand 'Plan Barbarossa' completely out of joint.

"Did the Russian winter save us? Certainly it was one of the most bitter on record. There is some mythology here. The Russian soldier gets cold like anybody else. Hitler had expected his men to be gaily toasting their toes on Moscow stoves by the time the snows began. Our men had felt boots, and the Germans had to make them out of straw. Crude things, such as our peasants used to wear. You can see them over in the war museum."

"Odd as it may seem now, the cavalry was a key factor in the Moscow defense," said Lt. Gen. Victor Pozdnyak, who commanded a division of horse in those days. "There were only a few roads, surrounded by marsh, and we could move where their tanks could not. We specialized in night attacks, sweeping into their rear and throwing them into panic. We even killed quite a few, Cossack-style, with sabers. But what turned it was the absolute determination to defend Moscow. I understand that in your country you give your highest medal to a man who willingly sacrifices his life. Our men did it every day, at Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad. They threw themselves under tanks, with a grenade in each hand. They knocked out the tanks. One of our greatest war heroes, Lieutenant Klochkov, described this spirit best when he told his twenty-eight-man platoon: "Russia is a big country, but we have no more room. Moscow is at our backs.' They knocked out thirty-two tanks, but only four men survived."

The vaunted German armor was an easy target on these meager Russian roads. The marshes helped. So did the tank barriers of logs and ditches built by platoons of Russian workers. One Russian lieutenant named Varmin in a new T-34, a match for the best German armor, dug his machine in above a bend in the highway to Moscow. "He destroyed the first tank that rounded the bend, thus blocking the road," Pozdnyak explained. "The Germans had been ordered to attack, and so, of course, they attacked. They blundered off into the soft ground on the side of the road. Varmin knocked out twelve more tanks with methodical precision, as fast as they appeared, and the Germans decided to quit."

The Germans were stopped on December 5, 1941, at a signpost that read 20 kilometers to Moscow. Hitler got no farther. He had miscalculated fatally.

The defense of besieged Leningrad, during that winter of 1941, was a matter of sheer persistence, a willingness to starve to death. "We ate glue, petroleum, sawdust, anything you can name, and we were glad to get this," said the Leningrad poet, Oleg Shestinski. "I am not sure if it is something Americans ever can understand. A million people died that winter. We could not dig graves in the frost. We blasted a few with dynamite, but mostly we left them frozen in their rooms and on the doorsteps until spring. Corpses were lying all over the city like cordwood, and after you had stepped across enough of them you did not feel a thing.

"Try to see this picture: a great city surrounded in a net of steel. The food supplies burned in the constant bombardment. There was no apartment block in the city that was not hit at least once. My own was hit three times. We found it was better to put something in your stomach, even sawdust, than to eat nothing at all. The old people began to die first, of course. They would sit down on a park bench or a doorstep and simply give up and die. A typical meal would be a soup of water and a handful of burned grain, plus a slice of sawdust bread. I remember New Year's day when my aunt, who taught at a kindergarten, brought home some potato peels. We fried them, and I have never tasted such a delicacy before or since. Bread became sacred to me. Even today I become enraged when I see somebody nibble at a slice and toss it away. Yes, there was cannibalism. I know because my mother was a doctor in a Leningrad hospital. They cut the tender parts off the bodies, made it into a stew and sold it in the streets. It was well planned, a gang, but they caught them all and shot them. During that first winter my grandmother and two of my uncles died. My father was at the front, and my mother and I managed to survive.

"By spring the worst of it was over. See that park out there? It was a cabbage garden. Every inch of Leningrad not covered by concrete was turned into a garden. That winter the ice road across Ladoga Lake was opened, and we began getting supplies. Since I was just a boy of thirteen, I rather liked the siege then. The schools were closed. My pals and I would sneak through the lines and steal gunpowder from the Germans. When you set a match to it, it made a lovely whoosh.

"One day, after a severe bombardment, I came across a girl's leg in a quite ordinary brown-cotton stocking. The leg had landed upon a fence. I did not see the rest of her. For years after I could not talk to any woman who wore stockings in this particular shade of brown. I am glad I survived, of course. Visit our cemeteries and see the acres of people who did not.

"A comradeship grew up among the people who survived the siege. Just the other day a city bus squeaked to a stop as I was walking down the street. The driver got out and shook my hand. He was one of the boys who had sneaked through the German lines with me twenty-five years ago. We talked and exchanged telephone numbers. I don't think the passengers on the bus liked it very much, nor did the cars lined up behind. But if you lived through the siege, you have this special feeling for the others who made it too."

The third great battle of the war in Russia was Stalingrad. It had a steel mill and a tractor plant, and it lay on the banks of the lovely Volga River. Hitler could have crossed the Volga almost any place he chose, and why he chose Stalingrad nobody really knows. Perhaps merely because he hated the name. Perhaps because in the autumn of 1942 he needed a symbolic victory to make up for his failures at the gates of Moscow and Leningrad.

"In a way the Germans defeated themselves," says Grigory Denisov, who was an infantry major during the battle. "Their bombardment reduced the city to a mass of rubble through which their tanks could not move. They made anti-tank barriers for us by blowing the whole city up. That reduced it to a house-to-house battle, and the German generals have said in their memoirs that we were better at that than they were." Walking along Mamai hill, the only commanding height in Stalingrad, he scuffed his feet casually in the dirt and raised 20 pieces of shrapnel. "This hill changed hands a dozen times in the fight. General Chuikov, who commanded the defense, had his bunker just down there. Russian tourists have been coming here for over twenty years, and they take home souvenirs. But they haven't begun to exhaust the supply." He kicked the dirt, and another shower of shrapnel came out. "You see, there is plenty for everyone. I am sorry. If I seem a bit sour, it is because I knew many young men who died here on this hill. Take a piece of shrapnel home for a souvenir. Everybody does."

Walking across the 100 yards from the Volga to the brick ruins of a flour mill that was the last outpost of Soviet defense in Stalingrad, Ivan Afanasev, a former lieutenant, explained, "We made that walk in a couple of minutes just now. In the war it took two hours, dodging through holes. We were under constant bombing. We used to say, 'Better to attack the Germans twice than to go to the Volga once for a drink of water.'"

"We had two sayings," says Major Denisov. "'There is no land beyond the Volga.' And 'We will die with our hats facing west.' A great many of us did. One of my closest friends and his entire company were wiped out in house-to-house fighting."

Afanasev is one of the survivors of the most celebrated defense of all. It is called the "Pavlov house," after its commander, and was the farthest point of German advance, only 200 yards from the Volga. "We littered the streets with German corpses," says Afanasev. "Many of our men were killed bringing ammunition just that few hundred yards from the Volga. It was an almost suicidal mission. I was firing from a ground-floor window when a German got close enough to throw in a grenade. He killed my two comrades, and I woke up in a hospital deaf and blind.

"It is like boiling a fish—you know, their eyes get hard. That is what happened to mine. I partially recovered and went back to the front until 1944, when my commander discovered I could not tell a German from a Russian at more than fifty yards. He sent me to the rear. I was totally blind for twelve years until a Russian doctor invented a new operation. I looked up from the table and saw him, the first face I had seen in twelve years."

By the fall of 1942 the Russian rapid-fire rocket launcher called the *katusha* had come into action. Stationed safely on the far bank of the Volga, they pounded the Germans without letup. Then, on November 19, 1942, the Russians counterattacked. Striking from the north and south, they threw a great pincer around 300,000 Germans, and by Christmas they had closed it. "Then we sliced them up like a cake," says Denisov, who fought in this offensive. "Hitler had forbidden his commander, General Paulus, to retreat, and then he promoted him to field marshal on the theory that men of such rank never surrender. But surrender he did on January 31, at his headquarters in the basement of the Univermag department store."

The Russians also captured 23 other generals, 90,000 men who had survived the slaughter, 750 planes and 1,550 tanks. More than a year before the Normandy invasion, the Russians had given the invincible Germans their first sound whipping, and it changed

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the whole tone of the war. "We knew after Stalingrad," says Denisov, "that we were going to win." After Stalingrad the Red Army rolled on a rising tide of victory—helped now by a flow of lend-lease supplies that would total $11 billion. (This help was scantly acknowledged by the government, but the average Russian veteran still talks fondly of Studebaker trucks, "villises" —for Willys Jeeps—and Spam. They do not speak so kindly about the powdered eggs.)

"To understand Russia, you must understand the war," says Alexander Konodo, director of a secondary school in western Moscow. "My brother was killed." Konodo, now a stout man with bushy gray hair and a row of steel teeth, added, somewhat diffidently: "I lay unconscious for several hours in a village in Byelorussia with a machine-gun bullet through my shoulder. I woke up and crawled into a ravine to escape the Fascist planes. That night I walked for three hours to find an aid station. The point is that my family's experience was typical. It happened all over Russia." At a seminar at Moscow University, almost all of 100 students present had lost a close relative in the war, many of them their fathers.

"Everybody got bombed and shelled, of course," said Ilya Ehrenburg, who was a war correspondent at the time. "But the closest I came to dying was on the Kursk front in Byelorussia in February, 1943, months before we made our big breakthrough. We got stuck in a terrible blizzard. As I lay there, freezing, I had the most wonderful dreams. I dreamed I was in bed with a beautiful woman. The Red Star correspondent with me said we had to go for help. I said no, I like it very well right here. If you have to die, freezing is not a bad way to go. A sled came along, just in time, and carried us to a battalion headquarters where I drank two hundred grams of vodka. I hardly felt it. If I drank that much today I would be rolling under the table. All of our soldiers got a ration of one hundred grams a day. They usually drank it in the morning to ward off the severe cold. Vodka was one of the reasons we stood up to the winter much better than the Germans."

"You must understand that when we talk of peace, we are not just making propaganda," said a Soviet editor in Sochi. He was sitting on a pleasant balcony overlooking flower gardens and the calm slap of the Black Sea. He had a great hole in his chin, a memento of the desperate Russian defense of the Ukraine in 1941. "We know what war is like. Those were disastrous times—and no one tries to conceal it—before Russia, England and America joined hands. I hope sincerely that that day will come again."

This almost incredible tyrant, Stalin, looted all of Eastern Europe after the war, bringing home to Russia everything from entire steel mills to nuclear physicists. He caught as many German scientists as he could find and pressed them into service. They made him an atomic bomb—with the help of a Communist spy network in the West—and the most advanced rocket system in the world. Then he started his most fantastic purge of all. He thought he had uncovered a plot of Jewish doctors to kill him. The secret police rounded them up. He even threw into prison his own physician, Vinogradov, the only doctor he had trusted for decades.

Mercifully for the doctors, for Russia, and perhaps for Stalin himself, he collapsed with a stroke on the carpet in his *dacha* at 3 A.M. on March 2, 1953. His underlings lifted him to a couch and watched over him for three days while he now and then opened a baleful eye. Finally, almost black in the face from lack of circulation, he raised one finger in an enigmatic gesture, then fell back on his pillow and most reluctantly died.

The Politburo members—Khrushchev and company—cried genuine tears at the death couch. It was the end of an era that encompassed all their adult lives. But they began to think very quickly about the future. The most dangerous man in Russia was Lavrenti Beria, the head of the secret police. He was a Georgian, like Stalin, and in Stalin's last years they would discuss state matters in Georgian, in a corner of a Kremlin room. Then Stalin would walk out while Beria stayed to pass on the orders.

The Politburo enlisted the aid of Marshall Georgi Zhukov, head of the armed forces and a man who detested Beria and his secret police. Zhukov circled Moscow secretly with a division of crack troops, captured Beria, and shot him without recourse to trial. This broke the power of the secret police. But the struggle for power within the Politburo had just begun.

The first to come up on top was Georgi Malenkov, a lumpy dumpling of a man, who had carried a front corner of Stalin's coffin in the great cortege, and who apparently was Stalin's choice as his heir. With him to the center of power came Vyacheslav Molotov, that cagey diplomat and hatchet man—he was the only orator at Stalin's funeral who broke down and cried. Into the key post of secretary of the Central Committee slipped Nikita Khrushchev, thought of at that time as a rather crude and comic politician from the Ukraine. But he quietly gathered all the real power into his hands.

He deposed Malenkov and replaced him with the more compliant Nikolai Bulganin. The famous "Bulganin and Khrushchev" team toured the world with almost vaudevillian verve. When Malenkov and Molotov got together an anti-Khrushchev majority within the Presidium, in June, 1957, Khrushchev neatly turned the tables. He called together the entire 375-man Central Committee, which deposed his enemies instead of him. He sent Malenkov off to run a remote power station, and he dispatched Molotov as ambassador to Outer Mongolia.

But Khrushchev's policies were surprisingly erratic. When he denounced Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, there seemed to be at last a breeze of freedom blowing through the land. When this breeze turned into revolution in Hungary, he ruthlessly suppressed it. He could not decide whether to decentralize control of industry or to centralize it still further—and so he tried a little of both.

He was so impressed with his visit to Roswell Garst's farm in Iowa in 1959 that he attempted to turn Russia into a great corn producer, although almost the entire country is totally unsuited to the (*continued on page 44*)

"Please take care of my sister..."

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA—*Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

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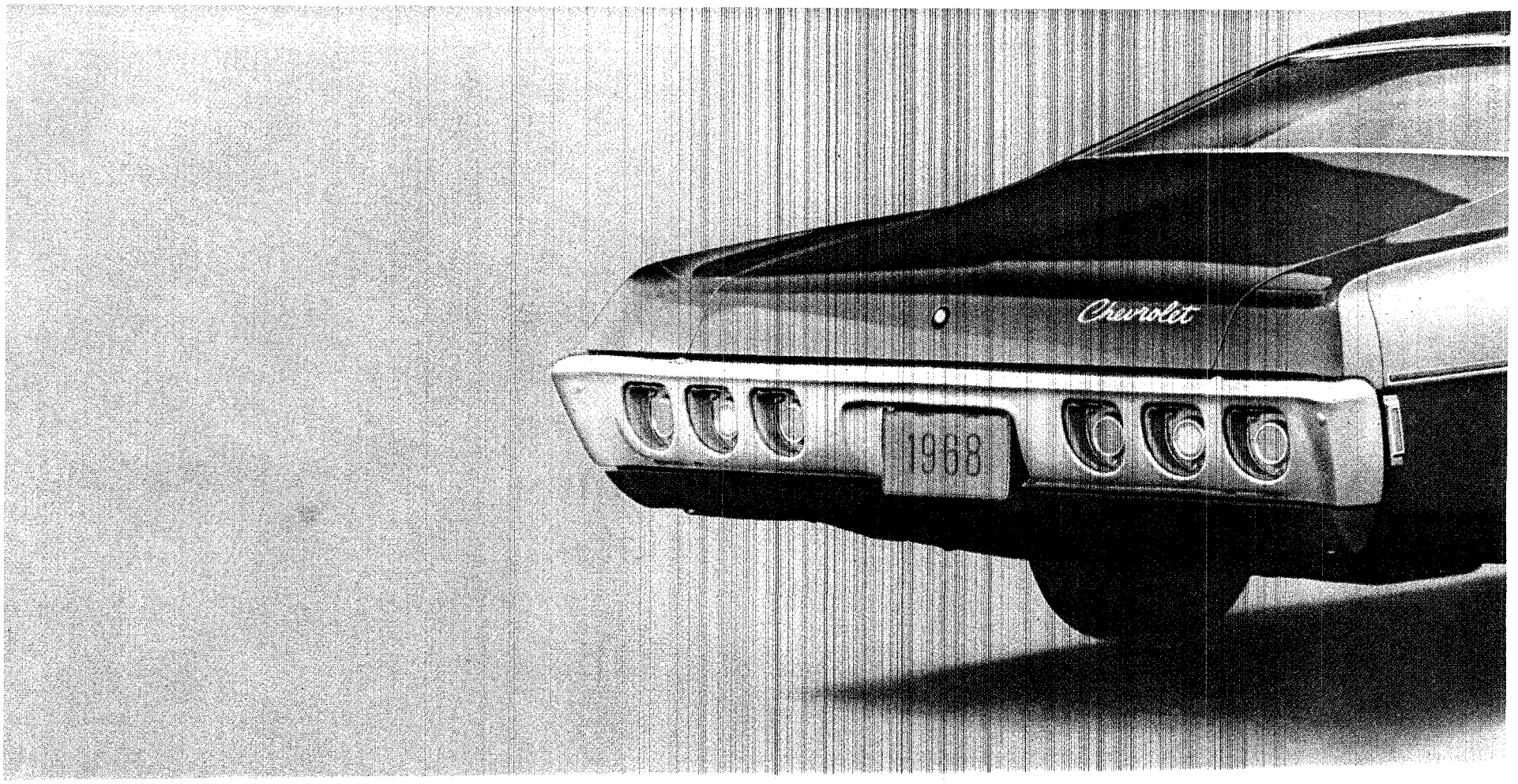

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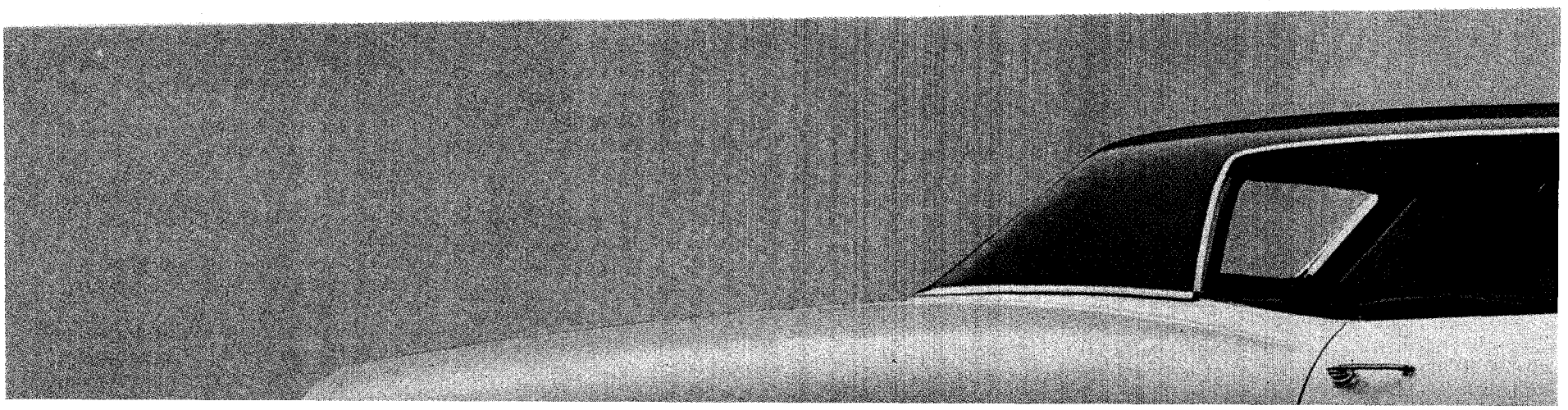

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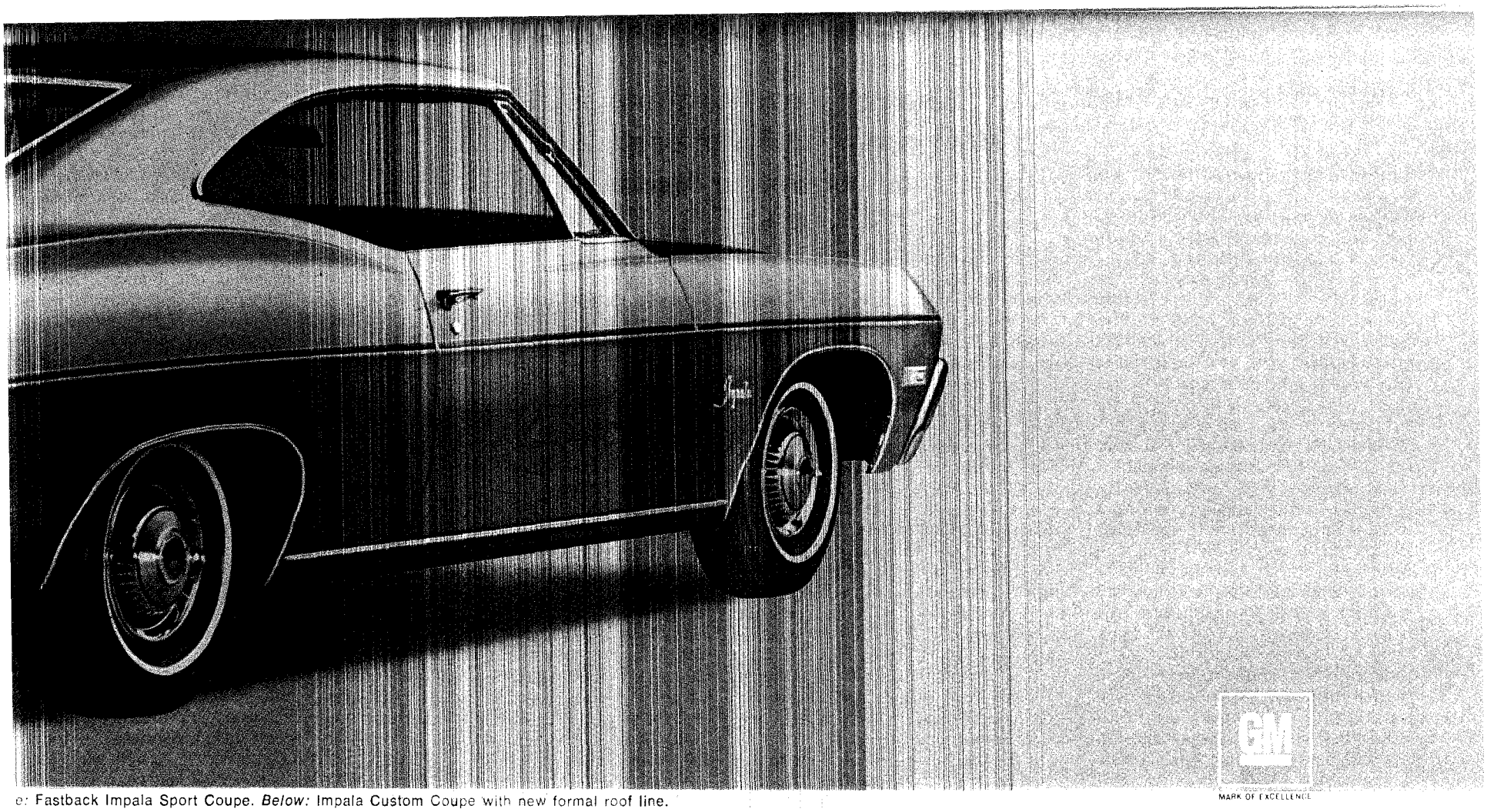

e: Fastback Impala Sport Coupe. *Below:* Impala Custom Coupe with new formal roof line.

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ıg cars. Chevrolet engineers have used tronic computers to analyze potential es and vibrations and nip them in the . Exclusive new double-cushioned rubber y mounts, strategically located, result *library-quiet* ride that puts Impala ı further ahead of its field.

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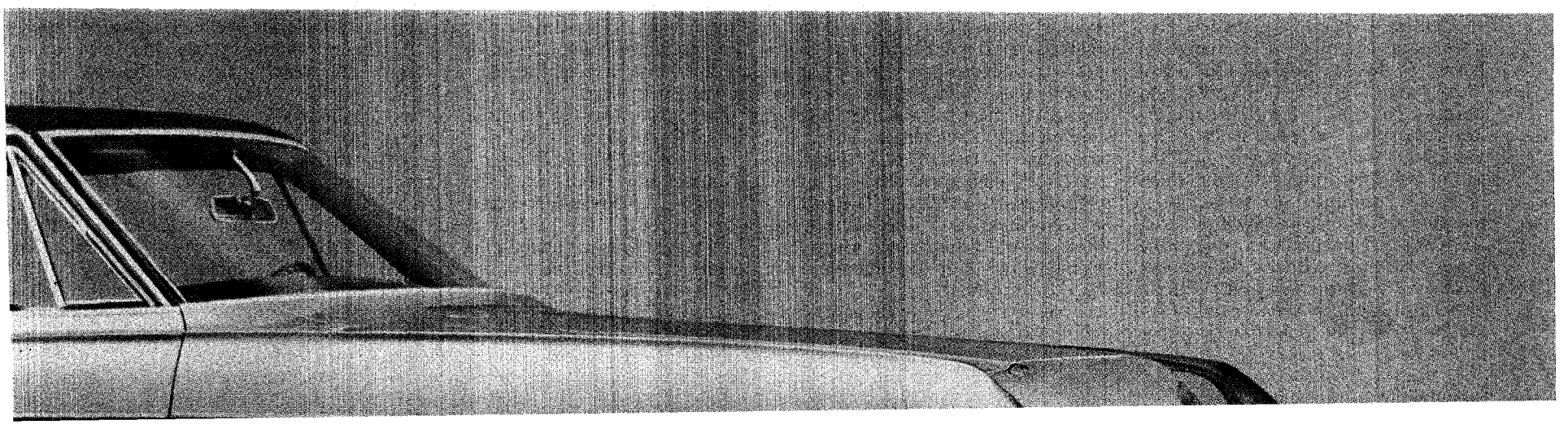

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(continued from page 41)

crop. "Now his virgin-lands scheme—to plant vast areas of Soviet Asia to wheat—made some sense," says a Western agronomist. "They need to put more land under cultivation if they're ever going to solve their food problem. But it was a get-rich-quick scheme. He did not follow through with the huge investments in machinery and fertilizer that all Soviet agriculture needs. You have to expect good years and bad on these arid virgin lands. The 1963 crop was a disaster because of drought and had much to do with Khrushchev's downfall. He embarrassed the state when he had to buy wheat abroad."

Khrushchev could never make up his mind, either, about the Soviet intellectuals. He personally authorized publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, a grim account of life in a Stalin labor camp by a writer who had been in one for eight years. Apparently he simply enjoyed the book. Then he became bitterly critical of modern artists and the rebel poets Yevtushenko and Vozhnesensky, who were digging subtle but deep barbs into Soviet society. "It was not the happiest period of my life," recalls Vozhnesensky, of this period in 1963. "He called me in and said that if I wanted to go on writing this sort of thing, I should go abroad and stay there. But nothing happened. We have reached the point, at least I hope so, where writers are not shot any more."

By the time Khrushchev got well underway with his campaign against the intellectuals, he was already on the way out himself—although of course he did not know it. His onetime cronies on the Party Presidium had quietly enlisted a majority against him, not only among themselves but within the unwieldy Central Committee. On October 13, 1964, Khrushchev was summoned from his Black Sea *dacha* back to Moscow and told bluntly that he was through. After all, he was 70 and had had a good long run. He railed against the decision, but on October 15 the entire Central Committee convened and approved the change of power. *Pravda* accused Khrushchev of "hare-brained schemes, bragging and phrase-mongering." He faded quietly into retirement, seen now only on his annual visits to the voting box. At the end of a violent argument, after which he finally consented to retire, he is reported to have said, "Well, at least the Khrushchev reforms let you replace the first secretary without violence and bloodshed." Aleksei Kosygin, 61, took over half his job, as premier, and Leonid Brezhnev, 58, took over the other half as first secretary.

And Stalin's grave is now dishonored. His party colleagues who lived in terror of him have had their revenge. Once he lay in splendor in the Lenin mausoleum in Red Square. In the dark of the night Khrushchev took away the corpse and excised Stalin's name from the building. He lies now, quietly decomposed, between the mausoleum and the Kremlin wall, with the second tier of Soviet heroes. But all the other graves are neatly tended, and his is rank with weeds. It is a calculated insult that thousands of Russians who visit the Kremlin see every day. "I think he must have been a crazy man,"

The law prevents grandmothers from getting children baptized without the consent of their parents.

said a schoolteacher in Kiev, "to do the things he did." In his home town of Gori, in Georgia, a local official says, "We think he was a good wartime leader, but toward the end, in his old age, was mentally unbalanced."

"Understand World War II and its impact, of course," said a Western diplomat who is Russian-born himself. "But start with the nineteenth-century novelists. There is indeed what they call the 'Russian soul,' a Russian character that is quite of its own. They are moody, although they don't admit it. In a crisis they will work or fight for days and nights without sleep. Then once the crisis is passed, they will fall into a peculiar sort of lassitude and not do one damned thing. They enjoy crisis and hate routine." Most Russian writers will agree privately to this thesis. "When I read Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, I find myself on every page," one Moscow poet said.

"I'd agree there's what they call a 'Russian soul,'" said another Western diplomat. "But there is an important qualification that must be made. The Russian today is not at all interested in redemption through sacrifice and suffering—a main theme of the great Russian novels. This was a church-oriented theme, and the church is moribund, attended only by grandmothers, wrapped around with babushkas from neck to head. You know they even passed a law that the babushkas could not get a child baptized without the parents' consent. These grannies were sneaking them in while the parents were off at work." ("Grannies are that way," said a girl in Leningrad. "We let her baptize our little girl because it made her so happy. Of course we don't believe in any of that religious nonsense ourselves.")

"Nobody can really say how the Russian people have gotten along in tossing over religion," a Western diplomat says. "Khrushchev once crossed himself at a polling place and then blushed till he was pink. All Russian speech contains references, mostly unconscious, to God. But I think the average Russian wants a bigger salary, a bigger apartment, a car. The babushkas think about God. The younger ones think about comforts for them and their children. Not too different from the U.S., is it really?

"Everybody plays a guessing game about who's on top, Brezhnev or Kosygin. Nobody knows, but Kosygin occupies Stalin's old office in the Kremlin. The people who saw him in action at Glassboro were quite impressed. He's a cool cat. But it really is committee rule. The top eleven, the Politburo, meet several times a week, we presume.

"But power is even more diffuse than that. When Khrushchev convened the entire Central Committee of three hundred and seventy-five members, back in 1957, to toss out Molotov and Malenkov, he created what may be a permanent change in Soviet society. The Central Committee members feel their power now and use it. This has caused a great deal of indecision in foreign policy. The Politburo does not so much act as react to events as they happen. They sort of diddled their way into the Middle East war when they could have called it off any time if they chose. They will strongly support North Vietnam because they have to—partly because of the conflict with China. But there is very little passion in it. As for the average Russian, he is not interested in ideology, even if he ever was."

"Of course we talk politics at home," said a Leningrad schoolteacher. "Who's in and who's out." She seemed surprised at the question. "It is sort of fun to read between the lines in the papers and try to puzzle out what's going on. We think of Brezhnev as a party man, very firmly seated. Kosygin is more congenial. He is a planner, a technician, just the kind of man we need right now. He has promised all sorts of economic advances. If they come through he will be in a powerful position within the Politburo. If they fail, the Politburo will probably kick him out."

She gave a charming smile and added, "He is not as handsome as was your President Kennedy—I think he is quite ugly in fact. But I think that he is able." Then she added a question, with that disconcerting smattering of knowledge of American politics that you find in odd moments all over Russia: "Who will you vote for in the elections—Johnson, Nixon, Romney? They are all warmongers. If I could vote there, I would vote for Bobby Kennedy, and not just because he is the best-looking of the lot—I do not think he is a Fascist or a warmonger. Not that it matters that much. Your ruling circles will decide on a man, and he will win. It will probably be Rockefeller. When a man owns banks and oil fields and half the world, how could he fail to win?

"But to tell the truth, we talk a lot more about the price of potatoes, and the new co-op apartment we are buying, than we do about politics."

How does a bright young man get ahead in this new Soviet Union? The process is at least as arcane as getting ahead in American business. He begins in school as a Young Pioneer—a sort of Marxist Boy Scout group which practically every Soviet school child joins at the age of 12. He proudly wears the red scarf of his membership at the parades and rallies the Soviets love to stage. He goes on to college, of course, where he joins the Young Communist League, another act of obeisance that almost every student performs. Oddly enough, when and whether he joins the party itself does not seem to matter very much. Party meetings are held about once a month in each cell and are somewhat more boring than the P.T.A. Tea is usually served.

What matters at the point of graduation is intelligence, plus charm, plus some sort of specialty in which a man can make a reputation for success.

Arcady Lusev, 38, knows how. He is a slender and handsome man with a shock of blond hair, and he is deputy chairman of the local soviet in the burgeoning Siberian city of Novosibirsk, which already has a population of more than a million. He migrated from Byelorussia to Siberia in 1948, "because my home town was still in ruins, and because there is a first-rate engineering institute here." He smiled. "Then I married Maria, a native Siberian who would not live anyplace else. So now I'm a Siberian for life."

Once out of the institute, he began as foreman on a construction gang. "I rose to the post of chief engineer." Lusev's career illustrates the interplay between the official government apparatus, the soviet, and the real power center—the Communist Party. "Two years ago the man who sat in this chair was elected head of the local Communist Party. I was elected to take his place. Why was I chosen?" He shrugged. "Everyone knew me, and I suppose I had established a reputation as a builder. Nothing is more important than building in a city that is growing as fast as Novosibirsk. No, I hold no position in the party. I am simply a member.

"I had to take a salary cut. I was making three hundred and fifty rubles a month, and I am making only two hundred and ninety now." He went on in a vein that any American politician could understand: "The people asked me to do it, and I couldn't turn it down. Will I continue in politics? That depends on whether the people want me. But I was reelected last year.

"I am in charge of the fire department and the police. We don't have much crime here, only a few drunk and disorderly. If the man has a good reputation at his factory, he gets off with a reprimand. He just went on a bender. If he repeats, we give him what we call 'Fifteen days and a broom.' He does not spend the time in jail but must show up each morning for sweeping the streets or some other manual labor.

"But my main job still is construction. We still have a housing shortage. As you have seen, we have many beautiful new buildings here and many old—new apartment houses with log cabins next door. We are not tearing down all the cabins but are moving them to make a 'Siberian village,' which will look just as this town did when Lenin crossed the River Ob here on a ferry in 1897, exiled by the czar. We have allocated eighty-eight million rubles for construction this year—apartment houses, shops, schools. About seventy percent are built with prefab concrete slabs that we lift into place with these giant cranes. How long does a new apartment house take to build? Six months, on the average." He gave a sly smile. "When we get near the end of a Five-Year Plan, you would be amazed at how fast we can get them up."

Another young man on the way up is Vladimir Fedoseev, blond and handsome, who at 35 is vice-rector of Moscow University.

"You can find a history of Russia in any family," he says. "My grandparents were born as peasants in Byelorussia, and they died as peasants there. Because we owned a horse, we were not thought of as 'poor peasants,' but as 'middle peasants.' My wife's father was jailed in 1905 as a revolutionary. My father fought in the civil war after 1919. My brother was killed in World War II. It is not an unusual story. I won a gold [scholarship] medal at my secondary school and so was admitted to Moscow University on a scholarship. The tuition was free, and I received a monthly stipend that I could live on, provided that I watched my kopecks."

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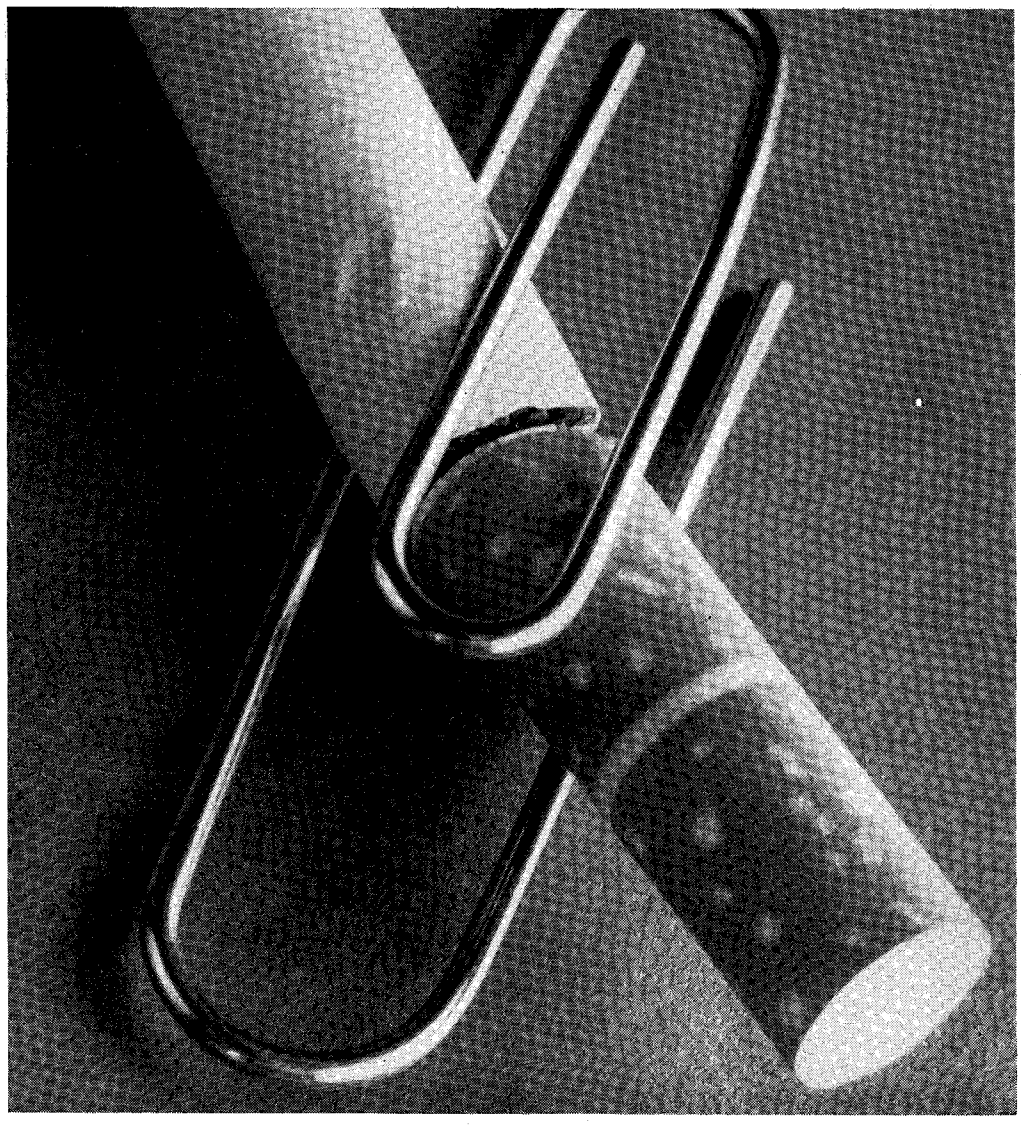
If you could put Tareyton's charcoal filter on your cigarette, you'd have a better cigarette.



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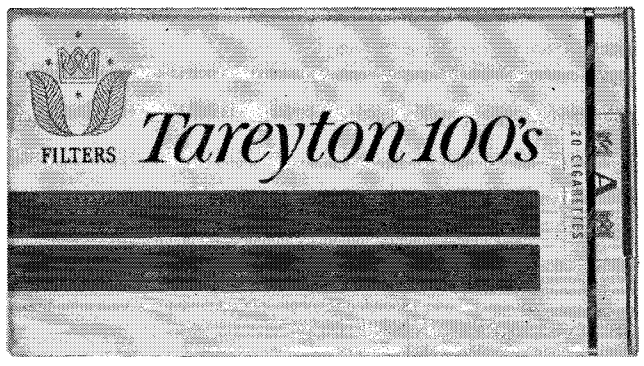

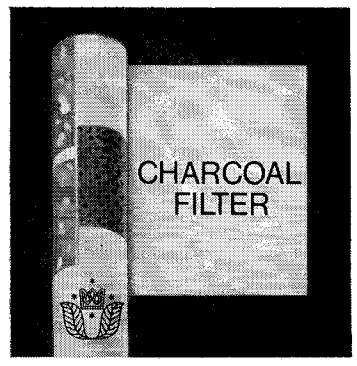

New Tareyton 100's with the charcoal filter.

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'I could defect anytime and make more money, but a Russian cannot be happy outside Russia.'

Fedoseev went on to a doctorate in organic chemistry—on which he still lectures—and then to the post of vice-rector. He makes 320 rubles a month, on which he says he lives very well, since his wife, Natasha, also a chemist, brings home a good salary. He has visited Finland, France and the U.S.

"No, I don't plan to buy a car. As vice-rector, I have an official car. I don't even know how to drive. My main concern now is a research paper I am writing. I have two months' vacation, but I think I will send the family to the Crimea while I stay here and get the research done. I know my title sounds impressive, but we really lead a very simple life. We have a three-room apartment. We like to go to the movies while granny takes care of the child. Our friends are mostly chemists. When we entertain it is usually a supper in the traditional Russian style—you can find a good description in a Tolstoy novel. A buffet with some vodka and wine. We play some records, talk about our work in progress, gossip about our friends. Where do I go from here? I don't really know. I enjoy the administrative problems of running one of the world's great universities. But I enjoy basic research even more. I am hoping that I can combine the two."

Ivan Gavriliko, 38, is deputy director of a huge state farm in the Ukraine, where vast plains of wheat bow to the wind. It looks much like the American Midwest. He is a neat little man with light brown hair who had put on his best blue suit for the occasion. He helps run a vast 34,000-acre state farm that raises wheat and cattle. He keeps two huge stuffed turkeys on the bureau in his office, because they are a symbol of his and the farm's success.

"It was our own idea," he says proudly. "It was not dictated from above. There was a great demand for turkeys that was not being met. So we jumped in. Now we deliver 400,000 a year to the market, and we raise them as efficiently as you do in the U.S." He proudly showed off the incubators where the turkey eggs were hatching, the cribs of young birds, the fields where the turkeys were getting fat for slaughter. "Most of the farm is still in wheat and cattle, of course. But these turkeys are our most profitable scheme. We can sell more than we can raise."

On a great billboard outside the hatchery were the pictures of a dozen heroes of Soviet labor, mostly women, who had distinguished themselves in the care and killing of turkeys. "Everybody pitches in because they all get a share of the profits," said Gavriliko. "We have twenty-five thousand acres under cultivation, in wheat, barley and corn. We have one thousand, five hundred milk cows and two thousand head of beef.

"We have a cinema, a hospital, an excellent secondary school. We even have a brass band. We have five doctors, and twenty teachers in the schools. We have six veterinarians, each a specialist in his field. We had sales of 5.6 million rubles last year and earned a profit of 760,000. We have a total of twelve thousand workers. They all have electricity. Many still have outdoor toilets, but we are going to correct that soon.

"How did I get ahead? I was born here and know every inch of the land. After high school I went into the army for four years, and when I came back I went to work on the farm and took a correspondence course from the Agricultural Institute in Kiev. After I received my diploma I was promoted to a managerial post. The great success of our turkeys helped all of us here of course. Some American agronomists visited here and much admired them. They are big, plump birds, as good as you grow in the U.S."

"We are prospering quite nicely here," said Thalva Gigashvili, director of the Medsvseskhevi collective farm at Stalin's birthplace in Georgia. "We work six thousand acres here and produce almost anything you can name—wheat, corn, grapes, cucumbers, tomatoes, carrots, cabbages, onions, garlic, sugar beets, cattle, pigs and honey. This is a rich mountain valley where anything will grow. Each family on the collective owns its own home and has a private plot of more than an acre, where they can grow anything they please, from pigs to flowers." The houses on this farm are pleasant, crumbly buildings made of ancient brick and mortar. The front and back yards are lush with fruit trees, grape vines and gardens. For Georgia is the home of what they call in Russia the "suitcase salesman." In this balmy southern clime he will pack up about 100 pounds of whatever is most in demand in Moscow—strawberries, roses, tomatoes—then catch an airplane and rent a stall in the Moscow market and sell to the highest bidder.

"The figures are striking," says a Western economist. "More than forty percent of the vegetables in Russia are grown by these free enterprisers on their small, private plots. And then when you pass the Moscow auto store, where you sign up on the waiting list for a car, you see an awful lot of Georgian faces. They want to turn their rubles in for something durable, and they have the cash in their pocket to make the down payment."

Gigashvili, who at the age of 34 is running this huge collective farm, is a slender man with an unmistakable Georgian face and a Stalin moustache. "The private plots," he explains, "are important to our people and to the Soviet economy. We have twenty-one tractors, five combines and twenty-six trucks, purchased out of our profits. We have built two grammar schools, two high schools, a hospital, a palace of culture and a cinema. We have five engineers and six agronomists.

"How is it that I am running this enterprise at my tender age? I grew up on a farm right here, and so I knew this country as a child. I graduated from the Agricultural Institute in Tiflis and went from there to manage a tractor station. I was elected to the city soviet in Gori, a political post, but my chief concern was still agriculture. When they offered me this job, I was delighted. A lot of the people on the collective are kinfolk, and the rest of them are friends.

"Every house here has electricity, a refrigerator and butane gas. About seventy percent of the families have TV. Most of them still have outdoor toilets. The farm retained a profit of 170,000 rubles last year, and when we hold a meeting to decide how this money should be spent, it is democracy in the raw. The idea that I, as director of the farm, can lay down the law is nothing but a fantasy. They might take me out and lynch me. There are always violent arguments.

"This year, when the noise settled down, we agreed to build a new bridge over the Medzuda River, a new clubhouse, a new bus station and a kindergarten. It was a sensible solution. But we had to have a shouting match first. You can call me a bright young man on his way up if you want to, but I think I'm developing an ulcer."

Valery Artemyev, 25, is a lean and darkly handsome young man who speaks such beautiful, clipped English that he could pass as an Oxford undergraduate. He is working on his doctorate at Moscow University, writing a thesis titled "Myth-Making in Modern American Criticism." He has recently become a minor star on Moscow television. "The program teaches English, and we also do English-language plays. I recently played the role of Fowler in *The Quiet American*. This TV income made it possible for me to marry. My wife, Natasha, will graduate next year as a Spanish linguist. We still live with my parents in a three-room flat. Mother takes care of our son while we are at school, or when we want to go to the movies. But we are hoping soon to find a flat of our own."

Natasha Bessmertnova, 24, is the bright new star of the Bolshoi ballet. She is a tiny girl with huge brown eyes and the husky calves of a dancer. When she premiered *Spectre of a Rose* this summer, the first time this ballet had been performed in Russia since the revolution, a huge crowd gathered outside the Bolshoi, hoping to buy tickets from scalpers. At the end of the performance half the audience was in tears while the rest were on their feet shouting applause. They showered the stage with flowers, and Natasha took 15 curtain calls. "She is our next Ulanova, our next Plesetskaya," said a Soviet critic. "Our young people think she is already better than them all."

"It is a demanding life, of course," says Natasha. "There is something to the *Red Shoes* legend that a ballerina must devote her life to the dance. I was divorced just last year.

"I wanted to dance before I could talk. I got my first lessons at a Pioneer palace. I was one of fifteen out of six hundred applicants selected for the secondary school here in Moscow that specializes in ballet. There I had to forget everything I had learned as a Pioneer, because most of it was wrong. Then I was selected in a competition for the Bolshoi.

"Defect to the West?" She laughed at this idea. "I could defect anytime I wanted to. The troupe goes abroad every year. I make three hundred rubles a month, and I know I could make at least ten times that much abroad. Nureyev, who defected, has a big villa in Italy, I am told. But does it make him happy? I do not think that a Russian can be happy outside Russia. I am interested in ballet, not money, and we have the best ballet in the world. In New York I liked Macy's department store, but I hated the Metropolitan Opera House. The floor squeaked, and the dressing rooms were squalid. Is their new house in Lincoln Center any better?"

Dr. Vladimir Romanov, who at the bright young age of 28 is one of the most promising theoretical mathematicians in the Soviet Union, is certainly one of this new class of Soviet intellectuals. He was plucked from the top of his class at Moscow University to go to the Science City in Novosibirsk. "This is what the revolution was about," says his wife, Nina, who was his childhood sweetheart. "All our grandparents were simple peasants. And now look at my daughters." The two of them, aged five and two, were scrambling around on her lap. "They would have been put to work in the fields at age ten or twelve, barefoot and illiterate. Now they are well dressed, and they get the right kind of food. Their father has a doctorate in mathematics, and I have a university degree myself. This is what the revolution has done."

"We fell in love in high school," says Romanov, who is little and trim, with bushy, close-cropped hair. "Naturally we waited until we had our degrees before we married, in one of the marriage palaces that have replaced the church—a simple ceremony but a pleasant one with all our relatives there and champagne afterward.

"Nina's mother lives with us and takes care of the children. As you can see, we are quite well set up here." Not by American standards of course. The five people live in a one-bedroom apartment. The granny and two children sleep in the small bedroom, and the Romanovs bunk down on a convertible couch in the parlor. But the place is sparkling clean, and out the windows there is a heady view of the endless fir forests of Siberia. "I am earning 340 rubles a month now, and Nina makes 120. That is quite enough to live on comfortably. I have opened a savings account. There are several different systems here. I chose the lottery system, just for kicks. You get no interest, but they draw names once a month, and if you win you get a big prize. No, I haven't won a kopeck yet.

"You have seen our beach on the lake, with the fir trees all around? We spend our weekends there all summer. The children love it. In the spring and fall I go duck hunting." He proudly produced an ancient shotgun that he had bought secondhand. "You either sit in a blind or you stalk them. Is it the same in the U.S.? If we do not get at least thirty ducks, we consider it here in Siberia to have been a very bad weekend. And have you seen our Golden Valley, where the scientists live? It is one of the beauty spots of Russia."

It is indeed. The stucco houses, with garages attached, look much like an upper-class American suburb. The view is of a rolling hillside abloom with the wild flowers that give Golden Valley its name. The lawns are neatly mowed. Well-dressed children were kicking soccer balls around. "They do well, these scientists," said the driver. "I should have become a scientist myself." Vladimir Romanov and his wife want to move to this sort of villa someday but at present they are concentrat-

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ing on finding a bigger apartment so they will not have to sleep on the couch. "We have our names down on the waiting list, and we think it will come through in a month or so," says Romanov. "As you know, since you have been traveling around Russia, we are building all the time."

"Yes, please, come in," said Arcady Syropiatov, a skilled worker at the Red October steel mill in Volgograd. A companion apologized for the broken holes in the concrete steps that led up to Arcady's four-flight walkup. "When you have to build things in a hurry, as we are doing in the Soviet Union, you cannot make them perfect." Syropiatov and his wife loaded the table with vodka, sausages, hard-boiled eggs, goat cheese and home-baked bread (a Russian would rather go bankrupt than not lay out a lavish spread for a visitor).

"We plan to buy a car. Our television set is old, and we need to replace it. But our first interest is our summer home on the Volga. We leased the land from the state and bought fruit trees at only fifty kopecks each. They will be blooming within a few years. We plan to do most of the work ourselves. As a skilled worker at the factory, I am handy with all sorts of tools. We can afford all this within the next few years."

To provide that new shotgun that Romanov wants, and the new car for Syropiatov, the government has introduced sweeping economic reforms. "They had to. The consumer economy was a complete mess, and much of it still is," says a Western expert. "They kept grinding out stuff that nobody wanted to buy. The best indicator is savings accounts, which have doubled in the last three years to three billion rubles. The people are stashing their money away, waiting for something worth buying. The factories were a jumble. Nobody gets fired, so you might have three times as many plumbers as you needed, but only half the lathe operators. Factory managers have hoarded spare parts and raw materials. Estimates on everything came from some cloudy dreamworld up in the Kremlin.

"The two men who changed it were Lieberman and Berman, their two most brilliant economists. They don't let them publish in the mass-circulation newspapers like *Pravda*. But their articles in the economic journals were full of such cool and persuasive logic that they brought the government around. Both of them start out quoting Lenin, of course, the Bible. Under his New Economic Policy of 1921, or N.E.P. as it is usually called, he proposed what was almost a return to free enterprise—profits, incentives and so on. Now these new economists have used the Lenin text to argue that any enterprise should show a profit or else close down."

For a man so revolutionary in the Soviet society, Alexander Berman, 57, a professor at the National Institute of Economics, seems mild and unassuming. "We are not up to anything new," he says, going back to Lenin quotes for aid. "The idea that a factory should operate efficiently and make a profit for the state is nothing original. The fact is that many of them do not. Before, all of the plans were made at the top and then passed down. The new plan is to originate the plans from below, and then get them approved at the top. I know it is fashionable in the West to call this a return to capitalism. It is nothing of the sort. It is simply a move to make socialism more efficient.

'I am free now to paint whatever I like. But I want more. I want to be a free man.'

"Our factory managers today are not Red soldiers put in command because their politics were correct. They are educated men and know best how to run their own enterprises. The workers like the new scheme. If the plant runs efficiently, most of the profit is retained by the plant. They can use it to build a block of apartments, a kindergarten, a rest home on the Black Sea. You have the idea there is no democracy in the Soviet Union. Attend one of these meetings of the plant workers. The debate will be vigorous and heated about how the profits should be spent.

"In essence the consumer has the final voice. If a factory turns out inferior goods, and the consumer will not buy them, then the plant makes no profit. The workers get no bonus. If the product is a hit, then the worker not only gets his bonus out of profits, but the factory can build that new vacation hotel for them on the Black Sea. Twenty percent of Soviet industry has already gone over to the new plan, and it is working well."

"We went on the new system last year, and the results are excellent," said Alexander Brailovski, 44, a slender, black-haired man who spent four years at the front in World War II and was wounded twice. He is deputy director of the Kirov Watch Plant in Moscow. "We export half our production to capitalist countries, even including the Swiss. We put out a line ranging from our twenty-dollar watch to this one which sells at two hundred dollars." He produced a slender gold watch that indeed looked pretty enough to go to Geneva. "The new plan gives us the flexibility we need. We were able to increase salaries twelve percent this year. Before, the state told us in detail how many watches to produce of each kind. Now we are given broad guidelines—two million watches a year—and we can decide on our own what will sell and what will not. As the Soviet consumer grows more prosperous he wants the more expensive models. We make our own arrangements with the wholesale and department stores. The new plan says, in effect, you've got the responsibility now, so get the job done."

Lidiya Kovarskay, a stout but sprightly woman, has run the Kosino Knit Goods Factory northeast of Moscow since 1939, and she has seen the good times and the bad. "A great German bomb landed in our little lake out there," she said. "It knocked out the windows and blew off the roof. We were almost pulled out the windows by the concussion. Hardly a day passed but that one of the girls got a death letter from the front.

"Things are very different now. We completely reequipped the plant in the 1950's with English and German machines. We are turning out chic dresses for the women, ski clothes for the men, sweaters for the children. I go into Moscow at least once a month and play saleslady at one of the big department stores. I was down at GUM's just a few days ago. When you stand behind the counter you see, firsthand, what is popular and what is not. We change all the time to meet shifts in consumer demands. We were picked as one of the first factories for this new plan because we are one of the most efficient."

"And that is just the point," says a Western economist. "The twenty percent of Russian industry that has converted to this new incentive—almost free-enterprise—system is the most efficient fifth of the economy. When the new plan wades into some of these antiquated plants, which have an entrenched bureaucracy, who can say how it will go? But Kosygin's career is tied to the new plan, and he will certainly try to make it work."

The Soviet worker—as he waits in line to buy his cabbages and potatoes at a state store, as he drops two kopecks into a shiny machine along the street for a glass of mineral water, as he waits patiently in line all day with a young child in his arms and one in tow for a glance at the corpse of Lenin in the mausoleum on Red Square—seems reasonably content with all these arrangements. He is living better than he ever has, far better than he dreamed of when he was born in the chaos of revolution, or purges, or war.

It is the intellectuals, and in particular the poets and painters, who are the gadflies of Soviet society today. "One of the turning points," said Ehrenburg, "was the famous occasion when Khrushchev visited an exhibit containing some works by Faalk, our best modern artist, who died a few years back. Khrushchev exploded. 'What! The man not only had the nerve to paint a Soviet woman in the nude. He painted her green!' It was Khrushchev's first nude, I think, and we have made some progress since then." "I am free now to paint anything I like," said a Moscow artist who, since he was working in an experimental, abstract style, received no stipend from the state and had to fend for himself. "But that is only a first step. I want more. I want to be a free man."

Andrei Voznesensky, 34, is the poet passionately favored by every young student in Russia. When he gave a reading last year in Moscow, he sold out all 15,000 seats in the Palace of Sports. He had planned to come to Lincoln Center in New York for a poetry reading this summer, but the trip was abruptly canceled by the Soviets. He is a slender young man with a natural, almost languid grace. He became a poet when his senior's essay in architecture got burned in a fire at the institute. "I just couldn't face doing it again," he says. Instead, he wrote a poem called *Fire in the Institute*, and then went on from there. His poems have sold 250,000 copies in the Soviet Union, and would have sold many more if the Soviets had printed more. He smokes Winstons, which he buys with his hard-currency sales abroad. He is a good friend of that other rebel Russian poet, Yevtushenko. "His wife is coming by this afternoon to pick up a sweater that I brought back from America this spring. A present from Arthur Miller."

Yevtushenko once told a Western reporter that he made more money than Premier Kosygin. "Yes, I suppose I too am rich. I don't think much about that sort of thing. They put my royalties in the bank, and I haven't looked at a statement for months." He was lounging back on the couch in a turtleneck sweater. "I just don't care about that sort of thing. I don't even own a car or a *dacha*. There is a literary debate going on here in the Soviet Union, and I am very much interested in that. On the progressive side you have the magazine *Novy Mir*, which prints the new writers, including myself. On the conservative side you have *October*, run pretty much as it was in Stalinist times. But there is a debate going on, and I think that that is healthy."

"I would gladly destroy *October* tomorrow," said Ehrenburg. "And there are many people who would gladly destroy *Novy Mir*." "Let's not destroy either one," said the novelist Kataev, sitting in the green garden behind his villa. "Let's invent some new ones. The more debate the better."

Most Soviet citizens feel this way. The leadership seems torn between ancient dreams of world revolution and the pressing, immediate demands of its citizens. The problems include a demand for say-so in such simple matters as jobs and wages. But the Russians are not predictable people. There is a feeling in the air that they want a free press more than they want a new refrigerator. And the Russian writers, at a certain risk to their necks, keep urging this feeling on.

"Pushkin and Lermontov were both goaded into duels, where they were killed by expert marksmen," says Voznesensky. "We have a duty to our tradition. We will keep opening the windows to let the fresh air in."

The Soviets are obviously moving, by internal necessity, to some meld of free enterprise within a socialist society. The factories that produce the greatest profits will get the new apartment houses, the resorts on the Black Sea. The factory managers who do not produce know now that they might be sacked. There is a rough sort of democracy within the plants, when the workers get together and decide how the profits should be spent. There is no interest at all in going to war in Vietnam, or going to war anyplace else. But even the rebels within Soviet society have no interest in returning to capitalism. "That is the wildest idea I ever heard," said a young graduate student at Moscow University. "Why would we want to go back instead of forward? There are many ills in the socialist system, but we can correct them, not throw the whole system out."

But, on this 50th anniversary, there is a restless stirring in Russia. Not for "Land, Peace and Bread," the original Bolshevik slogan. The Russians have that by now. The stirring is for freedom—for freedom of the press most of all. They think of political processes cynically. In the U.S., as they see it, it is Tweedledum versus Tweedledee. They view their own elections as a farce. The real freedom in the Soviet Union is a new book of poetry by Voznesensky. They stand in line for hours at the *kiosks* to buy a copy. This hunger keeps growing. The Soviets, under Khrushchev, took the lid off Soviet society. It is doubtful they will ever get it back on. □

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THE ESPIONAGE ESTABLISHMENT 2

The spies on our side

The government's secrets are quite often ephemeral. —Lord Radcliffe in his 1962 report on the state of British security.

Queen Anne's Gate is a quiet backwater of a street named for England's sovereign of more than two centuries past. It is a street of once-elegant townhouses long since converted to genteel institutional use. Lord Palmerston, who became England's prime minister, was born at No. 20. But the old houses have been given over to such worthy organizations as the Friends of the Girls' Public Day School Trust, the Keep Britain Tidy Group, and the Save the Children Fund.

One day not long ago a black limousine pulled up to the curb on the south side and a white-haired, ruddy-faced man stepped out. He looked about 60, well-tailored and self-assured, perhaps a successful banker from the City coming to a board meeting of one of the little charities in Queen Anne's Gate. Indeed, the car had stopped in front of a house where the sign read: SOLDIERS', SAILORS' AND AIRMEN'S FAMILIES ASSOCIATION. But the man who might have been a banker moved quickly across the sidewalk and entered the adjacent four-story house, No. 21. The black door closed behind him, its polished brass plaque gleaming for an instant in the sunlight. Oddly, the plate bore no sign to identify the house.

Sir Dick Goldsmith White, the head of M.I.6, one of the most powerful but least-known men in England, was arriving for work.

The British public at large was not permitted to know his name or face. And as befits the oldest, most respected and most legendary espionage organization in the world, there was nothing about the nondescript red-brick building at No. 21, with its shabby-looking white gauze curtains in the front windows, to suggest Her Majesty's Secret Service. For M.I.6 is the most secret of all secret intelligence organizations. It is England's espionage arm, the stuff of fiction, of Graham Greene and Ian Fleming. When he walked through the door with the plain brass plate, Sir Dick was almost literally stepping through Alice's looking glass.

As the telephone number of 21 Queen Anne's Gate (WHItehall 2730) indicated, it was close by the major government buildings in Whitehall, including the Foreign Office, to which M.I.6 reports. Anyone strolling around the corner from No. 21 would soon have found himself on Broadway, the wide street that runs parallel to Queen Anne's Gate, one block to the south. On the north side of Broadway, at No. 54, he would have noticed an ancient and unattractive nine-story brown office structure called the Broadway Buildings.

It was listed innocuously in the London telephone directory as a sub-branch of the Ministry of Land and Natural Resources (TRAfalgar 9030). The stroller would have had no way of knowing that he was in fact looking at the headquarters of M.I.6. This was not surprising, for nothing on the other side of Dick White's looking glass was quite what it appeared to be: The rear of the house in Queen Anne's Gate was situated back to back with the rear of Broadway Buildings, and Sir Dick, the "prosperous banker" arriving for the charity board meeting, would find it easy to slip from one building to the other.

M.I.6 has many mansions. A few minutes from Queen Anne's Gate, past the houses of Parliament and across Westminster Bridge, is a 20-story glass-and-concrete skyscraper. Hard by Waterloo Station, on the north side of Westminster Bridge Road at No. 100, it might at first glance look like a luxury apartment building; its name, Century House, adds to that impression. But its two entrances are blocked by uniformed guards, and the little sign says: NO ENTRY. PERMIT HOLDERS ONLY. Here, too, the men and women inside worked for Sir Dick.

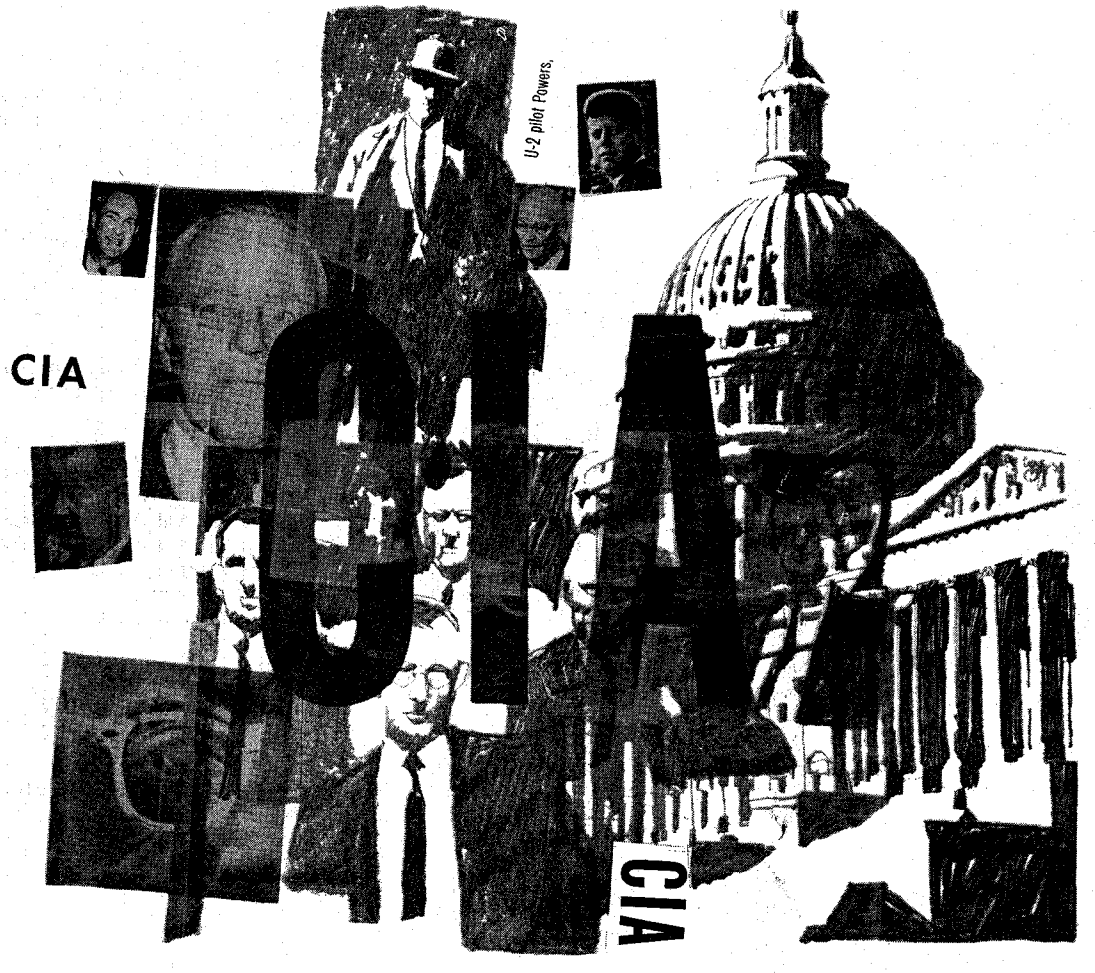
In yet another part of London, just off the Strand, is the 136-year-old Garrick Club, where the theatrical, literary and legal professions meet. This, too, was a part of Sir Dick's world. Dining at the Garrick, he appeared outwardly like any other member. But his closer friends at the club, in the more rarefied echelons of Whitehall, knew his real identity as one of the legendary secret figures of modern intelligence.

The man who rose to the top ranks of the 400-year-old British espionage establishment was born on December 20, 1906. He received a conventional British education at Bishops Stortford College and Christ Church, Oxford, leavened by studies at the universities of Michigan and California.

He served as a colonel in British army intelligence during World War II, and it was there that he made his unpublicized reputation as a spy master. Attached to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's Supreme Allied headquarters, White was deputy chief of the counterintelligence subdivision of Ike's G-2. In that capacity, he had complete charge of all the counterespionage activities at SHAEF from two months after the Normandy invasion until victory in Europe.

As head of M.I.6, with agents reporting to him from all over the world, White held (at least as of 1966) the real-life position of M, the intelligence chief known to millions of readers of the late Ian Fleming. Few of those readers realize that the heads of M.I.6 are actually known to their associates by the single initial "C." The practice began with Sir Mansfield Cumming, the first head of M.I.6. Cumming, a commander in the Royal Navy, was put in charge about 1910. Once the tradition had been established, his successors were also called C, even when their last names did not begin with that initial.

Basically, M.I.6 is responsible for carrying out espionage operations overseas. Its agents operate



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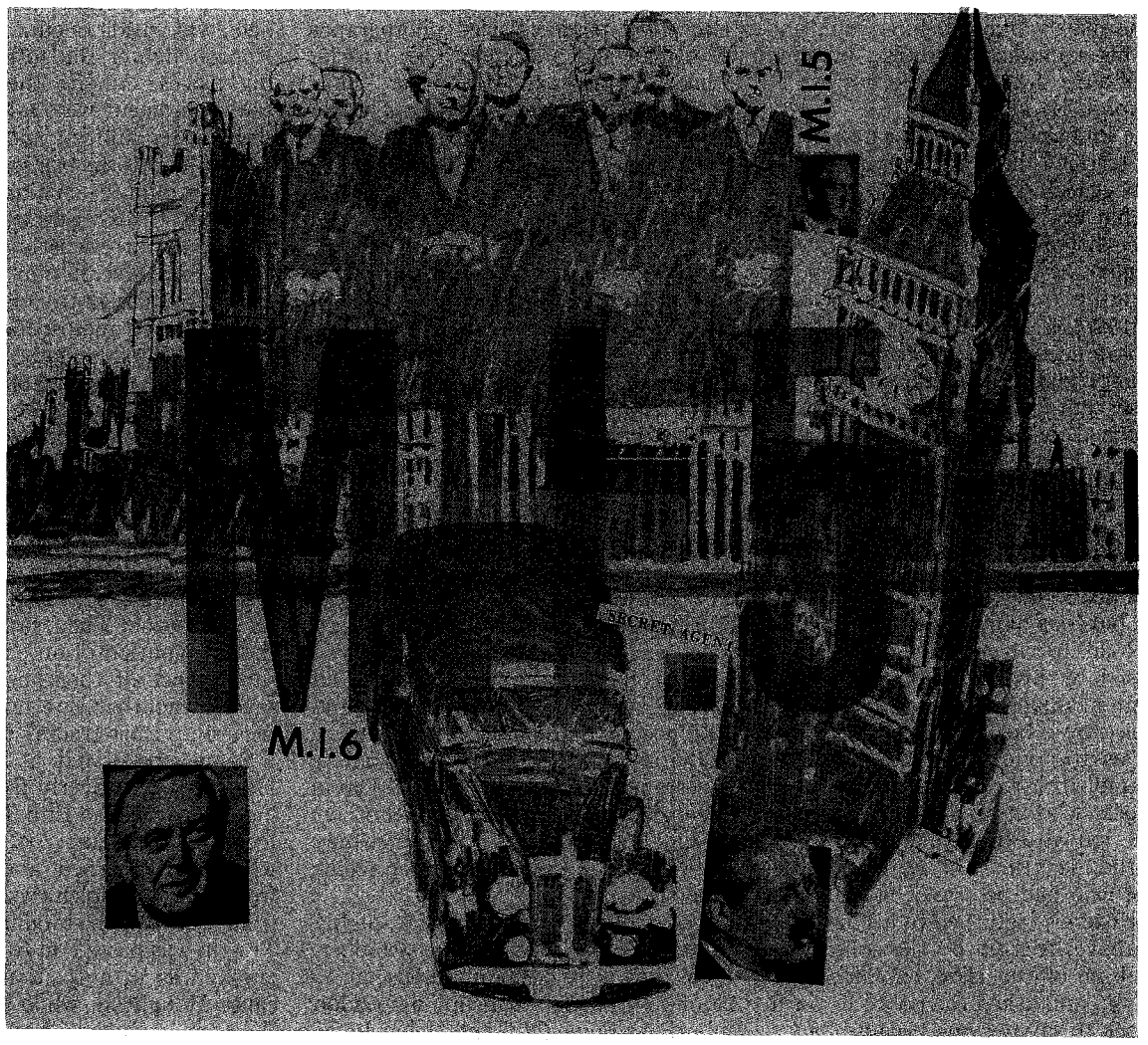
By David Wise and Thomas B. Ross



from British embassies under Foreign Office cover, but also in a variety of other guises—as journalists and businessmen, for example.

Britain's second secret intelligence branch is M.I.5, which is responsible for internal security and counterespionage at home. It is roughly equivalent to the FBI, but has no power of arrest. When M.I.5 is ready to move in on a Soviet spy ring in England, it must turn to Scotland Yard's Special Branch, with which it has close relations, to make the actual arrests.

M.I.5's formal name is the Security Service, and its chief is known as the director-general of the Security Service, or simply as the "D.G." Probably because of the similarity between the names Secret Service (M.I.6) and Security Service (M.I.5), there is a good deal of confusion about the two intelligence organizations, even in England.

(The "M.I." designation in both 5 and 6 stands for Military Intelligence. This is an anachronism, since neither agency currently performs military-intelligence functions.)

The secrecy cloaking everything about M.I.5 is best explained in Lord Denning's official report on the Profumo scandal, published in 1963: "The Security Service in this country is not established by Statute nor is it recognized by Common Law. Even the Official Secrets Acts do not acknowledge its existence."

Like the head of M.I.6, the chief of M.I.5 has always been a faceless man, his name unknown to the British public and his agency's headquarters listed nowhere. But a foreign agent with a taste for Mayfair living might well avoid the White Elephant Club, a pub at 28 Curzon Street, located directly across the street from a massive but unmarked building called Leconfield House. Its telephone number was unlisted, and London guidebooks made no mention of it, as would be expected for a building serving as headquarters of M.I.5.

Sir Roger Henry Hollis, the chief of M.I.5 at the time of the Profumo case, retired in the aftermath of the uproar. In the mysterious English tradition, although he was the target of extremely violent public criticism, his name never emerged to the light of day. The Opposition and the press simply vented their anger on "the director-general of the Security Service."

Sir Roger reportedly was succeeded by Edward M. Furnival-Jones, a Cambridge graduate who cryptically appeared on the Honors List as "Jones, Edward Martin Furnival, attached Ministry of Defense" when he was knighted in June, 1967.

The third major branch of British intelligence is, unlike its more glamorous M.I. colleagues, overt. Its $15,400-a-year chief, who has the title of director-general of intelligence, is openly listed in the main building of the Ministry of Defence in Whitehall (cable address: DEFMIN). The current director-general is Air Chief Marshal Sir Alfred Earle, a rotund career RAF officer universally known to his friends as "Tubby."

The heads of M.I.6, M.I.5 and the director-general of intelligence are the three coequal chiefs of British intelligence, which has no single overlord. M.I.6 reports to the Foreign Office, and M.I.5, hazily, to the home secretary; all three branches are coordinated by a Joint Intelligence Committee at the Foreign Office. The chairman of the Joint Intelligence Committee, Denis Arthur Greenhill, a tall, gray-haired former minister at the British embassy in Washington, does not call the tune for British intelligence. The heads of the three branches have considerable independence. Although the chairman wields the gavel, acts as a coordinator and is in a position to make his influence felt, he has no overriding authority.

At the very top of the intelligence structure, of course, is the prime minister. But it is widely assumed in Whitehall that the man at 10 Downing Street who acts as Prime Minister Wilson's *éminence grise* for all British intelligence is George Wigg, the M.P. who helped break open the Profumo scandal. Wigg's formal title is paymaster-general, but his duties are really much broader. He was Wilson's campaign manager, and is a tough political professional.

When British intelligence was organized in 1573, it reputedly had 53 agents planted in the courts of foreign monarchs. M.I.6 is considerably bigger today, but far smaller than either the American or Soviet espionage establishments.

Of M.I.5, Lord Denning has said, "The Security Service in this country is comparatively small in numbers. In some other countries there is to be found a massive organization with representatives dispersed throughout the land. Whereas in this country it is and remains a relatively small professional organization charged with the task of countering espionage, subversion and sabotage."

An interesting official indication of Britain's intelligence expenditures unexpectedly came to light on June 17, 1963, during a debate in the House of Commons between Wilson and Prime Minister Macmillan over the Profumo affair. Wilson needled Macmillan by suggesting that "the security services" had first heard about the affair from the executive of a Sunday newspaper. Wilson added, "If this is true—the prime minister must be frank about this—this would imply that the sixty million pounds spent on these services under the right honorable gentleman's premiership have been less productive in this vitally important case than the security services of *The News of the World*."

If Wilson meant to include all of Britain's intelligence branches, and he seemed to, the figure would average out to 10 million pounds (28 million dollars) a year for each of the six years that Macmillan served as prime minister. In any event, it is small in comparison to the four billion dollars the United States spends each year on intelligence.

Most upper-level M.I.6 and M.I.5 officers come from public-school England, Oxford and Cambridge. If recruited for one of the intelligence services, they are given specialized training at schools run by the separate branches. Much of this training takes place in London, and on at least one occasion, this led to a fantastic mix-up in which a respectable and wholly innocent London businessman was accused of kidnapping.

The story began in the fall of 1955 when two M.I.6 recruits were assigned to a training exercise in the art of interrogation. They were given the description of a man, another M.I.6 trainee learning how to resist interrogation, and ordered to capture and question him as he tailed Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the home secretary, on his way from the office. There was a certain, possibly deliberate, irony in the choice of Sir David, since in his job as home secretary he was the nominal boss of

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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Britain's other secret intelligence agency, M.I.5.

At the appointed hour Sir David, who was not in on the snatch, left the building. The M.I.6 trainees pounced on the man walking behind him, and over his squawks of protest, bundled him in a car and drove to a flat in Old Brompton Road.

The kidnapped man appeared genuinely terrified, protested his innocence and begged his captors to let him go. But that was standard procedure for a trainee being grilled. The two M.I.6 men gave him a rough time, even removing his trousers to search for hidden messages. Despite their efforts the M.I.6 trainees could not break the man, who kept insisting he was a low-level civil servant on his way home. Finally it dawned on them that they had grabbed the wrong person. They released him, but warned him to keep silent.

The civil servant, certain that he had escaped from lunatics, went straight to the police. They did not believe his story, but took him back to Old Brompton Road to investigate. Upset and confused by his experience, the civil servant mistakenly pointed out a flat occupied by a businessman, Eric Tannock, as the one where he had been manhandled. Police began questioning Tannock, who indignantly denied any connection with the kidnapping.

In the meantime the Foreign Office official who had provided his quarters for the exercise returned to his flat, one floor above. Alerted by the confusion, he took an officer aside, explained the situation, and asked the police to warn Tannock to say nothing because "a vital matter of security" was involved.

In the interim Tannock had called the *Daily Express*, whose reporters were now swarming over the building. The Foreign Office official called the deputy director of M.I.6 to warn him that things were getting out of hand. M.I.6 in turn called M.I.5 and asked for help. M.I.5 called Rear Admiral George P. Thomson, England's wartime chief press censor, who acted as the government's contact with Fleet Street on security matters.

Thomson finally persuaded the paper's editor, the late Arthur Christiansen, to kill the story, on the grounds that it would prejudice American opinion of British security and jeopardize negotiations between London and Washington over the exchange of atomic secrets. The admiral also explained what had happened to the M.I.6 trainee who was supposed to have been following Sir David Maxwell Fyfe out of the building: "It was really most unfortunate. He missed his train."

Britain has had unusually bad luck with spies and traitors. Ten years after the well-publicized defection to Russia of Foreign Office employees Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean came the second major British security scandal of the postwar era, the Portland naval secrets case. It broke in 1961 and had links to Colonel Abel, the Penkovsky case and, weirdly, a Polish defector to the CIA who subsequently announced he was the *czarevitch*, long-lost son of Nicholas II, and rightful heir to the throne of all the Russias.

Early in 1950 Morris Cohen, a teacher at P.S. 86 in Manhattan, and his wife, Lona, gave a party in their East 71st Street apartment for a man whom the guests remembered as Milton, or Mills, and who was introduced as a wealthy English businessman. Much later, in 1957, when Rudolf Abel was caught, the FBI found in his hotel room two small passport-sized photographs of a man and a woman. One was labeled "Morris" and the other "Shirley." The pictures were found under the flap of a package containing $4,000 in cash, and on the backs were phrases that could have been, and probably were, a *parol*, or recognition signal, used by the KGB.

It was never discovered why Abel had these photographs with him, but in time the FBI was able to identify the man and woman as Morris and Lona Cohen. In the course of checking into their backgrounds, the FBI learned of the dinner party the Cohens had held for Milton the Englishman, who was in reality Rudolf Abel.

In June, 1950, shortly before the arrest of Julius Rosenberg, the Cohens let it be known that they were leaving New York, Morris claiming he had a screenwriting job in California. They closed their bank accounts, cashed $1,075 in savings bonds, attended a farewell party given by friends on July 5—and disappeared. How involved they were in the Rosenberg spy ring, if at all, is uncertain; the FBI had arrested David Greenglass (Ethel Rosenberg's brother) on June 16, and Soviet intelligence may have decided to pull back other agents from the field.

The Cohens were, in fact, highly trained Soviet agents. By October, 1955, they were living in a house at 45 Cranley Drive in Ruislip, a London suburb, as Peter John and Helen Joyce Kroger. As Peter Kroger, Cohen became well established in London's antiquarian-book trade, operating from a room at No. 190, the Strand.

On March 3, 1955, a Soviet illegal, using the name Gordon Arnold Lonsdale and posing as a Canadian, had sailed from New York to Southampton on the *America* to join the Krogers in England. (The real Lonsdale was born in Cobalt, Ontario, on August 27, 1924. His mother took him to Finland in 1932, and that is the last heard of him.)

In London, Lonsdale played the role of a Canadian businessman purveying jukeboxes and bubble-gum machines. He established contact with the Krogers and with Henry Frederick Houghton, who was working at the Portland Naval Base, near Southampton.

From the middle of 1951 until October, 1952, Houghton, a much-torpedoed seaman in the British Navy during World War II, had been a clerk in the naval attaché's office at the British embassy in Warsaw. He drank, broke his wife's leg, played the black market and got involved with Polish girls. He was recalled and, surprisingly, reassigned to the Underwater Weapons Establishment at Portland, a center for NATO's research into antisubmarine warfare.

The middle-aged Houghton and his dowdy spinster girl friend, Ethel Elizabeth Gee, who was also employed at Portland, sold naval secrets to Lonsdale. On January 7, 1961, Detective Superintendent George Gordon Smith of Scotland Yard arrested Harry Houghton, "Bunty" Gee and Gordon Lonsdale in London as they walked near the Old Vic with a shopping bag full of Royal Navy secrets. Among the collection of documents was information about the *Dreadnought*, Britain's first atomic submarine.

Then Superintendent Smith went to Ruislip, where he arrested the Krogers. The suburban house proved to be a squirrel's cage of espionage gadgets, hidden away inside talcum-powder cans, a Ronson lighter, and other hollow hiding places. Among the most important equipment were a high-frequency transmitter and an automatic keying device for Morse transmissions at 240 words a minute (cutting down on the time that the Krogers would have to be on the air broadcasting to Moscow); lenses to reduce 35-mm. film to microdots; two microdot readers, resembling high-powered microscopes; and six one-time cipher pads made of cellulose nitrate. These were the tools which Lonsdale used to transmit the Portland naval secrets to Moscow.

In March all five defendants were tried at the Old Bailey before Lord Parker, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and all received heavy sentences: Lonsdale, 25 years; the Krogers, 20 years each; Houghton and Gee, 15 years each. Their capture had been the culmination of an elaborate M.I.5 surveillance of their movements over several months. But how had M.I.5 picked up their traces?

Some speculated it was because Houghton was overly free in spending his money at The Elm Tree and other local pubs. In fact, it was the CIA which first learned about Houghton from Michal Goleniewski, a defector from the Polish intelligence service. The tip was passed on to M.I.5. Goleniewski was in a position to know because Houghton, while serving at the Warsaw embassy, had either compromised himself with Polish intelligence or had come to its attention as a likely recruit.

On November 24, 1961, U.S. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy disclosed that an investigation by the FBI had established Lonsdale's true identity as Conon Trofimovich Molody, a Moscow-born Soviet citizen who was brought to the United States in 1933, at age 11, by an aunt who passed him off as her own son.

They had lived in Berkeley, Calif., where the boy attended the A to Zed, a now-defunct private school, until 1938, when he returned to the Soviet Union. The FBI said he was believed to have served in the Red Army prior to the espionage assignment that brought him to Canada in 1954, posing as Gordon Arnold Lonsdale.

On April 22, 1964 Lonsdale was exchanged for Greville Wynne, M.I.6's British businessman who had been sentenced to eight years by a Soviet court as spy Oleg Penkovsky's courier. In October, 1965, the KGB permitted Lonsdale to publish a book about his adventures. It is a heavy-handed but interesting propaganda exercise, in which Molody sticks to his false legend as Lonsdale, though the cover had been exposed in the West.

In late March, 1961, a week after the Portland trial ended, Macmillan appointed a committee under Sir Charles Romer to find out what had gone wrong with British naval security. That seemed to be the end of the security scare.

But less than a month later, on April 25, the London press carried a small item: "George Blake, 38, a government official, of no fixed address, was sent for trial on charges under the Official Secrets Act."

On May 3 Lord Chief Justice Parker was back at the Old Bailey listening to the same prosecutor who had sent the Portland spies to their reward, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Q.C., the Attorney General of England. This time the charges were even more serious, for Blake, as it gradually became clear, was an important veteran M.I.6 agent who had sold out Queen Anne's Gate and the Broadway Buildings from top to bottom. As Sir Reginald put it to the court, Blake, in his "complete and detailed confession," had said, "I must freely admit that there was not an official document of any importance to which I had access which was not passed to my Soviet contacts."

According to Sir Reginald's brief public statement at the trial, Blake had confessed that "in the autumn of 1951 . . . he resolved to join the Communist side . . . for the past nine and a half years, while employed in the government service and drawing his salary from the state, he had been working as an agent for the Russians, as a spy for them, and communicating a mass of information to them. In short . . . betraying his country."

For the next 53 minutes the case was heard in camera. Heavy wooden shutters swung into place over the windows of Old Bailey. When the press was readmitted, Blake pleaded guilty, and Lord Parker told him, "Your full written confession reveals that for some nine years you have been working continuously as an agent and spy for a foreign power. Moreover, the information communicated, though not of a scientific nature, was clearly of the utmost importance to that power and has rendered much of this country's efforts completely useless."

He gave Blake 42 years, the longest prison sentence ever handed down in modern British legal history.

M.I.6, of course, had not been mentioned in court, and the Macmillan government attempted to hush up the full import of the case. But U.S. newspapers began to publish details, identifying Blake as an M.I.6 agent who had worked in Berlin and betrayed several British agents to the Russians. Questions were asked in Parliament, and within a few days British papers were printing the details already known to people overseas.

George Blake was born George Behar in Rotterdam, Holland, on November 11, 1922, and later became a British subject. He survived the terrible Nazi air raid on Rotterdam, but was interned as the son of a British national. Subsequently, he escaped, joined the Dutch underground, and in 1943 made his way to England via France and a trek over the Pyrenees into Spain. In England he changed his name to Blake.

He served briefly in the Royal Navy, and then joined the Dutch section of Special Operations Executive. Britain's wartime intelligence organization. By 1949 he was in Seoul, South Korea, with the cover title of vice-consul in the Foreign Office. During the Communist invasion he was captured and interned in North Korea, suffering almost unbelievable hardships—including a death march—which have been memorably recounted by Blake's friend and fellow prisoner, correspondent Philip Deane.

According to the charges at the Old

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Bailey, Blake's treason began in November, 1951, while he was in the North Korean prison camp. In April, 1953, Blake and his fellow prisoners were freed by the North Koreans and returned to London by way of Peking and Moscow. In 1954 the bearded and dashing Blake married a pretty Foreign Office secretary named Gillian Allan, the daughter of a retired army lieutenant-colonel. They had three children—the third born after his conviction for espionage. By April, 1955, Blake and his family were in Berlin, where he worked as an M.I.6 agent for four years, operating from the Olympia Stadium Buildings.

After the end of World War II the CIA had set up Reinhard Gehlen, one of Hitler's generals, as head of a shadowy West German spy organization that later became the West German Federal Intelligence Agency.

One of Gehlen's ex-agents, a man named Horst Eitner, was later hired by British intelligence in Berlin and worked directly with Blake. Eitner, as it turned out, was a double agent who was secretly working for the Russians. It has been suggested that he found out that Blake was too.

A double agent, Philip Deane wrote after Blake's conviction, "has to give away some genuine secrets from time to time; if he gives away more than he brings back he is a traitor—if he brings back more than he gives away he is a hero." Deane was suggesting that M.I.6 used Blake in this tricky role of double agent by having him pretend to be working for Russian intelligence while actually penetrating it for London. If so, his confession indicates he deceived M.I.6 and was actually loyal to Moscow.

Horst Eitner was arrested in October, 1960, and possibly he fingered Blake. In any event, at Easter, 1961, Blake was summoned by a telegram which his superiors tried to phrase as casually as possible so as not to alarm him. Macmillan and M.I.6 must have been nervous as they waited, with visions of another Burgess-Maclean case. But early in April, Blake flew home. He must have broken quickly, for by April 18 he was being secretly arraigned at the Bow Street Magistrates' Court. Soon after, his case came to trial.

In the storm that followed, one plaintive statement to the House of Commons by Prime Minister Macmillan somehow stood out. "Such cases as this are, I hope, extremely rare," he said. That wish was not to be.

On the rainy night of October 22, 1966, just short of his 44th birthday, Blake sawed through the bars of a second-story window in London's Wormwood Scrubs prison, swung to the ground and went over the wall on a 15-foot nylon rope ladder, its rungs reinforced with knitting needles. A pot of pink chrysanthemums was found outside the wall; it may have been a marker, or an accomplice may have carried it to look like a visitor to the nearby Hammersmith Hospital.

Special Branch put an immediate watch on Russian ships in port and on Communist embassies. But Blake had an hour-and-a-half head start before prison guards noticed that he was missing, and he could have been on a plane leaving the London airport by then. Meanwhile, Scotland Yard issued new photographs of Blake. The Krogers were moved from their separate prisons to more secure separate prisons.

A bitter debate broke out in Commons. During the Macmillan years Labor had been relentless in its attacks over security breaches. Now the tables were turned, and the Wilson government had to beat down a Conservative censure motion over Blake's escape. It fell back on the same time-honored device that had been used by Macmillan: It named a committee, headed by Earl Mountbatten, to study prison security. (In September, 1967, London announced it had evidence that Blake was in Moscow.) Some persons in England seriously advanced the theory that Blake had been loyal to Britain all along, that his imprisonment was a trick aimed at the KGB, and that he was deliberately freed by M.I.6. It is possible, although the mind boggles at the thought of triple agentry.

Lord Parker charged that Blake had rendered much of M.I.6's operations "useless," but there were more security scandals to come. In March, 1962, possibly through a Soviet defector, M.I.5 learned that there was a spy inside the Admiralty. On April 4—the very day before a committee headed by Lord Radcliffe issued its report growing out of the Portland naval-secrets case—the head of M.I.5, in the utmost secrecy, contacted the Admiralty, still reeling from that case, to inform it that an unidentified spy was at work inside the building.

The spy's name was revealed in September when Special Branch officers arrested a 38-year-old Admiralty clerk. William John Vassall, a homosexual, was apprehended on the eve of his annual vacation, which he had planned to spend on Capri with an American boyfriend. Vassall had been handing over top-secret Admiralty material to Soviet intelligence for seven years. In the beginning the Russians photographed the documents and then returned them to Vassall. After a while Vassall photographed the documents himself. He usually took them home overnight and handed the undeveloped film to his Soviet controllers.

On October 22, 1962, Lord Chief Justice Parker sentenced Vassall to 18 years. That same day President Kennedy announced the Cuban missile crisis, the Russians arrested Penkovsky, and Harold Macmillan appointed a committee, this one headed by Sir Charles Cunningham, to study security in the Admiralty.

The British government controls press disclosures relating to security through what is known as the D-notice system, which first came to wide public attention during the Blake case. It is the machinery by which the British government is able, as a rule, to suppress information which it desires to keep out of British newspapers, books, and radio and television broadcasts. The system has great attraction for Americans of an authoritarian turn of mind. They would like to substitute it for the First Amendment to the Constitution. It has not, as a matter of fact, worked in an altogether satisfactory way even for Britain.

The 1962 Radcliffe report explained that a D notice "is a formal letter of request which is circulated confidentially to newspaper editors . . . a notice has no legal force and can only be regarded as a letter of advice or request . . . it gives an editor warning that an item of news, which may well be protected under Official Secrets Act, is regarded by the defense authorities as a secret of importance and . . . whether or not any legal sanction would attach to the act of publication, publication is considered to be contrary to the national interest."

Britain's Official Secrets Act prohibits all forms of espionage, bars government officials from divulging secrets and unauthorized persons from receiving them. The trick is that the Secrets Act is hitched to the D-notice system. Since a D notice warns an editor that publication of a given news item may violate the act, the practical effect is almost indistinguishable from compulsory censorship.

On May 1, 1961, two days before Blake was tried, a D notice went out to Fleet Street asking that his M.I.6 affiliation and many other facts be suppressed. The London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Richard C. Wald, who was unaware of the D notice, was able to learn details of the case. When his story appeared the next day in the *Tribune*'s European edition, it caused a furor.

Another D notice went out on May 4 advising editors not to pick up stories in the foreign press, which prompted Mr. Richard Marsh, a Labor M.P., to ask Macmillan whether "members of the British public are not entitled to the same amount of information as is available to the nationals of other countries?" With the issue being discussed in Parliament, the pressure for disclosure became too great. Within a short time the British press was publishing the forbidden details.

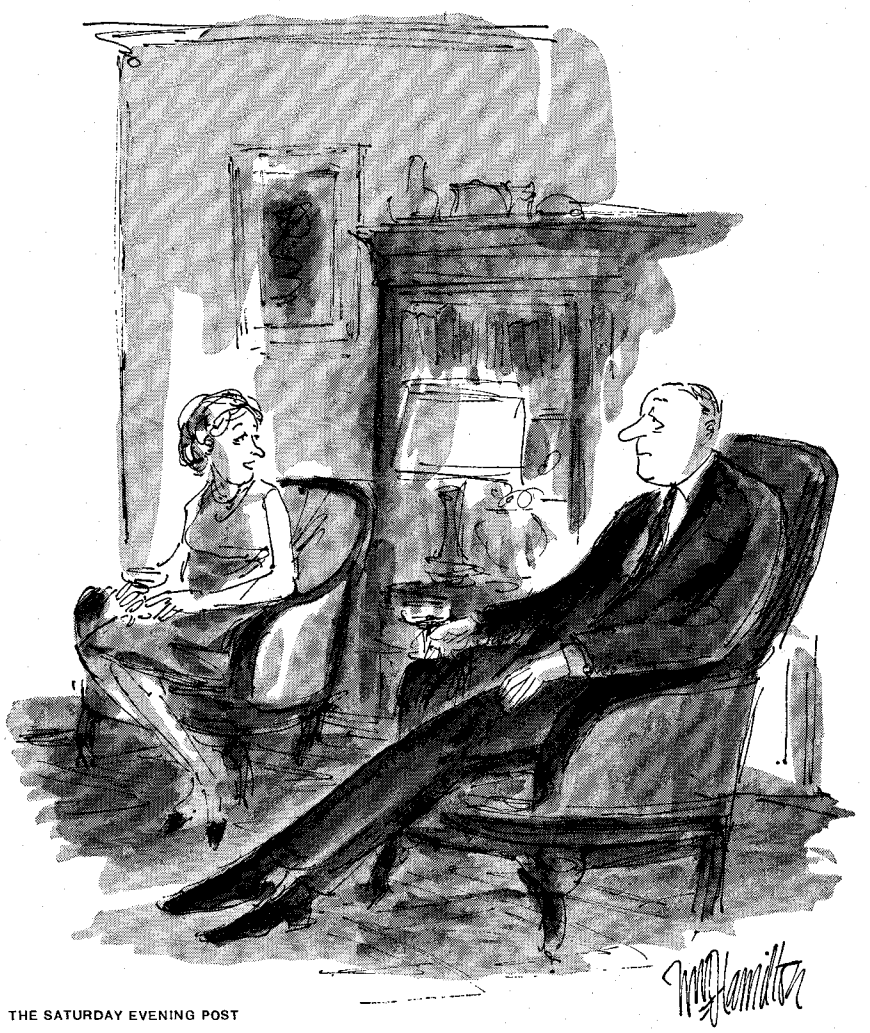
Perhaps the most important question had been voiced explicitly by Mr. Marsh. "What worries a number of members," he declared, "is the belief that on this occasion this procedure was used not to protect British security, but to protect ministers."

England is very conscious of the fact that its series of espionage affairs has weakened U.S. confidence in the effectiveness of British security. As a result, despite popular belief, British and U.S. intelligence do not work together as harmoniously as they should. Each complains about a lack of information from the other.

Some effort is being made by the CIA and M.I.6 to divide the world into geographic areas of responsibility to avoid duplication. One problem with this plan is that in the past the CIA relied on M.I.5 to provide intelligence from Africa in areas under British control (M.I.5 rather than M.I.6 had the responsibility because these areas were considered internal). But the growth of the new nations of Africa has sharply curtailed British activity there, and the CIA has not always been able to plug the gap.

Ironically, despite the frictions between the intelligence communities in London and Washington, American intelligence was to a great extent patterned on the British. In one important respect, however, there is a difference. The CIA combines intelligence gathering and secret operations in one organization, a practice which has often been criticized. The British, on the other hand, separate their operators in M.I.6 from the analysts working under the overt director-general of intelligence in the Defense Ministry.

Historically the British have been superbly discreet in keeping the secret intelligence machinery, M.I.5 and M.I.6, out of view, partly through tradition and partly through the D-notice system and the law. But Britain has turned a 19th- *(continued on page 56)*



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Before you say anything at all, Charles, I just want to say, 'In a pig's eye.'"

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The Doubleback.

It's fun. If you have nothing else to do.

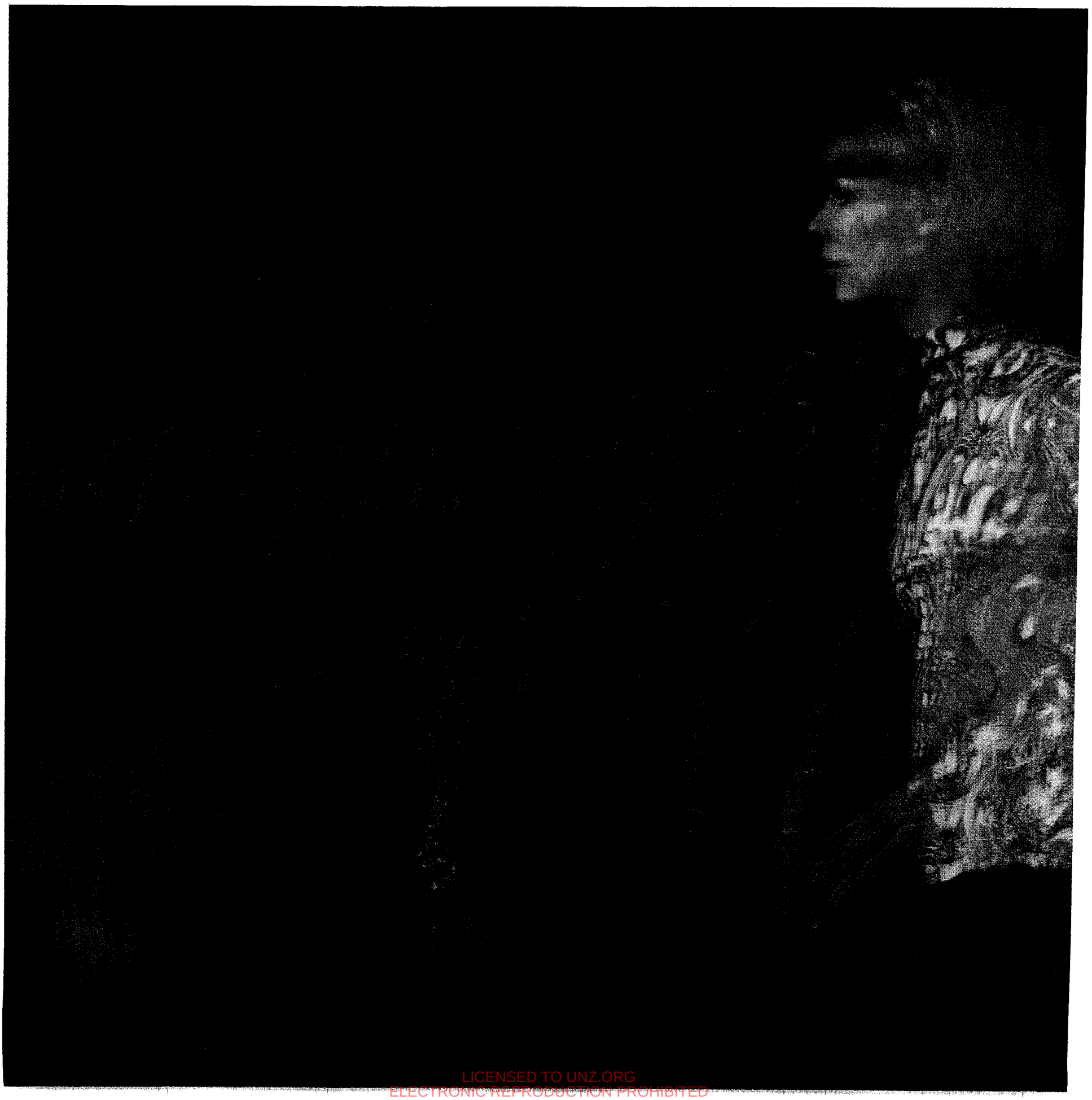
The Doubleback keeps you on your toes. But it also wears you out.

It's what happens when you're upstairs and the phone rings downstairs. When you're in the kitchen and the phone rings in the living room.

And every time it happens, you have to double back. Or miss the call.

But there's a way to beat the Doubleback. Have phones installed in the rooms where you spend much of your time. Then life at home isn't one long walk.

You're there when the phone rings. It's there when you want it. A call to your telephone company business office and a few cents a day does it.



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(continued from page 53)

century virtue into a 20th-century fault. Imperial England could, in a sense, afford to have hidden citadels of totally secret power within its government. Perhaps this was true even between the two World Wars. But in the modern era of high-speed communications and insistent news media—and in the light of the KGB's unpleasant activities—a clubby invisible sort of intelligence that is somehow an extension of "Oxbridge" becomes a political liability.

It was all perhaps best summed up by Harold Wilson during an angry debate with Macmillan in the House of Commons over the Vassall case, in May 1963:

"Were our authorities too easily reassured by the school the man went to, the fact that he came of a good family, . . . the fact that he was personable, had a good accent and manner, and was a member of the Conservative and Bath clubs? . . . British espionage and counterespionage . . . is the old contest of gentlemen versus players, and we are up against a ruthless, highly professionalized service."

Wilson concluded: "When you fight professionalism in the gentlemanly posture of the establishment you are beaten before you start."

> *This is one of the saddest times that our government has had, in reference to public policy . . . I'm not at all happy about what the CIA has been doing, and I'm sure that out of this . . . will come a reformation of that agency, with closer supervision of its activities . . . .*
>
> —Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey on CIA subsidies of students, February 20, 1967

On Saturday, April 10, 1965, Richard McGarrah Helms was the overnight guest of President Johnson at the LBJ Ranch in Texas. For dinner that evening there was also an unexpected guest, Sen. Eugene McCarthy, the Minnesota Democrat. He had been asked to the ranch at the last moment while meeting a speaking engagement in nearby Austin.

McCarthy, an outspoken critic of the CIA but an admirer of Helms, thought it might be interesting to run a little test of the man who was to be named deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency the following day. McCarthy pointed to some yellow flowers on the table and asked Helms to identify them. Helms could not. McCarthy tried a second, third and fourth variety. Helms was unable to identify any of them. McCarthy then turned to the wine and asked Helms if he could distinguish the various vintages on the table. Helms could not.

"James Bond would have known the answers," McCarthy commented drily. Helms was not amused, perhaps because he was embarrassed at having flunked the test in such awesome company, or possibly because he shared the professional CIA man's annoyance at being associated with flamboyant, fictional spies. In real life the CIA director must be an executive capable of administering a current yearly budget of $1.5 billion, which the agency uses to gather intelligence to assist the President and the National Security Council in formulating policy. Since 1947, when the CIA was established, its scope and importance within the Government have broadened considerably, to include clandestine political operations. (The agency's Plans Division, for example, was responsible for the overthrow of the left-wing governments of Iran in 1953 and Guatemala in 1954. It operated the U-2 program, and directed the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion.)

At any rate, when the President swore in Helms, on June 30, 1966, as the $30,000-a-year director of Central Intelligence, he remarked that in all his time as chief executive he had "yet to meet a Double-O Seven" from the CIA. He had only the highest praise for the "patriotic and dedicated" men whose "most significant triumphs come not in the secrets passed in the dark, but in patient reading, hour after hour, of highly technical periodicals. In a real sense they are America's professional students. They are unsung just as they are invaluable."

Turning to Helms, Johnson declared, "Although he has spent more than twenty years in public life attempting to avoid publicity, he has never been able to conceal the fact that he is one of the most trusted and most able and most dedicated professional career men in this capital. No man has ever come to this high critical office with better qualifications."

Helms was, in fact, the first career intelligence operator to be named head of the CIA. Allen Dulles, who had served as director from 1953 to 1961, matched Helms in professionalism, but he had devoted more than half his working life to private law practice on Wall Street. Helms, on the other hand, entered intelligence at the age of 27 and remained there. Indeed, he was the very model of the modern civil servant—soft-spoken (but with a hearty laugh), tall (six feet one), slim, pleasant, patient, courteous, and most important, apolitical.

"Helms has no politics," said a CIA veteran. "He's just a good professional intelligence man."

He was born on March 30, 1913, in St. David's, Pa., a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia, and reared in South Orange, N.J., a fashionable suburb of New York. While young Helms was still in school his father, Herman, a sales executive for Alcoa, retired and took his family to Europe. Helms finished his last two years in prep schools in France and Germany, becoming fluent in both languages. He came back to the United States to go to Williams College, where his classmates voted him the student most likely to succeed. After college he joined the United Press in Germany, covered the 1936 Olympics, and wangled an exclusive interview with Adolf Hitler. During World War II Helms served as a naval officer attached to the Office of Strategic Services. He was assigned to the European Theater because of his linguistic proficiency and worked for a while in Germany under Allen Dulles. After the war he stayed on in intelligence. Helms's promotion to the head of the agency was, in essence, a triumph for the OSS-Ivy League establishment inside the CIA, but it was long in coming. Helms had been its candidate to succeed director John A. McCone in 1965, and he had McCone's endorsement, but President Johnson, whose suspicions of cultivated Easterners had been deepened by his clash with the Kennedys, turned to an outsider and a Texan, retired Vice Admiral William F. Raborn Jr.

"Red" Raborn was the man primarily responsible for the development of the Polaris missile. When he left the Navy he became vice president for project management at the Aerojet-General Corporation of California. A hearty, bluff, 59-year-old Annapolis graduate who grew roses for relaxation, he had good relations with Congress, and a reputation as a strong, efficient and inspirational executive of the Knute Rockne school. It was these qualities which were attractive to Johnson, who, like his predecessors, wanted to impress his own stamp on the CIA and at the same time keep Congress from exercising any effective control.

But Raborn failed to meet the President's expectations. From the very day he took over as director of Central Intelligence, the admiral was a marked man. At his swearing-in ceremony in the Cabinet Room of the White House on April 28, 1965, he was literally surrounded by members of the CIA establishment. Inexplicably—almost as an ill omen—the White House issued a press release that included all of their names, identifying many of them officially for the first time.

That afternoon President Johnson ordered the Marines into the Dominican Republic, and Raborn, unprepared, was caught in the middle of a nasty intelligence crisis. The President first justified the action as one that was necessary to save lives, American and others. Then he raised the specter of an imminent Communist uprising. The CIA supplied the supporting evidence, and critics of the intervention blamed Raborn for contriving a mishmash of hasty, self-contradictory documentation. Soon the agency's professionals were grumbling among themselves about Raborn's supposed lack of knowledge, experience and intellectual sophistication. And by the end of the year they were leaking it to the press.

"'Things have reached the point,'" an intelligence man confided to Joseph Kraft, for his column of November 1, 1965, "'where I'm even beginning to wonder whether the Polaris can possibly be a good missile.'"

In a piece researched in part by a former CIA man with close connections to the agency, family and otherwise, *Newsweek* wrote on December 27 that insiders were complaining that Raborn "was a greenhorn at the spy game; he was insensitive to the professional pride of his staffers, inept at dealing in nuances, so unlettered in international politics, indeed, that he could not pronounce or even remember the names of some foreign capitals and chiefs of state. . . . At one staff conference, a well-placed source said, the admiral interrupted his briefing officers to ask the meaning of the word 'oligarchy.' 'Jesus,' one sputtered afterward, 'if he doesn't know what an oligarchy is, how can he handle about two thirds of the countries we deal with?'"

CIA professionals were annoyed, *Newsweek* reported, by Raborn's salty Navy habits and language, his tendency to ramble on interminably about his achievements in the Polaris program, and his head-coach approach to the gentlemanly art of intelligence: "'When you walk down that hall,' he told staffers. 'I want to see the wind move.' . . . Gloomily recalling an old agency saying that Allen Dulles ran a happy ship and John McCone a taut ship, one CIA man added the postscript: 'Raborn's running a sinking ship.'"

Raborn's days were numbered. After 14 months, having served for the shortest period of any head of the CIA, the admiral returned to Aerojet-General with a medal and a mild "well done" from the President. "The lure of industry was such that I couldn't pass it up," Raborn explained.

With the admiral piped ashore, the CIA was back in the hands of the establishment, with Helms as director. Vice-Admiral Rufus L. Taylor, a professional military man who could be expected to know his place, became the deputy director. R. Jack Smith, a 53-year-old native of Michigan, was made deputy director for intelligence.

Many present and former members of the CIA hierarchy live in the distinguished Georgetown section of Washington. The wealth and social status of high CIA officials has made the agency sensitive to suggestions that it is a closed, upper-class club, a perpetuation of the caste consciousness which provoked some to describe the OSS as Oh So Social. CIA recruiters point out that the great majority of agency employees are graduates of non-Ivy League schools, but they concede that the top 20 men have always been largely drawn from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc. And within the 20 a substantial percentage have been members of America's first families.

The privileged background of many top CIA men has resulted in a certain Anglophilia in the agency. Their formative years were spent at the good New England prep schools which, patterned after the British public schools, have traditionally imparted a sense of class values and *noblesse oblige*. The CIA establishment thus tends to view itself as the caretaker of an inherited wisdom and the proper judge of national behavior. It is self-confident, somewhat obtuse about the yearnings of the common man and untroubled by the elitist implications of secret government.

To run its fronts and offices in a score of cities (CIA-listed offices are maintained in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston, Detroit, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Miami, Pittsburgh, Houston, St. Louis, New Orleans, Seattle, Denver and Minneapolis. Their phone numbers, but not their addresses, appear in the telephone book) the agency's top officials often turned to old friends and classmates, many of whom had served a tour in the OSS or the CIA. In the fall of 1966, for example, the CIA confirmed that its man in St. Louis for the previous 15 years had been Louis Werner II, an investment banker, a graduate of St. Paul's School and Princeton, and a member of a prominent and wealthy St. Louis family. Werner, an expert polo player and huntsman, died tragically on September 23, 1966, at the age of 42, in a private plane crash. In Boston a trustee for the Granary Fund, a conduit for CIA money to private groups, was another agency Old Boy, George H. Kidder, who listed himself in *Who's Who* as "with Office Gen. Counsel, CIA, 1952–54."

The *nouveau* Texas Establishment has also been included in the CIA net-

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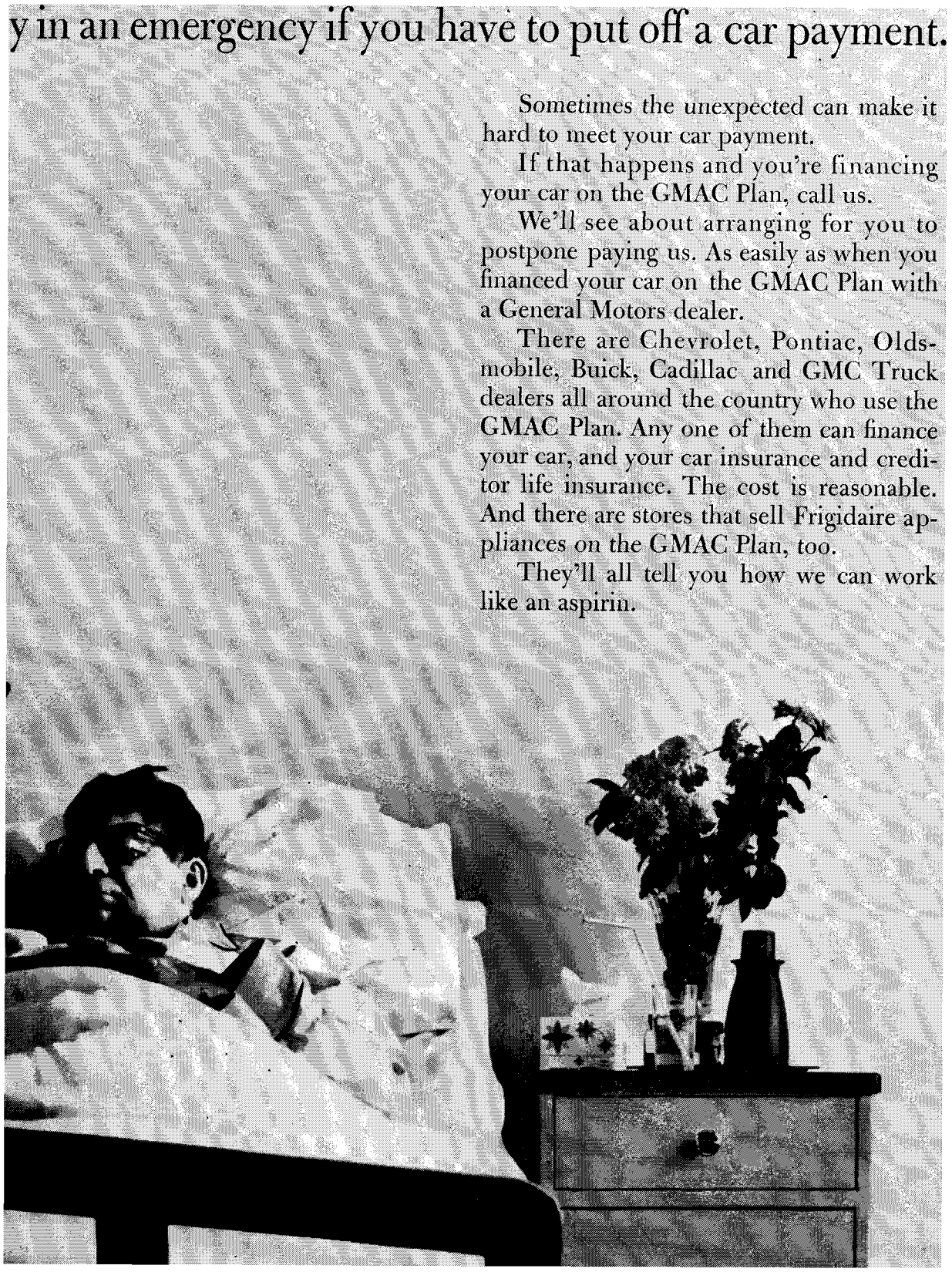

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work. Oveta Culp Hobby, publisher of *The Houston Post*, and Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Eisenhower Administration, allowed the agency to use the Hobby Foundation as a conduit. John W. Mecom, the oil tycoon, was one of the original incorporators of another conduit, the San Jacinto Fund. Sarah T. Hughes, the federal judge who administered the oath of office to President Johnson,

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was a trustee of the Hoblitzelle Foundation, which handled CIA money.

Although it was commonly assumed when the CIA was created that it was restricted to foreign operations, the agency's home-front activity had become so extensive by 1964 that a special section, the Domestic Operations Division, was secretly created to handle it. Heading the division with an office one block from the White House was Tracy Barnes, a charming, handsome charter member of the establishment.

The very title of Barnes's division flouted the intent of Congress, which had been assured when it established the CIA—and subsequently—that the agency would not and does not engage in domestic operations. And the huge, Madison Avenue-style secret CIA office was only one more tangible evidence of the agency's continual expansion.

L. K. White, a deputy director of the CIA, told a House appropriations subcommittee in 1956 that if the CIA could only consolidate its several offices in Washington in one headquarters at Langley, Va., "we will save about 228 people who are guards, receptionists, couriers, bus drivers, and so forth." A CIA report to the lawmakers added: "Time lost shuttling between buildings will be eliminated, with a saving of over $600,000 annually, aside from the saving in bus operation and maintenance. There will be increased efficiency in the processing of intelligence information not readily measurable in monetary terms."

Alas, it did not work out that way. When the CIA moved into its $46 million new home in Langley in 1961, most people, including members of Congress, assumed that the agency had moved out of Washington as it said it would, and that was that. But soon new CIA offices were popping up all over the downtown area. In its attempts to conceal them, the agency adopted an ostrichlike policy. On the one hand the offices were supposed to be secret, but on the other their locations were flaunted on signs in the windows of special CIA shuttle buses. The CIA listed an employment office for several years at 1016 16th Street, a nondescript eight-story buff-colored building, directly across from the Statler-Hilton and a block from the Russian embassy. Even the most myopic KGB man attached to the embassy could scarcely help but notice the signs on the shuttle buses: LANGLEY VIA 1717 H STREET. For years the shuttle buses were green, but more recently a fleet of new bright-blue buses replaced them. The "Blue Birds" still ply the route from downtown Washington to Langley.

About 10,000 people work at CIA headquarters. Together with employees at the other locations in the United States and overseas, the total size of the CIA well exceeds 15,000 full-time employees, plus thousands of subagents and local informants around the world and persons working for CIA-financed cover organizations.

During the 1964 Bobby Baker hearings before the Senate Rules Committee, it was revealed that Matthew H. McCloskey Jr., former treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, who was involved with Baker in the construction of the District of Columbia stadium, had received a multimillion-dollar contract for a mysterious CIA "Building 213" at the Naval Gun Factory in Southeast Washington. Completed about 1964, the "classified" construction project had been given to McCloskey without bids, the General Services Administration assured the committee, because "the Central Intelligence Agency stressed an urgent and compelling need for the project." At the gun factory the guard at the gate freely pointed out the "CIA building," which contractors estimated probably cost as much as $10 million. "I am a little horrified," said Sen. Claiborne Pell, Democrat from Rhode Island, "that the CIA has more than one building." But the disclosure of "Building 213" attracted only passing attention amidst the Baker sensations.

The multiplicity of buildings, and particularly the Domestic Operations Division at 1750 Pennsylvania Avenue, reflected the growth of the CIA's operations within the United States. Gradually a number of these domestic activities began to surface, and American taxpayers began to see a bit more of the broad range of domestic projects they were unwittingly financing.

In Florida, following the Bay of Pigs, the CIA's continuing connection with the Cuban exiles was an open secret. The agency supplied money and weapons to various exile factions seeking to harass and, if possible, eliminate Fidel Castro. Castro repeatedly accused the CIA of staging raids against him, plotting his overthrow and seeking to assassinate him. During Castro's visit to New York in 1960 for a meeting of the United Nations, the CIA set up a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to entertain the New York City policemen charged with protecting him. There, as was its custom during the visit of any important foreign dignitary, the agency provided luxurious amenities, including strawberries with Devonshire cream, for New York's Finest. Chief Inspector Michael J. Murphy (later commissioner) wandered into the suite and was approached by a CIA man with a chilling story. The agency had a plan, the CIA man recounted casually, to plant a special box of cigars at a place where Castro would smoke one. When he did so, the agent said, the cigar would explode and blow his head off. Murphy, who could scarcely believe his ears, was appalled, since his responsibility was to protect Castro, not to inter him. If the CIA man was pulling Murphy's leg, it was a poor subject to joke about. But, worse yet, the agent seemed completely in earnest. Much to Murphy's relief, however, the CIA man explained that the plan would not be carried out.

In April, 1966, *Ramparts*, an iconoclastic California magazine, disclosed that Michigan State University had provided academic cover for the CIA police operation in South Vietnam. The magazine reported that the university ran a police training program for the CIA from 1955 to 1959 under a $25 million contract and concealed five CIA agents in the project. John A. Hannah, president of the university and the chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, vehemently denied any knowledge of the CIA involvement. But Lyman Kirkpatrick, who had held a high position in the agency during the period, said the university had actually signed a contract with the CIA and had complete knowledge of the organization's role in the project.

The agency's connection with Michigan State was by no means unique. The CIA had worked out secret arrangements with individuals and institutes at dozens of colleges, universities and research centers. The prototype for this kind of relationship was the Center for International Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Center was founded in 1951 with CIA money, and the following year Max F. Millikan, assistant director of the CIA, became its head. Another key figure at the Center was former OSS man Walt Whitman Rostow, an economics professor who became President Johnson's personal adviser on national security and foreign affairs, as well as his principal link with the intelligence community. In 1964, when the CIA connection was first revealed, M.I.T. implied it was a thing of the past. But when it publicly severed the CIA link in 1966 "because of misunderstandings," it conceded that the Center had been receiving 15 to 20 percent of its budget from Langley.

The CIA also manipulated students in a similar manner, as was proved in February, 1967, when *Ramparts* disclosed the agency's long-secret links with the National Student Association, the nation's largest student group with chapters on 300 campuses. Confronted by the magazine's detailed accusations, N.S.A. leaders admitted that the CIA had subsidized the association for 15 years (covering as much as 80 percent of its budget each year), had provided it with rent-free headquarters in Washington, had obtained draft deferments for N.S.A. officers and staff members and, in return, had acquired N.S.A. dossiers on foreign student leaders. All told, it was estimated that the CIA had poured three million dollars into N.S.A.

The N.S.A. disclosures led to a rash of revelations about the CIA's involvement with virtually every important segment of American life—business, labor, government, the churches, the universities, the news media, charitable organizations, book publishers, lawyers, teachers, artists, women's organizations and cultural groups. Quite aside from the moral issues involved, the CIA had neglected one of the fundamental rules of the spy business: It had failed to keep its operations distinct and separate and had used the same fronts to finance a number of projects. When the agency's involvement with one project was disclosed, the cover was blown on all of them.

The CIA's involvement with all these groups was defended by Government officials as a necessary expedient of the Cold War dating back to a time—the early 1950's—when the Communists were bidding to capture various international groups. The financing had to be secret, it was argued, because it was necessary to deceive foreigners who might have viewed Government-supported groups as puppets, and to deceive the American people, who in the McCarthy era might have rejected open Government subsidies, especially for left-of-center groups.

Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, who had been approached by N.S.A. leaders for help shortly before the *Ramparts* disclosure, said at Stanford University on February 20: "This is one of the saddest times our government has had, in reference to public policy. My own view is that these organizations ought to be free and inde-

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pendent. I regret that they were unable to be that way. I'm not at all happy about what the CIA has been doing, and I'm sure that out of this very singularly disagreeable situation will come a reformation of that agency, with closer supervision of its activities and with recommendations coming to the Government of the United States that will confine the CIA to its intelligence-gathering purposes . . ."

President Johnson directed his news secretary, George Christian, to tell the press that he was "totally unaware" of the CIA's links with the National Student Association. To reduce the political pressures, the President ordered an investigation by a three-man group, headed by Under Secretary of State Nicholas deB. Katzenbach and including CIA Director Helms. The following week, however, on February 23, the President endorsed a preliminary finding by the Katzenbach group that absolved both the CIA and the Administration. The CIA "did not act on its own initiative," the panel declared, "but in accordance with policies established by the National Security Council in 1952 through 1954."

The Johnson Administration, which had responded uncertainly at first to the storm over the CIA student subsidies, was now moving quickly to close ranks. Humphrey had made his statement, extremely critical of the CIA, to a student audience three days *before* the President endorsed the preliminary finding of the Katzenbach panel. Now, with little choice but to conform to the Administration's public pronouncement, Humphrey told a news conference in Miami Beach on February 27, one week after his Stanford speech, that the CIA "has done nothing but follow the policies of higher authority." He added, "CIA has been criticized far too much, most of it unjust. . . . Our Government must have the ways and means to forward our interests. You need a CIA."

In the unclassified portion of its final report on March 29, the Katzenbach panel recommended that the CIA and all other Government agencies be prohibited in the future from providing covert financial support to any "of the nation's educational or private voluntary organizations." However, secret grants could still be made to private groups in other, unspecified fields when "overriding national security interests" were involved. The arbiter of the exceptions should be the same interdepartmental review committee (known as the Special Group) that had invoked "national security" to approve the covert financing of private groups over the previous 15 years. The Secretaries of State and Defense would also have to give their approval.

The President adopted the panel's main recommendation and ordered all Government agencies to sever their secret financial arrangements with private groups. With that, Johnson obviously hoped that the troublesome episode would be laid to rest.

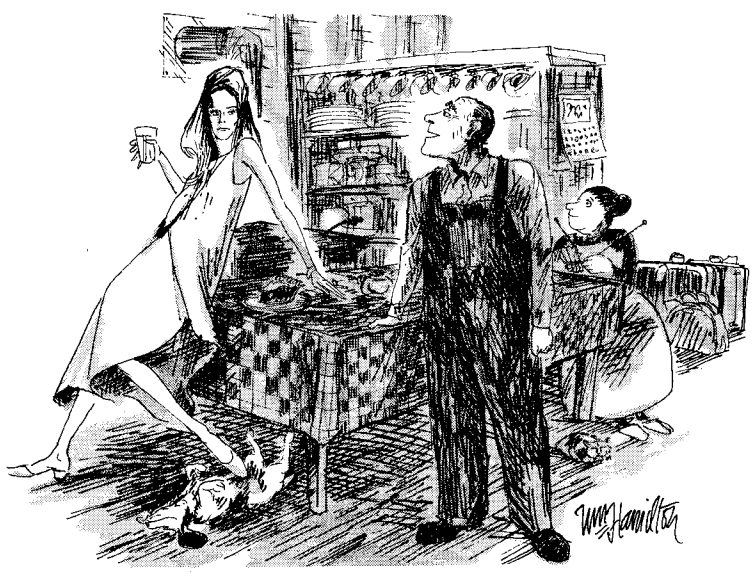
From the CIA's inception in 1947, Congress has virtually abdicated its responsibility to act as a check on the vast, hidden power of the invisible government. A thoroughgoing reform is needed, including creation of a broadly based Joint Committee on Intelligence and tangible evidence that the watchdogs intend to take their assignment seriously. Yet there is no sign that the men who run Congress are even aware of the gravity of the problem.

The complacency is matched in the executive branch. The President reacted to the N.S.A. scandal by resorting to the hoary bureaucratic practice of setting up a committee (which included the head of the CIA, who sat as a judge of his own case). Predictably the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty and recommendations containing a loophole through which new evils could emerge. The shadowy Special Group, which in the name of "national security" had permitted the CIA to intrude into domestic affairs in the first place, was to continue to protect the public interest.

The N.S.A. incident amply demonstrated that the dividing line between the public and private domain had been dangerously crossed. It had also revealed that the Special Group and the CIA had violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the law under which the CIA was established.

It is an honored American tradition that when an institution fails, it is replaced. It is time, at least, to replace the obsolete machinery for control of the CIA. It is time to establish a visible and credible guardian of intelligence, one that will reassure the American people that the necessary secret instruments of its Government are servants, not masters, of the national will.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yer Ma and I thought that flirt-fun yummylet of crispy crepe you was wearin' in the September 'Vogue' was right purty."

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KILL THREE

CONCLUSION

One child had already been murdered, and two more would die unless the kidnapers' strange ransom demands were met. And time was running out.

BY MILTON SHULMAN

Illustrated by Stan Galli

It was approaching one in the morning. Mark Shepherd, editor of the *Daily Bulletin*, was studying a proof of the paper's front page with his news editor, Baker. Across the top of the page in large, black letters were the words DEATH AND THE LAW. Underneath this headline was a photograph of the body of a small boy. The body was lying on its side with its knees up—almost as if it were asleep—on the sidewalk outside an imposing stone building. Spread across eight columns, the picture filled the entire page except for a narrow band of print running below it.

Beneath a subhead reading KIDNAPED BOY MURDERED, the news story began. "Just after midnight, on cold, unyielding pavement outside the Law Society in Chancery Lane," it read, "the small, crumpled body of ten-year-old Tommy Nicholson was found. The boy had been kidnaped while on his way to school in Balham only forty-eight hours ago.

"In this bizarre, inhuman manner has the kidnaper of the three Nicholson children symbolized his strange and deadly feud with the firm of Gray's Inn lawyers, Keightley, Cromer, Cromer & Leigh, who have been asked to pay the ransom money. Still in the hands of the killer or killers are Mrs. Sarah Nicholson's other two children, Eileen, aged eight, and John, aged six. Yesterday, in a telephone call to Mr. James Samuel Cromer, the head of the firm, the ransom money demanded was raised from £100,000 to £150,000. . . . Story continued on Page 2."

"I don't like 'cold, unyielding pavement,'" Shepherd said. "We've got too many frustrated novelists on this paper. But it's a wonderful picture! That's really bizarre! Putting the body outside the Law Society! Must really be a nut. Who got it?"

"A staff man, actually," said Baker. "Gregory. He heard about it while he was having something to drink in a coffeehouse nearby and rushed around to Chancery Lane before the police got there. Just lucky he had his camera with him. The best part about it is that the police have now got a screen around the body, and no one else will be able to get a picture like that."

One of the telephones rang. It was the owner of the *Bulletin*. Although he spoke to Shepherd almost daily, he never encouraged any informality in their exchanges.

"I'm going to bed," he now said abruptly

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"I've a garbled message that you want the *Bulletin* to raise one hundred and fifty thousand for those Nicholson children."

"Yes, sir. That's what the kidnapers want. But the lawyers have refused to pay up. As a result, one of the children, the eldest, has been murdered."

"I saw it on the wire."

"By a bit of luck, we've got a splendid picture of the dead boy. No one else has it, and we're splashing it on the front page."

"One hundred and fifty thousand is a lot of money."

"I realize that, sir. But we did beat all the other papers on this story in the first place, and now that we've got this great picture, I feel the *Bulletin* has some special interest in the story. What I was thinking is that the *Bulletin* could start a fund—the Sarah Nicholson Fund ——"

"I'd call it the *Bulletin* Fund," interrupted the owner.

"Or the *Bulletin* Fund," said Shepherd, correcting himself. "That would be better, of course. Since the lawyers won't pay, we'll ask the public to save Mrs. Nicholson's other two children. I'm sure we'll get a terrific response. All it needs is a few shillings from each of the millions who read the *Bulletin*—that's the line. Rich or poor. All donations accepted. A nationwide act of mercy. That's the sort of thing."

"Will this *Bulletin* Fund—whatever we call it—get us some readers? And what will it cost?"

"That's just my point, sir," said Shepherd, quick to follow up the owner's line of thinking. "This is a great circulation builder. It's got everything. Humanity, pathos, identification. Every parent in the land can envisage himself in a similar position. Their children kidnaped, no money to pay the ransom, and the *Bulletin* coming to the rescue. It's sure-fire. We can sell an extra fifty thousand copies at least."

The editor waited anxiously for a reaction, but nothing came. "Well, sir," he continued less confidently, "I thought that if the *Bulletin* would start the campaign rolling with, say, twenty-five thousand, then I'm sure the rest would pour in from our readers. And, of course, there's always the chance the police may pick the kidnapers up, and we'll get the money back. I think we should risk it."

"You do it," said the owner. "It's a good stunt." He hung up.

As Shepherd put the receiver down, he smiled thinly at Baker. "Victory," he said.

"Good. The story's all set up. It's a large box on page two."

"Who'll be able to resist it!" Shepherd exclaimed. "'Are you prepared to let these children die?' Is that the head you're using on the box?"

"Actually it's 'Are you *willing* to let these children die?'"

"Yes. *Willing!* Better still."

Shortly after nine the partners of Keightley, Cromer, Cromer & Leigh, summoned to a meeting by James Cromer, took their places in a semicircle facing Cromer's desk. Each was in his usual place. Henry Leigh and Cromer's son, Robert—the other two senior partners—sat in the armchairs that were already in the office. The three junior men—Leslie Raphael, Ronald Briginshaw, and young Keightley, a nephew of the founder—brought chairs with them.

"Before this meeting proceeds any further," James Cromer began, "I want you to know—if

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you have not already found out for yourselves—that there are three police investigators in the office going through all our files under Inspector Hayes's supervision. In the circumstances, I felt that we must not only cooperate with the police but we must assure them we have absolutely nothing to hide.

"I spoke with them earlier this morning, and it is clear to me, frankly, that they as yet have not come up with one solid lead on the identity of these kidnapers. They seem to be stumbling up one blind alley after another. By opening our files to the police, they can decide for themselves if any of our clients might have worked up some grievance against any of us. They're also going through a list of all our employees—past and present—to double-check that no one has been forgotten."

"They're welcome to my files," said Robert Cromer. "What some bumbling policemen will make of them, heaven only knows."

"All right! All right!" James Cromer said irritably. "I have told the police that everything in this firm is open to their scrutiny, and as long as we continue to cooperate, we can do no more. Now, what about the ransom money? You have all, no doubt, read the *Daily Bulletin* and seen what they are up to. But now that one child has been murdered, I thought we should meet again to confirm—or change—our original decision not to pay the ransom. If we all dig deep into our pockets we could raise one hundred and fifty thousand between us. I have some insurance I could sell, and I am sure the bank would accommodate us if necessary. According to Inspector Hayes, there is a reasonable chance of getting most, or some, of it back. Once the two children are returned, they could probably provide enough of a description of the kidnapers to give the police a clue as to who they are."

"What worries me," Henry Leigh said, "is that we may be dealing with lunatic killers. If they have murdered one child, how can we trust them to turn over the other two even if they do get the money? If Inspector Hayes thinks the children may be able to provide a useful description of the kidnapers, wouldn't that also have occurred to the killers? Surely from their standpoint—once they have the money—wouldn't it be reasonable to kill the remaining two and thus wipe out any clues as to their identity?"

"You may be right, Henry," said James Cromer. "But that's a matter of tactics that will have to be worked out with the police. They might agree that it is useless to pay up the ransom money when they discover how it's to be paid over. Indeed, the other two children may already be dead. Tommy Nicholson was murdered even before we were telephoned at four yesterday."

A ripple of horror went around the semicircle of seated men.

"Are you sure, James?" asked Leigh. "Where did you learn that?"

"From Inspector Hayes this morning. At least that's what the police pathologist's report says, based upon the estimated time of death."

"Well, that settles it," Robert Cromer said. "It's clear they're madmen. Surely it's pointless for us to go on arguing about whether we intend to meet the demands of maniacs."

"What we're involved in at the moment is a matter of principle," said his father. "As a matter of principle, is this firm prepared to pay up the ransom money if the police think it advisable? This is what we must settle."

"There's another matter of principle at stake here, Father," said Robert Cromer. "We are, after all, lawyers. And as custodians of the law it's our duty to resist with all our power this sort of blackmail, this sort of lawlessness."

"Hear, hear!" muttered Keightley.

James Cromer's eyebrows knitted together in a tight, dark frown as he listened to his son. The father never ceased to be amazed at his offspring's lack of humor, his pompous manner of speech, and his unbending and ungenerous views on almost everything.

"And I would like to make another point, too," Robert Cromer continued. "If we personally were to pay over this money, it would be assumed by the public that we had done something wrong, that we were handing over this huge sum to hush up some scandal in our affairs. No, I've searched my conscience deeply, but—fully recognizing the consequences—I still believe we should stand firm. We must insist it is no responsibility of ours."

"I agree," said Briginshaw. He and Keightley, the youngest members of the firm, predictably supported the junior Cromer, in whom they saw their main chance for a profitable future. When James Cromer retired, his son would undoubtedly succeed him as head of the firm. "If we handed over the ransom money," Briginshaw went on, "it would only be misconstrued as evidence of guilt on our part. And I think I ought to make a personal statement at this point. Aside from the money I originally invested in the firm for my partnership, I would not be able to contribute further to the hundred and fifty thousand."

"That's my position, too," said Keightley.

"We are not interested at the moment in who is going to pay what," James Cromer snapped. "That's a detail. We don't intend to bankrupt anybody, but the money can, if needed, be raised. Let's think generously instead of fretting about individual interests."

"I agree, James," said Henry Leigh. Although he had come to the meeting uncertain about what they should do, the unsympathetic attitude adopted by Robert Cromer, Keightley, and Briginshaw had swayed him toward the opposite line. "While I understand Bob's reasoning, I'm sure he underestimates the degree of public pressure that is going to be exerted upon us. If another child is murdered, and we still remain adamant—or indifferent, as it will be played up by the press—things can get very nasty indeed. I think we ought to raise the money and gamble on getting it back."

"That's being defeatist," Robert Cromer said. "We must not pay."

Leslie Raphael decided it was time to break the impasse by adopting his favorite role of the middleman. "Looking around the room," he said, "it's clear to me we're not going to get a unanimous verdict for paying over the money. May I suggest, then, a compromise? I see the implications of pay-

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ing the whole sum ourselves, but I am also sure that we must make some gesture to show our concern for the safety of the children. Now, the *Bulletin* Fund seems just the sort of godsend that can get us off the hook. Let us contribute to the fund. And with our contribution ask the *Bulletin* to print some sort of statement that this"—he hesitated, groping for the appropriate words—"that this is in no way an admission of any responsibility on our part."

No one spoke.

"Let's say . . . five thousand." Raphael suggested the sum with trepidation.

"Ten thousand." It was Leigh. "That's a more respectable figure."

"I should think five is quite enough," came back Robert Cromer, "and I still think it's an unwise move."

"Five's more than enough," Briginshaw echoed.

James Cromer thoughtfully surveyed his colleagues What a crew, he thought. Give them a choice of a big or a petty decision, and they'll always reason themselves into the meanest one.

"For the sake of unanimity, I think we'll have to settle for five thousand," he said. His voice was resigned. "I'll contact the *Bulletin* editor as soon as possible and tell him what we have agreed to contribute."

Inspector Hayes was exhausted. Although it was unusual for a member of Scotland Yard to be called into a local case except in the most desperate circumstances, he had been involved with the Nicholson affair because of a previous contact with Leslie Raphael, the law firm's specialist on Litigation. Since the boy's body had been discovered, Hayes—who was acting as official liaison officer between the solicitors and the Balham police—had had almost no sleep.

He glanced at the list in his hand again. It contained the names of all the people who had been employed by Keightley, Cromer, Cromer & Leigh since the end of the war. Most of the names had reassuring check marks beside them.

"Now, Mr. Hurst," said Hayes to the firm's senior clerk, who had been helping him with his investigation, "there are apparently only three of these people unaccounted for."

"So I understand," said Hurst.

"What about this John Hutchinson?" asked Hayes.

"He was only here for three months. An office boy."

"We can't trace him."

"He fancied himself as a merchant seaman. Probably that's what he did when he left here. It might be worth trying the National Union of Seamen."

"Umm. Margaret Compton?"

"She was a temporary secretary for Mr. Raphael. With us only six months. She was seeing a lot of an Australian, and she may have married him."

"That checks with our own information," Hayes said. "She's probably emigrated. Now what about this last name? Arthur Percival West?"

"Oh, he died about two years ago. He was the firm's chief accountant. With us for fifty years. They retired him five years ago. On a pension."

The internal telephone on Hurst's desk rang. "Yes, sir," said Hurst, picking up the receiver. "Yes, he's with me now. I'll bring him right up." As he hung up, the clerk turned to the detective. "The meeting's over," he said. "Mr. James Cromer would like to see you. I'll take you up, Inspector."

When Hurst returned from showing Inspector Hayes to Cromer's office, he took from one of the steel filing cabinets the personal file of the firm's former chief accountant. His memory had been stirred by Arthur West's name. As he looked through the contents of the file—some office photographs, office memos commending him for loyalty or a good job done, National Insurance papers, insurance receipts, and a few personal letters—he recalled that he had been meaning to send this material to West's widow, but had never got around to it.

He lingered over a photograph showing West, a thin, small man with the

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hunched shoulders that marked someone who had scribbled on too many ledgers for too many years, standing beside a tallish boy in his late teens. His son Alan. There was about the young man's features, the domed forehead and drawn cheeks, a look of nervous anxiety that his wistful smile could not hide. Poor old West, Hurst mused. He'd had a terrible life. Always worried about money. Then that miserable pension in his old age. And the boy. That assault affair. The shame of it had mentally crippled West. The efforts he had taken to keep it from the partners! Assault? A vague suspicion nudged Hurst.

"Oh, Hurst. I seem to have misplaced those Fitzgerald papers. Have they gone off to counsel yet?" It was Henry Leigh. He was standing behind Hurst, looking down at the open file. "That's old West, isn't it? Hayes doesn't suspect him?"

"Hardly, Mr. Leigh," said Hurst, rising from his chair. "Since he's dead."

"Of course. Of course," Leigh replied, slightly discomfited. Although Hurst was always diffident to his superiors, he was contemptuous of the ability of every partner but James Cromer, and he had a natural flair for making them feel uncomfortable. No one, however, would dream of suggesting that the firm do without Hurst. He had been with them for almost fifty years and was invaluable.

"West's name came up, and I remembered there were some photographs and papers that I hadn't returned to his widow. But that boy, there. His son Alan. Had a police record, you know."

"Oh? I didn't know that. Perhaps you might mention it to the Inspector."

"I thought I might, Mr. Leigh. But I've just remembered that the boy emigrated to Canada some years back. He's not in the country."

"Well, that settles that, then, doesn't it? And anyway, what on earth could the boy possibly have against us?"

Instinct had brought Mark Shepherd into the *Bulletin* office an hour earlier than usual. And sure enough, he had hardly sat down at his desk when he received a telephone call that made it necessary to call the owner of the *Bulletin* at once.

"Yes?" The familiar bark came on as soon as Shepherd finished dialing.

"I've just had James Cromer on the phone, sir," Shepherd said. "They're contributing five thousand to the fund."

"Not much."

"I agree, sir, but they're anxious not to look as if they're yielding to blackmail. At least, that's what Cromer claims. He says they're worried that the public might think they were guilty of something if they paid the ransom."

"They just don't want to pay."

"Yes, sir. But there's another problem. At noon the kidnapers will be contacting the lawyers again. They might want the money to be paid over sometime today—or tonight. Cromer wants to know if the *Bulletin* will provide the cash right away. Even if the total sum hasn't been raised."

"Well?" asked the owner. "What do you think?"

"We've got forty thousand in promises already. And that's only counting companies, not individuals. They're all trying to get in on the act, and I'm sure they'll pay up. Then there's our own twenty-five thousand and the five thousand from the lawyers. Which still leaves us eighty thousand short. But the campaign's just begun, and I'm sure we'll pick up the rest. And if we get those kids back, what a publicity coup. We can stretch the story out for another week. At *least* another week!"

"Four days . . . if the children are returned tomorrow," the owner said matter-of-factly. "Longer if they're not. Or if they're murdered."

"It's a great human-interest story either way," Shepherd continued, somewhat subdued. "It will fascinate and terrify every parent. We ought to make at least a hundred thousand extra sales. And we might even get the ransom money back. The police are quite confident that with the children's evidence they could pick up the kidnapers very quickly. Is it worth the gamble?"

There was no sound from the owner. Then came a single word. "Yes."

The two Cromers, Henry Leigh, and Inspector Hayes, were gathered in the senior Cromer's office when the kidnaper telephoned at noon. James Cromer and Inspector Hayes listened intently to the muffled voice of Alan West. Even through the distortion of the monitoring device that the Inspector had attached to the telephone, it was clearly the man who had talked to Cromer before.

"You now have the blood of one child on your hands, Cromer," said Alan West. "Are you ready to pay up and save the others?"

"Yes. We're ready."

"All right. Listen carefully. Here are your instructions. I won't repeat them. There is a small street in Chiswick called Manor Lane. You'll find it in a street directory. At eleven o'clock tonight there will be a Vauxhall in Manor Lane with plates LMJ-493. You needn't investigate who owns the car because it was stolen. No one will be in the car. The money, which is to be in used five-pound notes, is to be brought in a bag and placed in the trunk of the Vauxhall. Have you got that so far?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, the person who has brought the money—only one person is to turn up—must immediately leave the scene once he has put the bag in the trunk. We will have the area under observation, and if we see any evidence that the police are planning a trap, it will mean the death of another child. You understand? The police are to keep strictly out of it. In due time the Vauxhall will be driven away, and any attempt by the police to follow it will mean a child's life. And by now you know we mean it! Remember, there are more than one of us. We have taken up our positions, and we can see exactly whether our instructions are being obeyed. No one will come for the car if there is the slightest sign of police activity. And another child will die. If there is no double-crossing, the children will be returned within six hours of the money being received."

"All right," Cromer said, receiving from Hayes a go-ahead sign. "A reporter from the *Bulletin* will bring the money tonight."

"The *Bulletin*? What have they to do with it?"

"They're raising the ransom money," replied Cromer. "They've organized a fund which ——"

"And what about you and your partners? What are *you* donating?"

MY KIND OF PEOPLE by C. Barsotti

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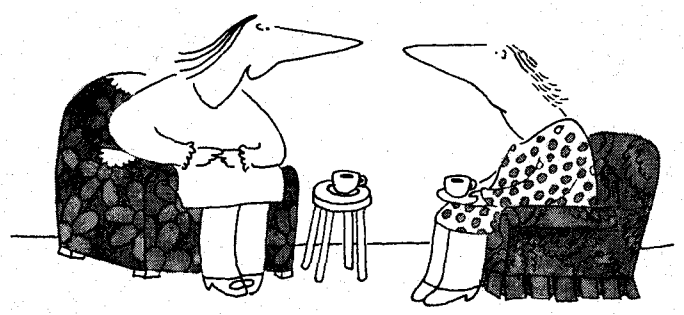
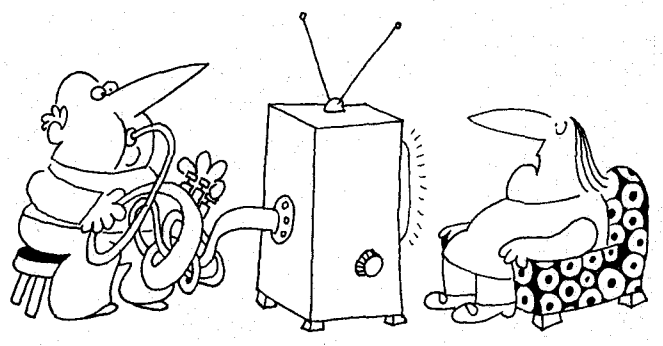
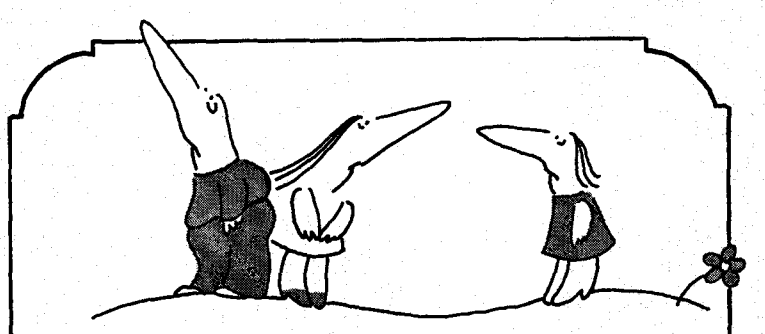


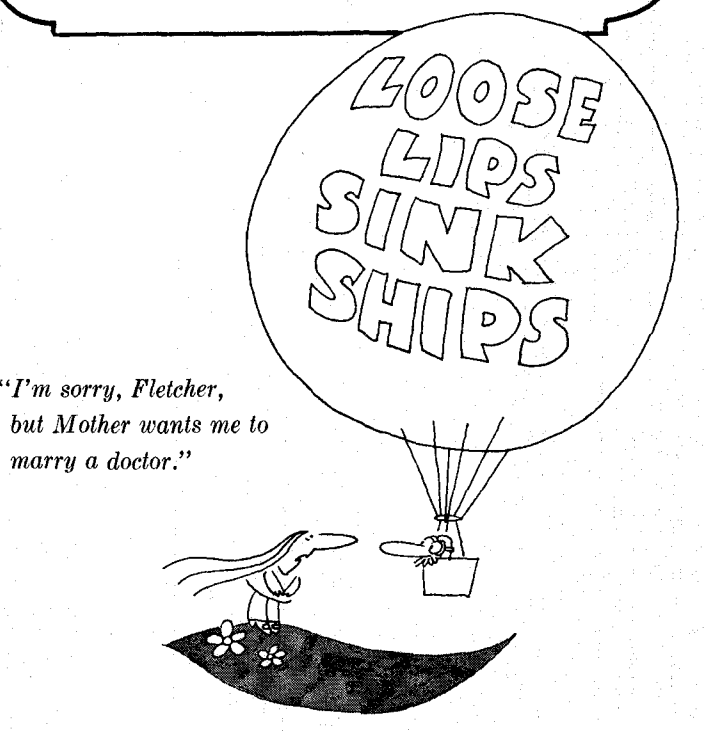
"The late Mr. Harris was mad *about skinny-dipping."*



"There's still a bit too much red."



"In the Game of Life, Maynard settled for a field goal."



"I'm sorry, Fletcher, but Mother wants me to marry a doctor."

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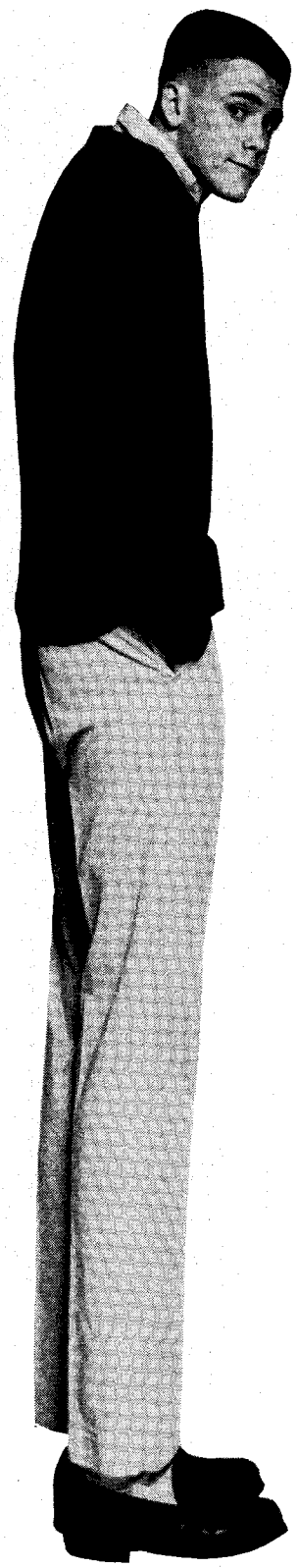

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"Five thousand pounds."

"Not enough. I want at least twenty-five thousand from Keightley, Cromer and a letter acknowledging the fact that you and your partners have personally contributed that sum to the ransom."

"Twenty-five thousand! But that's impossible!"

"Either you agree, Mr. Cromer, or the whole thing is off."

Robert Cromer, Henry Leigh, and Hayes watched the older man furrow his huge eyebrows and lick his lips before he answered. "You'll get your money. And the letter."

"Remember, this is your last chance to save the Nicholson children. I expect you to keep your word, Cromer."

The click on the other end of the line was decisive. No one spoke. James Cromer replaced the receiver and gazed intensely at the desk in front of him. His son was the first to react.

"Father! You shouldn't have done that. We agreed that five thousand was our limit. You had no right to commit the firm to pay twenty-five thousand."

"I have a right to do whatever I like with my own money," James Cromer said angrily. He tried to meet his son's eyes, but Robert Cromer avoided the challenge. "I've committed the firm to nothing more than they want to pay. The rest will come from me personally. It's something I feel I must do. Neither you nor anyone else can stop me."

Alan West was pleased with himself. He had just completed his telephone call to the lawyers, and things were going very well. Now that the money was going to be paid, he could put the next part of his plan into action. After first verifying that no one was waiting to enter the public-telephone booth from which he was calling, he dialed the numbers of two of those many London firms ready to provice casual help for odd jobs at any time. Feigning a high-pitched, upper-class accent, he asked the first firm to drive the Vauxhall from Chelsea to Manor Lane, Chiswick, by eleven that night. He then requested the second firm to pick up the car in Manor Lane—no sooner than eleven-thirty—and deliver it back to Chelsea, this time to the King's Road end of Royal Avenue.

If the At-Your-Service Agency and the Do-A-Job Bureau were only half as efficient as the boasts they made in their advertisements, everything should go like clockwork. If the police kept out of it, the money was as good as in his hands. If they double-crossed him and trailed the car from Manor Lane to Chelsea, all they would pick up was an innocent driver. And if they double-crossed him—well, they would be asking for it.

A few minutes later, West arrived at Gillian Tracey's basement apartment. Gillian, his girl friend of six weeks, had been involved with him in the kidnaping from the beginning. Her apartment was in a run-down and otherwise deserted building slated to be torn down as soon as Gillian's lease expired. It had seemed to them an ideal place in which to hide out with the Nicholson children.

"They can't stop talking about it on the radio," Gillian said, as West came into the living room. "Every cop in the country is after us, if we're to believe all those news bulletins. How did it go?"

She spoke flatly and without any discernible hint of concern, her eyes fixed on the French fashion magazine resting on her lap. She might have been discussing their plans for dinner. Tommy's murder was an event about which she felt no remorse or guilt or fear. Only disappointment. It had not been as exciting as it had promised to be. Pretty, blond, and just twenty, she had joined Alan in this dangerous game partly for the money, but chiefly for the kicks. Only jazz and sex gave her a glimmer of living; clothes offered her a possibility of achievement. As for the rest, she dared anything in the hope that it might awaken her. Little did.

"They're ready to pay," West said excitedly. "One hundred and fifty thousand. Every penny."

"When?"

"Tonight. At eleven o'clock. You'll have to take four pounds over to each of those two odd-job agencies this afternoon."

"They had drivers available, then?"

"The first two I phoned. The At-Your-Service and the Do-A-Job. Just pop the envelopes with their money through their letter boxes. Don't let anyone see you."

Gillian tossed aside her magazine and went over to West. She put her arms round his neck and kissed him. "What a clever man! I didn't think the lawyers had that kind of money."

"Oh, they're not paying all of it," West explained. "It's coming from the *Daily Bulletin*. That fund they're raising. It's just a circulation stunt, but who the hell cares? I even managed to get twenty-five thousand out of Keightley, Cromer. That really tickled me. Those bastards!"

"What difference does it make where the money comes from?"

"It should please the old man."

"What *are* you talking about?" Gillian asked, puzzled.

"My father. He worked for those tight-fisted creeps for fifty years. Fifty years! He joined them as an office boy and worked himself up to be their chief accountant. And when they retired him at sixty-five, do you know what pension they gave him? Four stinking pounds a week and a cut-glass decanter! Can you believe it?"

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?" Gillian asked.

"Because it didn't matter. I told you that these lawyers had the money to pay, didn't I? How was I so sure? Because my father was always talking about their affairs and their money when he came home. And they were really loaded! But they never paid him more than a pittance, and how he used to loathe them. I remember how bent and ashen he looked the night he came home with his miserable decanter and the letter telling him about his pension. It was the worry of trying to keep going that killed him. He was dead three years later."

This was the first display of sentiment Gillian had seen in West in the few weeks she had known him. "So this was a sort of revenge?" she asked.

"Revenge!" West exclaimed, snapping quickly out of his reminiscent mood. "My father was a sniveling, hypocritical little man who deserved what he got. What he went through made me determined not to be like him. But, I must admit, it does give me satisfaction—quite a bit of satisfaction—that some of the money those lawyers owed

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him is now being squeezed out of them by their chief-accountant's son."

"Is that why you went to Canada? To try for something more than your father ever had?"

"I suppose so. I realized that if I continued working in insurance I'd end up like him. But Canada was a mistake. Eighteen months was enough for me."

'Are you sure the money will be there tonight?"

"There's always the chance of a double cross. Otherwise, sure. . . . What about them?" West asked suddenly, nodding toward the closed door, just visible at the end of the hall. Behind it the two remaining Nicholson children were imprisoned.

"Eileen doesn't say much," said Gillian, shrugging. "But I think she suspects something has happened to Tommy. The younger one is a mess. He's certainly subnormal. I'm sure he couldn't tell them anything about us. I'm not so positive about the girl. You can't tell whether she's bright or not, because she talks so little."

"I don't think it matters much. We'll fly to Nice tomorrow night. Long before they've had time to circulate any descriptions of us, even if the girl can remember anything. But she's just eight. I don't think she's going to be much help to them. Anyway, let's wait until we've got the money in our hands before we decide what to do with the kids. I might change my mind about handing them over. We'll see."

"It's off."

"What's off, sir?" Mark Shepherd leaned forward, telephone in hand, straining to make sense out of what the owner of the *Bulletin* had just said.

"The *Bulletin* Fund. It's finished."

Shepherd concentrated furiously, trying to relate what the owner was saying to his own knowledge of events. "I'm sorry, sir. But I don't understand."

"I've had complaints from the other newspapers. They say the fund conflicts with our latest agreement against circulation stunts."

"But it's only incidentally a circulation stunt, sir," Shepherd said, finally seeing the light. "It's a humanitarian appeal. We're trying to save some lives."

"I told them all that." The owner's voice was impatient. "They say it's a stunt. And if we don't abandon it, they threaten to go back to those competitions giving away houses and automobiles. We can't have that again. That kind of circulation war is too expensive."

"But it's not the same thing ——"

"And someone from the government has been on to me. They claim it's one thing for the people involved to put up the ransom. But they say it's against the public interest for newspapers to do what we're doing. It makes it too easy for kidnapers to get ransom money. Might encourage others to try it."

"But, sir ——"

"I've told them all I'd call it off. You can think of some excuse."

"What about saying that we've learned that the fund might prejudice police investigations?" Shepherd was expert at recognizing lost causes and adroit at adapting to new policy lines.

"Something like that. We'll look like bloody fools for a couple of days. But it can't be helped."

After the owner had hung up, Shepherd called in his news editor, Baker, and wearily informed him of the latest development.

"I don't think we'll run the announcement on the front page," Shepherd said. "Page five is good enough. Anything we can't return to named donors, we'll donate to charity. And you'll have to tell the police and the lawyers right away. But I'd leave the whole thing out of the first edition. If the kidnapers get wind of it, they might not even turn up."

"Any new line on the case you'd like us to take?" asked Baker.

Shepherd rubbed his chin, thoughtfully. "What about the police?" he asked. "They don't seem to have distinguished themselves so far."

"No child safe on London streets . . . that sort of thing?"

"That's it. What's wrong with the metropolitan police? Are we recruiting the right brains to deal with the modern, efficient criminal in a scientifically oriented society? That's the line. We haven't had a go at the police for a long time."

Chief Superintendent Long picked up the white sheet of paper on his otherwise empty desk and studied the four words he had written down. Ransom? Developments? Site? Plan? As the senior detective at the Milburn Road Police Station in Balham, he had taken over the Nicholson case when it had evolved from suspected kidnaping to positive murder. There were three other detectives in his office waiting for him to speak—Cowley and Randell, both Balham police officials, and Inspector Hayes of Scotland Yard.

"Now that the Nicholson case is coming to a boil," Long began, "I want a report of what we have to date, and what we are planning for tonight. First, the ransom money. Inspector Hayes, you've talked with the Cromers again since we learned about the abandonment of the *Bulletin* Fund. Are they prepared to put up the whole sum?"

"No. James Cromer is still ready to put up twenty thousand personally if it will help, but the five thousand contributed by the firm itself has been withdrawn now that there's no fund."

"Anybody see a way to use Cromer's twenty thousand?" asked Long.

"Since we can't contact the kidnapers, there's no way of bargaining with them," said Chief Inspector Cowley.

"We *could* contact them if we really wanted to," said Detective-Inspector Randell. He could never resist an opportunity to contradict Cowley.

"How?" Cowley asked pugnaciously.

"We could broadcast a message on television and radio. Ask them to phone the lawyers again."

"We're dealing with killers, Inspector Randell," Cowley said. "It's our job to find and arrest them. Not to play footsie-wootsie with them."

Chief Superintendent Long was familiar with these rows. He had witnessed them ever since Cowley had been promoted over Randell, and he ignored them.

"Since we haven't got the entire ransom money," said Long, "I think we must proceed on the basis that no money at all is available. That means we must concentrate on the rendezvous tonight. But, first, have there been any developments at all from our interviews and interrogations?"

Randell shook his head. "I've had

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"This is a recording. The number you have reached is not a working number. Please hang up and try again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

every available constable on the case. Every house in the district has been covered. Every relative and acquaintance of the Nicholsons has been seen. Except for a couple of cranks, no one has come forward with a thing."

Long turned to Hayes, who was stuffing some tobacco in a pipe he had just taken from his pocket. "What about the lawyers? Any lead worth pursuing from the names they gave you?"

"Nothing," said Hayes, dividing his attention between his pipe and the chief superintendent. As a Scotland Yard man, he tended to be casual with suburban detectives even though they were his superiors.

"What's behind it, then, do you think? Any guesses?" asked Long.

"I'm frankly baffled," said Hayes. They all waited while he lighted his pipe, using two matches to accomplish it. "At first I thought it might be chance," he continued. "Names picked out of the telephone directory. But when they insisted on the Cromers' contributing more than five thousand to the ransom, it was obvious there was some direct link. But it's probably more oblique than we suppose. I'm stretching our interrogation net much wider—relatives and friends of those we've already seen. But it'll take time. More than we have, I'm afraid."

As Hayes spoke, Randell's resentment increased. Not only did he have to work with Cowley on this case, but this slick university type annoyed him with his superior air and glib talk. Oblique link? What the hell did that mean?

"Well, let's get on," said Long. "The site. What's Manor Lane look like?"

Cowley unfolded a large-scale street map and stretched it out on Long's desk. It was liberally marked with symbols representing suggested positions for the police and the patrol cars to take up. "It's a very small street. No more than two hundred and fifty yards long. At its north end is Langfield Street. It's a very clever location. With a quick start from there onto the Great West Road, they could easily reach a second waiting car to which they could transfer the money before we got to them. And they'd have a fast road either into London or to the west."

"Yes," said Long. "Go on."

"Well, because Manor Lane is so small it's very easy to keep under surveillance. A top room in any of the houses there gives a clear view of the entire street. The kidnapers said they'd be watching for any police movement, and that's how they could do it."

"I'm sure they're bluffing," said Hayes. "They must know we can infiltrate the area any time with plainclothes people. How could they tell who was police and who was not?"

"And that's what you've done, I assume," said Long.

"Yes, sir. There's a church on the east side of the street, just there. . . ." Hayes pointed to a spot on the street map. "One of our men went in there dressed as a priest. A walkie-talkie and binoculars under his cassock. He has a panoramic view of the whole district from the bell tower. We've also had some plainclotheswomen take a stroll along Manor Lane and on some of the adjacent streets. But, so far, they've seen nothing. We'll have the area casually patrolled this way from now on."

"Good. Good. Now what's the plan for tonight?" asked Long, turning again to Cowley.

"If you agree, sir, I propose that we station patrol cars along these major intersections." Cowley pointed to a number of places on the map. "Once we see the route the kidnapers' car is taking, we can move the patrol cars over to it, and they'll report as the Vauxhall passes."

"You don't propose to arrest the driver before he starts off, then?" Long asked.

"No," said Cowley. "Inspector Hayes and I think that this might jeopardize the lives of the children. If the car fails to arrive at its destination, the remaining members of the gang would have an excuse to carry out their threat."

"But you might lose the car altogether," said Randell.

"Well, we'll have to see that we don't, won't we?" Cowley said curtly. "That's why we'll need a large number of patrol cars, and if they are centrally directed from here, I don't see why we should have any trouble keeping track of a car at that hour of the night. We should also have two civilian cars ready to do a straight tailing job, but they'll have to operate at quite a distance from the Vauxhall in order to avoid suspicion. We can direct them from here."

The chief superintendent studied the markings on the map. "I see you also have some other men stationed around Manor Lane in addition to the fellow in the church," he said.

"Yes, and some of them have already taken up their positions," said Hayes. "Those that we can keep out of sight. As soon as it gets dark, they'll move onto a number of rooftops in the area. If anybody is really watching out for us, I'm sure we'll spot him first."

Long thought for a few moments. "Well, let's try it. Cowley, you'll stay here with me to help coordinate the patrol cars. Hayes and Randell, you'd better operate on the spot. Any questions?"

No one spoke.

"Good," said Long. "And the best of luck."

"Oh, there's just one thing," said Hayes, as they were about to leave. "Do you know about Mrs. Nicholson being asked to appear on television tonight? The *London Now* show. Is that all right?"

"Yes," said Long. "The Yard's been in touch with me about it. I said I couldn't see that it would do any harm. Everybody's on television these days. Why not Mrs. Nicholson?"

George Sampson, one of *London Now*'s four regular reporters, was sitting with Sarah Nicholson in the show's hospitality room, when the producer of the show arrived and hastily introduced himself to the distraught mother.

"I'm sorry I wasn't down here to see you earlier," Ray Osborn said, "but I'm sure Mr. Sampson has explained everything to you."

Osborn noted, with some misgivings, that Mrs. Nicholson was holding a large gin and tonic in her hand. Although *London Now*—billed as "a kaleidoscope in depth of the daily events that make London the focus of the world"—had only been going nine months, Osborn was its third producer and acutely aware that it was a death-or-glory job. This was only his second week as producer; the Nicholson case was precisely the kind of human-interest material he wanted for the show, but nothing must go wrong.

"I've never been on the telly before," Mrs. Nicholson said. "Do you think it'll do any good?" She had lost the aggressive bravado that had sustained her when she had first gone to the lawyers to report the kidnaping of her children, and now she was subdued and almost listless. Her hands fluttered aimlessly, and she could not control a persistent twitching of the left side of her mouth.

"Television is a very powerful medium," said Osborn in his most solicitous manner. "I am sure the kidnapers will be watching it. It is impossible to say, of course, but seeing you might have some effect on them."

"You mean they might give Eileen and Johnny back?"

"One can only hope and pray," said Osborn piously. Suddenly he felt uncomfortable in the face of the woman's desperate anxiety. He glanced at his wristwatch. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Nicholson, but I must be back in the control room. Mr. Sampson will bring you down to the studio in a few minutes. Just follow his instructions, and I'm sure you'll have no difficulty."

He moved toward the door of the hospitality room and signaled for Sampson to follow him. In the corridor they held a brief conference.

"Do you think she'll make it?" asked Osborn.

"She's jumpy," Sampson confided in a whisper. "That's her third double gin. Insisted on them. Her nerves, she said."

"God! She's not drunk?"

"No, I don't think so. The gin hasn't had time to work. It's tension, mostly. I don't like that twitch around her mouth. It's got worse since we arrived."

"The twitch is fine," said Osborn. "Overwrought mother worried about her kids. But don't let her finish that drink. She knows what she's supposed to do?"

"We've gone over it several times," said Sampson. "And she has notes if she dries up."

"She's been to makeup?"

"We gave her only a bit of powder. We thought the wan look was best."

"All right. Remember, if anything goes wrong, we'll cut to you, and you go straight into the discussion of the kidnaping with the others."

When George Sampson returned to the hospitality room, he politely eased the glass out of Mrs. Nicholson's hand and ushered her down to the studio. Leading her to a small chair facing one of the television cameras, he gave her final instructions and wished her well.

In the glass-enclosed control room, perched like an aerie above the studio, the production staff faced a battery of eight monitors, each of which projected a different aspect of the studio floor. Osborn stood behind his staff, his eyes swiveling professionally from one monitor to another. "All right, everybody!" he said. "One minute!"

Precisely at six, a montage of quickly intercut shots, supposedly representing London life, came up on two of the monitors. Bewigged judges, bowler-hatted business types, the Thames, pretty girls in short skirts, Smithfield porters, a *pas de deux* from Covent Garden, planes taking off from London air-

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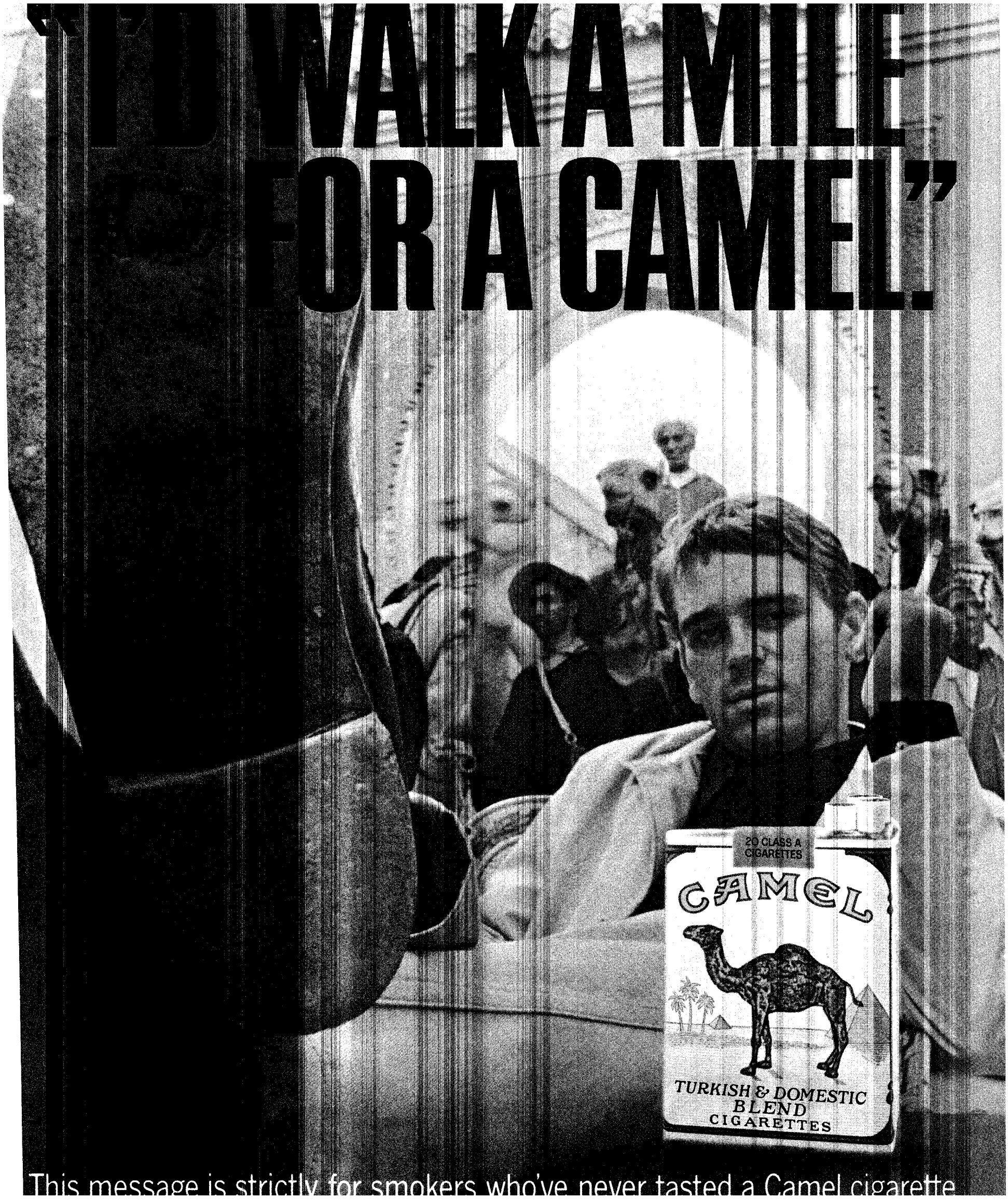
"I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL."



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port, pigeons in Trafalgar Square. Blink, blink, blink. The words "London Now" crisscrossed the screen at various arbitrary angles to the rhythm of throbbing music. It was over in nine seconds. The announcer's face, earnest and rugged, came up on the screen.

"Just over forty-eight hours ago three children were kidnaped in a London street. They are the children of Mrs. Sarah Nicholson of Balham. The eldest, Tommy, has been murdered. Eileen and John are still being held by the kidnapers. From all the available evidence it seems that the children were approached by strangers and picked up on their way to school. What should parents do to warn children of such dangers? Should a child be made suspicious of all strangers for its own safety? What are the risks of child molestation, and what can be done without destroying a child's trust in all adults? Tonight in the studio to discuss with George Sampson these disturbing questions are Dr. Linda Reynolds, a child psychiatrist, and ex-Chief Inspector Harold Jenkins, recently retired from Scotland Yard."

The camera cut away from the announcer to the discussion group, each member of which nodded glumly in turn. Their stern faces underlined the gravity of the topic before them.

"But before we discuss these matters," went on the announcer, his voice and eyes doing their best to reflect urgency, "the imperative question is, What can be done to save the two Nicholson children still in the hands of the kidnapers? *London Now* understands that a deadline for payment of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds ransom money has been set for some time tonight. It is not yet known whether the money—demanded of the legal firm of Keightley, Cromer, Cromer and Leigh—will be available. But tonight in the *London Now* studios we have Mrs. Sarah Nicholson, mother of the kidnaped children. Her words, we hope, will be heard by those who hold Eileen and John."

The face that now came on the screen was pinched. The nervous twitch near her mouth made the woman look furtive and apprehensive, as if some shameful secret were being forced out of her. Her eyes were glazed.

"My name is Sarah Nicholson," she said. "I am the mother of Tommy, Eileen, and John." She spoke so softly that the sound engineer had to make a quick adjustment of the volume level. "Whoever you are who took my three children two days ago, I hope you are listening to me now. I am a poor woman. A widow. I have nothing in my life except my children. I don't know why you picked on me. . . ."

She paused for what seemed to the program's staff an interminable amount of time. The director looked anxiously at Osborn, but the producer kept his eyes fixed on the monitors.

"I'm sure I don't know who you are." Mrs. Nicholson had started again. Speaking in a monotone, she seemed to be trying to recall where she was and what had happened. "I don't know what your quarrel is with Keightley, Cromer . . . and those other gentlemen. I had never heard of any of those gentlemen until two days ago. Never heard of any of them. . . ." She stopped again. "But because of your quarrel with them . . . because of some argument you had with them . . . my Tommy is dead." The eyes sprang to life behind the tears that suddenly filled them. The voice lost its flat resignation. "Why, why, should my Tommy have died because someone—someone he never knew—may have done you a wrong? Please, haven't you done enough? Must I suffer any more?"

Her restraint gave way, and she broke down completely. The director looked at the producer. Osborn shook his head, indicating that he did not want her faded out.

"Please give me back my children." Mrs. Nicholson seemed to wrench the words from deep within her. Her face—eyes closed, mouth gaping wide—was in anguish. "Give them back to me, you bastards! You f——"

Intuitively the director had known what was coming. His fingers had snapped to the vision mixer in time for the man to blot out Mrs. Nicholson's next words and get the startled face of the announcer back on to the screen.

"God!" said Osborn. "Saved! Who'd have thought the old bitch would give out like that? On television!" He patted the director on the back. "That was great, Charles! Quick thinking. We're in the clear . . . I think. I hope."

The director now had the program safely lodged in the discussion between Sampson and his two guests. "I'm afraid I couldn't do anything about 'you bastards.' I wasn't expecting it." The director spoke over his shoulder to Osborn.

"No, no. Of course not," Osborn said reassuringly. "No one's to blame. That's one of the risks of live television. They understand that upstairs."

"It was good stuff until she broke down," said the director.

"*Better* when she broke down! It was marvelous! Real heart-rending stuff! Congratulate the boys on the floor for me, will you, Charles?"

At 10:37 P.M. a Vauxhall bearing registration plates LMJ-493 drove into Manor Lane and parked on the east side of the street about fifty yards from the Great West Road. The driver emerged, studied the car for a moment—as if checking to see that all was in order—and then, without locking the car doors, walked away.

Chief Superintendent Long and Chief Inspector Cowley were in the communications room of the Milburn Road Police Station listening to Inspector Hayes's voice transmitting this information to them. Hayes was in an unmarked Humber Hawk that was in direct communication with the walkie-talkie sets of four detectives in and near Manor Lane.

"We're tailing the driver," reported Hayes. "He doesn't seem to be in any hurry. . . . He seems to be heading for a bus stop. . . . Yes, that's strange. He's waiting for an eastbound bus."

"Is he acting suspiciously?" asked Long into the telephone.

"Too damned casual for my liking," Hayes said. "He may know nothing about it, of course. Just somebody they got to bring the car here. . . . Oh, wait a minute. . . . Well, he's boarded that bus. We have a car following it."

At exactly 11 P.M., the ransom money arrived in a Ford Cortina. The driver first surveyed the street to assure himself it was deserted, then placed the black case—which was filled with corrugated paper, beneath a single layer of real bills—in the trunk of the Vauxhall. Checking again that no one had seen him, he got into the Cortina and drove away.

Just after 11:30, a taxi turned into Manor Lane from the Great West Road. A stockily built man wearing a dark suit emerged, paid the taxi driver, and got into the Vauxhall.

"The Vauxhall is going into the Great West Road," reported Hayes. "It's heading east. It doesn't seem to be in any hurry."

"Good, Inspector Hayes," said Long, looking at a written message that Cowley had handed him a moment before. "I've just learned that Inspector Randell's car has picked up the Vauxhall. He reports a speed of about thirty-five miles per hour. Something's fishy. They aren't trying a quick getaway."

The tailing operation moved into action. But as the reports came in to Cowley and Long, it became clear that their elaborate preparations for tracking an elusive, speeding car would not be needed. The Vauxhall was not making the slightest effort to avoid being followed. It cruised conventionally, almost leisurely, toward Chelsea, eventually turning onto the King's Road. During its progress the information came through that the first driver had finally ended up in a house in Bayswater. Long ordered the house to be kept under surveillance; he did not intend to arrest the first driver until he had the second one safely in his hands.

The chief superintendent was feeling uneasy, however. The second driver of the Vauxhall was behaving as casually, even innocently, as had the first. He asked Cowley his opinion.

"As soon as that car stops, I think we should pounce," said Cowley. "I think they've taken us at our word. They're playing it cool not to arouse suspicion."

Word next came through from Randell that the Vauxhall was slowing down. He was following it in a dashing Jaguar chosen for the job because of its unofficial appearance. Long quickly called Hayes, whose car was not far behind the Jaguar. "I'm worried about that driver, Inspector," he said. "Suppose, when we pick him up, he turns out to know nothing about the money in the trunk or the kidnaping?"

"It's a possibility," Hayes replied. "But highly unlikely, in my opinion. Why should they run the risk of bringing in a stranger to drive the car?"

"The real kidnapers may intend to drive the Vauxhall off later," said Long.

"But if we've been following the car and know where it is, it isn't likely we'd stop watching it just because the driver's gone," reasoned Hayes. "After all, the money would still be in it. An innocent driver doesn't get them anywhere."

Just then Randell reported that the car had turned from the King's Road into Royal Avenue and had come to a halt. "We've passed the Vauxhall and are parking about fifty yards down the street. We're keeping the car under observation. Ward, who's with me, will tail the driver when he gets out."

"Why are you doing that?" asked Cowley, who was in direct communication with Randell's car.

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C. Total Paid Circulation	6,721,737	6,896,181
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Stephen E. Kelly
Publisher

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"I think he's a stooge."

"Those aren't your instructions, Randell. You're to pick him up as soon as he leaves that car."

"Does the chief superintendent know my views?"

Randell's impertinence infuriated Cowley, but he thought it diplomatic to get Long's support. "Randell thinks it's best not to arrest the driver. He wants to have him tailed. I've told him to proceed according to plan. But he thinks he knows better."

Although Chief Superintendent Long had had some doubts about an immediate arrest, Randell's determination to carry on his old feud with Cowley in such a tense situation angered him. "Tell Inspector Randell," he said icily, "that if he doesn't want to face disciplinary action he will arrest that driver immediately."

Royal Avenue, located off the King's Road, is in the heart of the busiest, liveliest, most frenetic part of Chelsea. Even after eleven, when the pubs close and the roar of sports cars and the clatter of heels and boots ebb away, there is still some occasional traffic. The Wimpy Bar, the Guys 'n' Dolls Delicatessen, and a number of other restaurants remain brightly lighted oases. This reduced flow of activity exactly suited Alan West's purposes. The streets were busy—but not too busy.

As he loitered on the north side of the King's Road, pretending to study the display of books in a shop window, West retraced in his mind the details of his plan and tried to calculate the course events would now take. It was just ten minutes before midnight, and the Vauxhall should be arriving any moment.

Was the Vauxhall being tailed? That was the critical question. West had convinced himself that it wouldn't be. Now that one child had been murdered, the police knew that he wasn't bluffing. And the lawyers, too. Surely they would prefer to get the remaining children back safely before taking whatever measures were necessary to find the kidnapers. That would be the humane course. And it could be supported by the logical argument that the children might well be able to supply clues to the identity of the kidnapers.

But Gillian had been skeptical. Instinctively skeptical, because her arguments had been based on suspicion rather than logic. The police wouldn't make it that easy for them, she had said, and anyway, why should they trust a murderer to return the other two children? But the police had to take that gamble, West had insisted. They had no choice. What else could they do?

Now, looking up and down the King's Road, West felt more certain than ever that his plan was error-proof. If any car was following the Vauxhall, it would have to be reasonably close behind. And it would either have to turn into Royal Avenue too, or park somewhere nearby. In either case West could see exactly what was happening. His own presence on the King's Road would not arouse suspicion since there were still plenty of people about, including a cluster of teen-agers gossiping in front of the Wimpy Bar.

West saw the Vauxhall at six minutes to twelve. It approached from the east, turned left into Royal Avenue, and parked some fifty yards down the avenue. That was perfect. His plan was to keep it under surveillance for another half hour—until 12:30—and if nothing suspicious occurred, to drive it off.

Every nerve in his body seemed stretched to tingling point. Apprehensive tremors rippled through him. For a moment he had an irrational sensation that he was covered by a swarm of flies. He blinked the fantasy away. A taxi was close behind the Vauxhall. As it passed, he could see an elderly woman in the back seat. Next came a chauffeur-driven Jaguar. Two men were in the back seat. As it passed him, West saw the men glance to their left. Or was it his imagination? Could they be policemen? In a Jaguar? West did not dare look around.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the Jaguar turn down Royal Avenue. About fifty yards past the Vauxhall, it parked. West now had a clear view of both cars. The driver of the Vauxhall had just turned off his lights. For a moment there was no activity from the Jaguar. Then, suddenly, the rear door opened, and two men got out and began to race toward the Vauxhall. A spasm of panic shot through West. His eyes filled with an explosive red. His legs froze. He wanted to run, but he couldn't. Then the spasm passed, and he could sense his body again. He saw that the two men had reached the Vauxhall and were talking to the driver, who had just emerged from it.

West put his hands in his pockets and, not risking a look behind him, started to walk in a westerly direction along the King's Road. He tried not to run. Nor walk too fast. Just to walk.

By the time West reached the apartment he knew exactly what he had to do. His fear had given way to hatred—and to humiliation. He had planned this affair for weeks. Every move had been meticulously plotted. Every possible psychological and tactical reaction of the police and of the lawyers had been carefully assessed. This was to have been his one big grab for fortune. His compensation for the years of rejection and frustration.

He realized now that his faith in the word of a symbol of respectability like the elder Cromer had been both naïve and moronic. After the way that firm had treated his father, he should have known better than to have believed Cromer's assurances that the ransom would be paid and the police kept out of it. It was time they paid their debt—to father and son.

Gillian was sitting on the living-room floor, cutting a paper pattern for a skirt. She looked up at West as he entered the room, but said nothing.

West poured himself a large glass of whiskey and downed it. "They tailed the car," he said. "They've arrested the driver. Double-crossing bastards!"

It was galling to have to report the collapse of the venture. He had let Gillian down, and he resented bitterly the vision of failure he must make in her eyes. He must prove to her, at least, that he was man enough to retaliate against those who had deceived and mortified him. If he accepted his defeat without striking back hard, she would only think of him thereafter as an ineffectual braggart. Even a coward. They—the Cromers, the police, everybody—had taunted him, dared him to

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prove his worth. Whatever happened now was *their* fault.

"Bring the girl in," West said.

Gillian put down the dress pattern and looked up at him. "She's asleep."

"I know that. Wake her up."

Eileen was wearing only underpants and an undershirt when Gillian brought her into the living room. She sat on one end of the sofa, blinking sleepily in the light. Her hands, palms together, were clamped between her knees as she stared blankly at West, who was slowly pulling on a pair of tight-fitting leather gloves. In the last four days she had grown used to unfamiliar demands and chaotic routine, and was not afraid.

"Are you going to do it now?" asked Gillian hesitantly.

"Yes. You don't have to watch."

"I'll watch."

James Cromer looked down from his office window at the growing crowd in Gray's Inn. It was only just after eight in the morning, but there were already about a hundred people milling about the street, restlessly and impatiently. Their mood was ugly. The *Bulletin* had prominently reported on its front page that Eileen Nicholson's body had been found late the previous night under the Albert Bridge, and the usually staid BBC news had been wallowing in the latest details—cause of death, statements from police, speculation about the third child's fate.

Cromer had reached his office earlier than usual because he wanted to be ready for any new developments that might occur. He had called a meeting of the partners for later in the morning, but they could do nothing until the kidnapers made their next move.

He had been up since three in the morning, when he had received a telephone call from Inspector Hayes informing him of Eileen's death. Hayes had also told him that the two men arrested the night before—the drivers of the car in which the ransom money had been put—had had nothing to do with the kidnaping. Hayes wasn't particularly informative about what had actually gone wrong, but it seemed that the kidnapers were far more cunning than the police had calculated. There was even a suggestion in Hayes's account that the police were not very happy about their handling of the affair.

Some of the crowd below had recognized Cromer standing at the window. Their upturned faces made him feel exposed and uncomfortable, and he felt ashamed at his impulse to duck out of their line of vision. After all, why should he feel guilty? He had done all he could.

From the perimeter of the crowd a large man in working overalls suddenly began to shout in a booming voice. "They've killed two, Cromer! Don't let them kill three!"

Others near the man picked up the phrase, shaking their fists as they screamed, "Don't let them kill three! Don't kill three! Don't kill three!"

As Cromer hastily moved out of the crowd's sight, there was a perfunctory knock on his open door. It was Hurst, his senior clerk.

"Ah, Hurst," said Cromer, sitting down in the chair behind his desk. "Come in. You're in the office rather early, aren't you?"

"When I heard it on the radio this morning—about the murder of the little girl—I thought it best to turn up early. There's no one on the switchboard until nine, and I expect there'll be some calls before then. Police and papers and such like."

"Well, that's extremely considerate of you, Hurst. I do appreciate it."

"But there's another matter I'd like to talk to you about, sir. Something that came up last night. It might be important. But then, on the other hand, it mightn't be anything."

"Oh?" said Cromer vaguely, still preoccupied with the sullen, angry crowd outside. "What is it?"

"It's about Arthur West, sir."

"Arthur West? That's a name out of the past. He's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes. About two years ago, Mr. Cromer. A stroke. He lingered on for two or three months. Completely paralyzed. . . ." Hurst paused.

Fifty years ago in **The Post**

The West tries to analyze the Revolution:

'The Russian State of Mind,' by Hamilton Fyfe, November 3, 1917

Very few people understand what is the matter with Russia. Of those who do understand, the greater number are afraid to speak of what they know. It seems to me to be better that we should be frank about it. The truth about the Russian people is not that they are "intoxicated by their first sip of liberty," as Kerenski said, who ought to know them better; not that they are feeling about for a government which shall fit in with their character; but that they distrust all forms of government and all governing people. They do not want any.

"Yes, yes. Go on," said Cromer.

"Well, going through the files for Inspector Hayes and the others, I ran across some papers belonging to West. Some insurance receipts, office photographs, and a few personal letters. I thought Mrs. West might like to have them."

"Yes, Hurst. But what's all this leading to?"

"The identity of the kidnaper. It's just a feeling I've got. Nothing definite, if you see what I mean."

"Are you suggesting Mrs. West has anything to do with this? She must be over seventy."

"No, not *Mrs.* West. Her son, *Alan.*"

"I'm sure you must have some basis for your suspicions, Hurst," said Cromer, "but at the moment, I must say, it eludes me."

"Well, I telephoned Mrs. West last night to ask her if she wanted these photos and letters. She told me, in the course of our conversation, that her son Alan—he must be about twenty-five years old—had just come back from Canada. Six weeks ago. He'd seen her the day after he arrived, but for the last five weeks she hasn't heard a word from him. We talked a bit about the kidnaping, naturally, seeing as how her husband was with the firm for so long, and then it suddenly clicked. She didn't say anything positive, but there was something hesitant in her voice. As if she was worried that her son's disappearance might be connected with the kidnaping. Naturally, she said nothing. That's only my own deduction."

"Why on earth should she connect the two?" Cromer asked warily. Over the years he had become used to his senior clerk's habit of attaching significance to the most innocent activities.

"Well, they had a lot of trouble with the boy when he was young. Arthur West talked to me often about what to do. The boy used to have these fits of violence. Once he nearly killed an old tramp. They would have sent him to reform school except for medical testimony that said he needed psychiatric treatment."

"Arthur West's son? But West never asked us for any advice."

"No. He wouldn't have. He was too ashamed. Anyway, the boy was supposed to be cured years ago. But it's something I just thought that Inspector Hayes should know about. If you agree, that is, sir."

Cromer stroked his forehead thoughtfully. "You must admit, Hurst, it's a long leap from a boy who was violent in his teens to the people who have committed these terrible murders. And why would young West pick us for payment of the ransom money? We always treated his father well. That's right, isn't it, Hurst? Arthur West bore us no grudge, did he?"

"He hated you." There was an undertone of relish in Hurst's voice. "All of you. Especially Mr. Robert."

James Cromer looked up at Hurst in disbelief.

"He always believed he was exploited by the firm. Never stopped complaining about the smallness of his salary. Said it wasn't enough to live on. It was only the prospect of his pension that kept him going in his last few years here."

"But we did give him a pension."

"Four pounds a week, sir. After fifty years' service. I had a drink with him on the evening he left. He had that group picture of the partners. The one we took when young Mr. Keightley joined the firm. He was taking it home with him . . ." Hurst's voice trailed off as if he had changed his mind about going on.

"Come, come, Hurst. Go on."

"He told me—I'm sorry to have to tell you this, sir—he told me that he was taking the picture home so that he could flush it down the toilet."

James Cromer's capacity for indignation and shock had been almost drained away by the events of the past few days. All he could feel at this latest revelation was numb hurt.

He remembered now that there had been some discussion about old West's pension. Henry Leigh had argued that it was ungenerous. His son thought it was ample. James Cromer, as he did so often, allowed himself to be guided by the majority feeling, which in his firm always tended to be narrow, petty, bureaucratic, and unimaginative.

Could the father's resentment and bitterness have communicated itself to the son? Was this some revenge—deliberate or unconscious—stemming from the hatred that Arthur West evidently had borne them for so long?

"Why didn't you bring all this up sooner, Hurst?" asked Cromer wearily.

"As I explained, sir, I had no idea until last night that Alan West was in the country again. . . ." He was about to point out that he had voiced his suspicions to Henry Leigh.

"I see. I see." Cromer, with a tired wave of his hand, indicated he wanted to hear no more.

"Shall I get in touch with Inspector Hayes, then, about it?"

"Yes. You tell him. Immediately."

West lay on his right side, Gillian next to him. The murder of Eileen—their sharing of those terrible moments—had linked them together in a bond of need, exaltation, and fear. They recognized that their destinies were joined, and the knowledge drove them to each other frantically, violently, obsessively. Now that morning had come, West could no longer relax. He had to think. What was he to do? He moved away from Gillian.

"Gillian," he said abruptly. "Have you noticed? That little brat in there. He doesn't cry anymore."

"Kids are funny. As stupid as he is, he probably senses things."

"What'll we do with him?"

"I thought he was our last chance of getting that ransom money," Gillian said. "Surely the police wouldn't try any funny business again, would they?"

"I've been thinking, Gillian. I don't think it's on. We've had it. They'll never let us get away with it now. And, frankly, I can't think of any idea for

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handing over the money that hasn't a dozen flaws."

"It's all been for nothing, then."

"It's no use kidding ourselves. They'll have every cop in London hunting for us today. We're hot, baby, and the sooner we get out of the country the better. I've got those open tickets to Nice. I'm going to try and book us on a flight tonight."

"What makes you so sure they wouldn't pay now? They wouldn't want to see a third child ——"

"No, no. The risks are too great. And why should the Cromers pay up now when they wouldn't before?" West asked. "God, I hate the idea of them getting away with it! Those bloody bastards. But they must be worried. They must know it has something to do with them. Even if *they* don't think they've been callous and selfish, I'll bet lots of other people think they are. It just shows you that when it's a matter of money, these so-called respectable pillars of society are just as keen on keeping it as we are on getting it. What the hell do a few lives matter? As long as they're lives of strangers. They're no better than we are. They're ——"

"Well," interrupted Gillian, who had been brushing her hair and not listening, "if we're going to Nice tonight, what are we going to do with Johnny? We can't leave him here. In my apartment. Are you? . . ." She looked at him significantly.

"I don't know. Only if I have to. Could he identify us to the police?"

"Alan, he can hardly say his own name. They'll get nothing out of him except gibberish. Identify us! Don't make me laugh."

"What do you think?"

"I think we should give him back," said Gillian. "He's been a nuisance, but I've got to like him in a funny sort of way. He's so bloody helpless."

"What are the chances of his being recognized if you take him out?" West asked. "His pictures have been all over the papers and television, you know."

"He doesn't look anything like those pictures. They must have been taken about two years ago."

"All right. Where will you leave him?"

"There's the Victoria bus terminal. There are always kids wandering around there."

"No. Too many people," said West. "You might be noticed. I have an idea, though. One of those cinemas that show cartoon shorts and things like that. After about twenty minutes inside, tell Johnny you're going to get him an ice cream, and then just leave. They'll find him eventually and hand him over to the police."

"Okay," said Gillian. "When shall I take him?"

"The sooner the better."

But, Father, I don't see that another meeting of the partners is at all necessary," Robert Cromer said. "Nobody is likely to change his mind about paying the ransom money."

James Cromer had called his son and Henry Leigh into his office to tell them about Alan West. While Robert Cromer argued with his father, Leigh guiltily thought about how off-handedly he had brushed aside Hurst's reference the day before to their former accountant's son. It was now about an hour after the elder Cromer's conversation with Hurst.

"But don't you see, Bob," said James Cromer, "that if it *is* West, this changes the whole picture."

"No, I don't see. We treated Arthur West perfectly adequately while he was with us. His pension, for a firm like ours, was quite reasonable. I don't intend to feel guilty about it. And anyway, whatever we did to his father doesn't condone Alan West's murdering two children. Or make us morally responsible for his action."

"But, until now, we were sure there was no conceivable link between us and these murders," James Cromer argued. "I don't have to remind you that even the law recognizes that there is some responsibility in the chain of causation between someone who commits a wrong and its final consequences."

"We committed no wrong!" Robert Cromer exclaimed. "We can't conceivably be held responsible for the psychopathic behavior of the son of one of our employees."

"I see your point, James," said Henry Leigh, trying to ignore Robert Cromer. "I don't like it, but I see it. If we'd been more generous with old West, this might not have happened."

"Exactly!"

"Just a moment," Robert Cromer said loudly. "It might have happened even if we *had* given him a pension of twenty pounds a week. Or if he'd loved and cherished us instead of hating us. What about the boy's record of violence? *That* had nothing to do with us."

"You see, James," said Leigh, "I don't think you're going to change Robert's mind. And I can't see Briginshaw or young Keightley being convinced of their responsibility for these murders. Raphael maybe. But not the other two. Not when it will cost them all the money they have to make that admission. And, anyway, we're not *sure* Alan West is the kidnaper."

"Hayes called me just before you came in," James Cromer said. "It's the most significant lead they've had. They've already picked up enough facts to make them talk about releasing a photograph of West to the press."

"I don't understand you, Father," said Robert Cromer. "I don't see what earthly difference it makes whether West was or was not involved. Why does that make us responsible for the Nicholson children?"

James Cromer leaned across his desk, staring intently at his son. "What responsibility has any human being for the life of another human being? That's what I've been asking myself ever since this whole affair began. If any one of us had seen one of those Nicholson children drowning in the sea, we'd probably have plunged in—risking our own lives—in an effort to save it. We wouldn't have asked ourselves if we knew or did not know the child. We'd have gone to the rescue, instinctively and naturally. If we would be ready to risk our lives in that situation, why are we not ready to risk our money now? Our money, *not* our lives, mind you. . . ."

He was interrupted by the buzzing of one of the telephones on his desk. After speaking briefly with the person on the other end of the line, he turned back to the two men in his office. "That was

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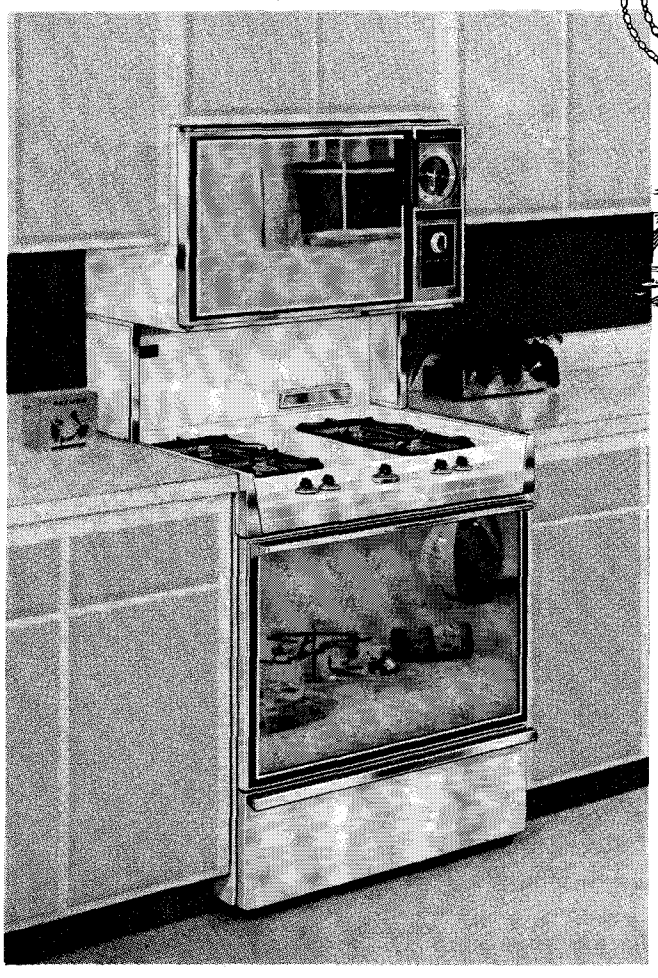

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Sir Lionel Bliss at the Law Society," he said. "He feels we ought to know the views of some of their senior members before we make any final decision about the ransom."

Years of eminence at the bar, together with a spell as a Conservative minister, had made Sir Lionel Bliss one of those figures whose views were hallmarks of Establishment opinion. His name on a letter to the *Times* made governments take notice. He was suave, precise, and steely hard—and unpleasantly condescending in manner.

"True, true, James," said Sir Lionel. He was seated between Robert Cromer and Henry Leigh, facing James Cromer's desk. "No one could have put the humanitarian argument better. And I liked the analogy of the drowning children. I liked that. But I need hardly remind you, hard cases make hard law. The easy course—and that is not merely my own view but that of some of the leading members of the bar—is to yield to public pressure and pay over the ransom money. The hard course is to remain resolute and demonstrate that the law—*British* law—is not something that can be bent or broken by threats and blackmail. No one would seriously contend that a philosophical or a legalistic argument should prevail at the cost of the life of a child. But that is the point. I am asking you to be firm because—as a father myself—I want to protect the lives of children that might be subjected to this kind of blackmail in the *future*. Just imagine what the consequences would be if this particular kidnaping succeeded, and the criminals were never caught. No child would be safe on our streets again. It looks so easy. So tempting. Nab a child and then ask the nearest millionaire to pay up. If lawyers like yourselves paid up, who would be morally justified in refusing? It's an appalling and terrifying prospect. There is only one way to stop the spread of vicious and callous crimes of this nature. That is to show—at the very beginning—that they do not pay in this country. Remember the Goya painting stolen from the National Gallery? No money was paid for its return—there were no concessions to any threats, or any offers to bargain with the thief—and the result was that the picture was returned."

"But we're dealing with children!" interrupted James Cromer. "Not with paintings!"

"Of course. Of course," Sir Lionel continued. "But the principle is exactly the same. Make the crime profitable—even *possible*—and there'll be no way to call a halt. If you gentlemen, the very custodians of the law itself, can be cowed into yielding to the lawbreakers, what right would we have to demand any sterner conduct of anyone else? I urge you to consider not only what is expedient—or even humane—but what is your duty to your profession and your fellow citizens."

The radio was playing quietly when Gillian returned. There had been nothing fresh on the twelve o'clock news.

"How did it go?" asked West.

"Easy," she said. "I'm sure no one noticed us. Johnny sat through an entire travelogue about Copenhagen without making a sound. And when the cartoons began, he didn't mind at all when I told him I was going to get him some chocolate bars. Sat there good as gold."

"Fine. The police have probably picked him up by now. I expect we'll hear it on the news in an hour or so."

"Papers are full of stuff about finding Eileen. Look at this one." She tossed him a copy of one of the evening papers. MASSIVE POLICE HUNT FOR MONSTER KILLERS ran the eight-column head across the front page. "They don't like us," she said casually.

West raced impatiently through the story. When he had finished, a deep flush of anger had darkened his face. "Monsters!" he shouted. "Who are they to talk about monsters! Did the Cromers and the others give a good goddamn about any of those kids? Or the *Bulletin?* Or any of those other newspapers?"

"Why should they have?" Gillian asked impassively.

"Well, *we* cared, didn't we? We gave one of them back. They were ready to let him die. They were ready to kill three. We only killed two. So who are the monsters?"

"You're right, Alan. They're worse than we are. But who cares? What time's the plane leaving tonight?"

"Eleven-twenty," said West. "But there's this job I'm thinking of doing first."

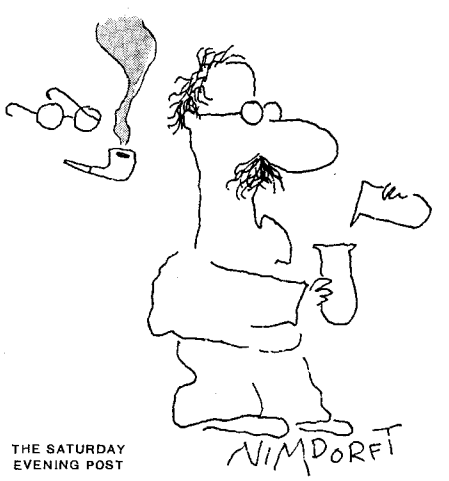
"What job?"

"Well, I've been watching this bookmaker's shop." He spoke eagerly and persuasively as he outlined his newest scheme. "It closes at six, and about an hour later the manager leaves carrying most of the takings. It's in a small brown bag. Must be at least five or six hundred pounds. His car's parked in this mews just around the corner. You see, he does the same thing every night. He puts down the bag, then gets out his keys to open the door of his Hillman. There's never anyone around at that hour. It's easy. I'll give him a knock on the head, and you'll be waiting for me in a car a few yards away. That ought to set us up for a while."

"What car?"

"What car? That's no problem. We'll steal another one. Dead easy."

The final editions of the London evening papers—which reached the streets just before five—carried front-page pictures of Alan West. He was sought by the police, ran the story, "to help them in their inquiries." The official description was of a man twenty-five years old, about five feet, ten inches tall, slight build, and light-brown hair. The photograph, an enlargement of a snapshot about seven years old, showed a thin-faced, smiling young man in whose eyes lurked anxiety and something wistful. □



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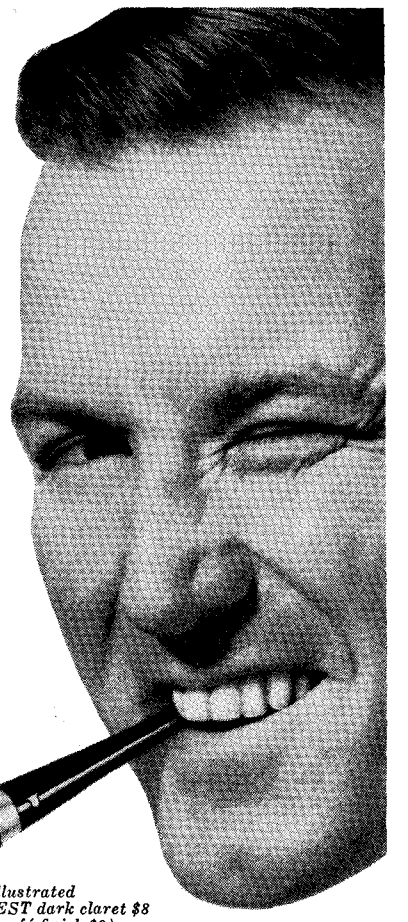

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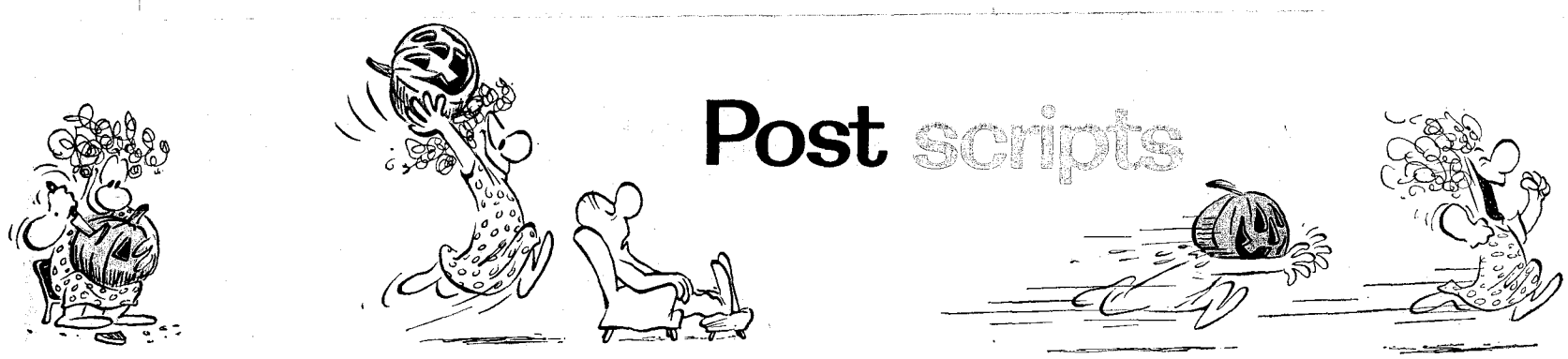
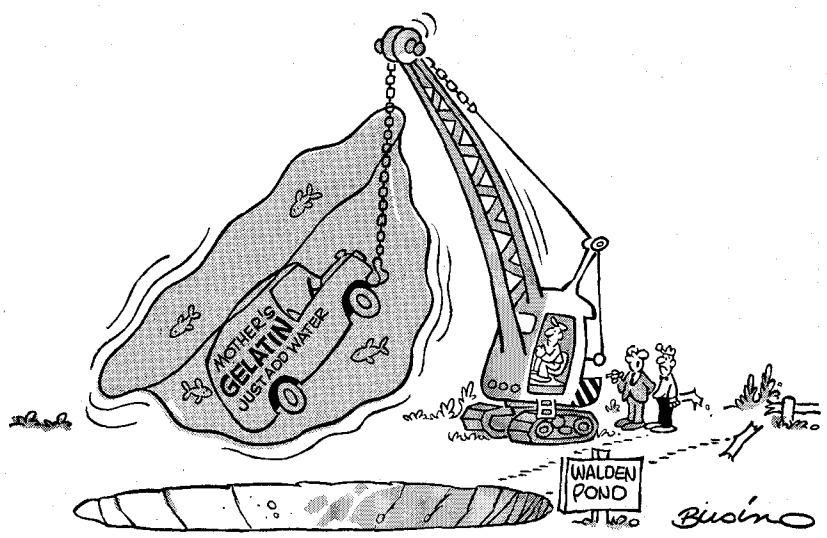


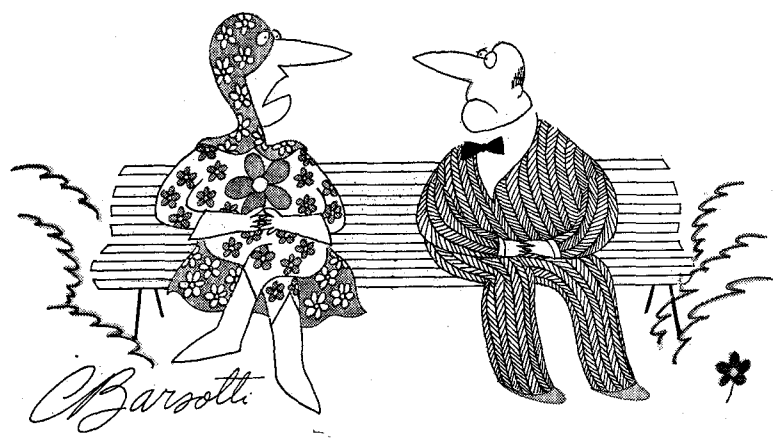
Post scripts

"I changed my mind . . . I want him to have a happy face!"

"Salem was socked in, so I had to land in Pawtucket."



"As a truck driver for Mother's Gelatin, you're through!"



"I could leap tall buildings with the best of them, but somehow I never seemed to catch on."

"Oh, stop worrying about cavities."

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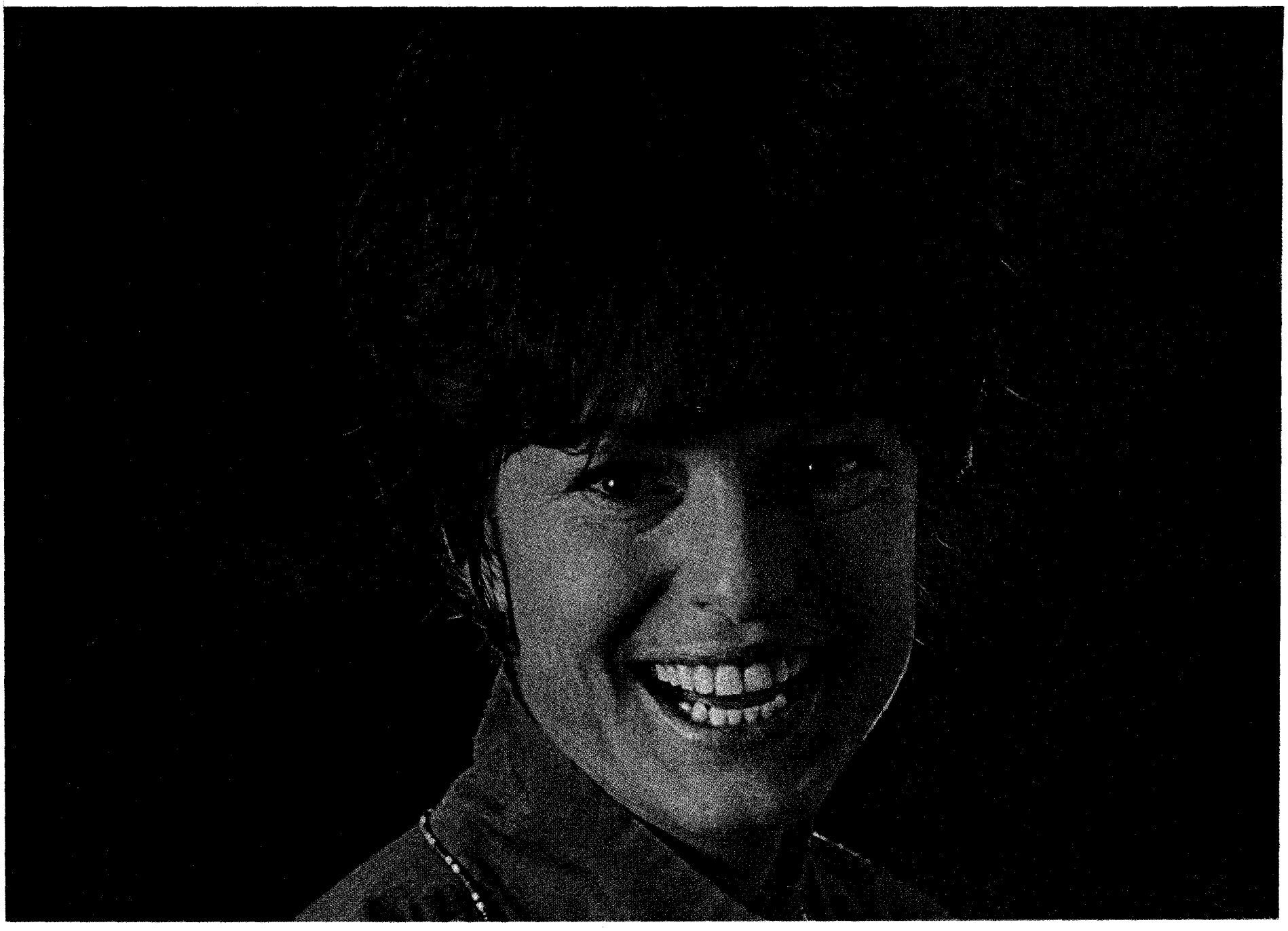
She is the editor of '16 Magazine,' a teen-agers' hot line connecting four million switched-on girls with the dreamworld of their pop idols.

MEET GLORIA STAVERS



Full real name: Gloria Frances Stavers.

Birthdate and place: I was born in Wilmington, North Carolina—that's a seaport—on October 3, thirty-some years ago.

Personal data: I'm 5'8". Hair and eyes, brown and brown.

Favorites:

Food: Caviar. Definitely.

Color: Peacock-feather color.

Singer: Denny Doherty (of the Mamas and Papas). Once I saw him sing the birds off the trees. You think I'm kidding. They came down and sat on the ground to listen.

Comedian: Jack Benny. He's my true idol. I was introduced to him—in an elevator at the Plaza—and I turned completely to water.

Composer: Mozart. Flips me out altogether.

Secret ambition: To own my own magazine. If the economy can stand it.

All four phones in Gloria Stavers's cluttered Fifth Avenue office were ringing. Western Union delivery boys trooped through, leaving behind a small hill of pale yellow envelopes. Gloria opened one: "Can you confirm rumor Micky Dolenz getting married to Samantha Juste? Please reply." It was from a Bronx girl named Judy. A rumor was abroad that Dolenz—a member of the pop singing group, the Monkees—had gone out of circulation, and the fans were in agony. Their first impulse was to turn to Gloria Stavers, editor of the teeny-boppers' bible, *16 Magazine*.

As Gloria fielded phone calls, a free-lance photographer made his way through a small maze of shopping bags and cardboard cartons. He was just

By William Kloman

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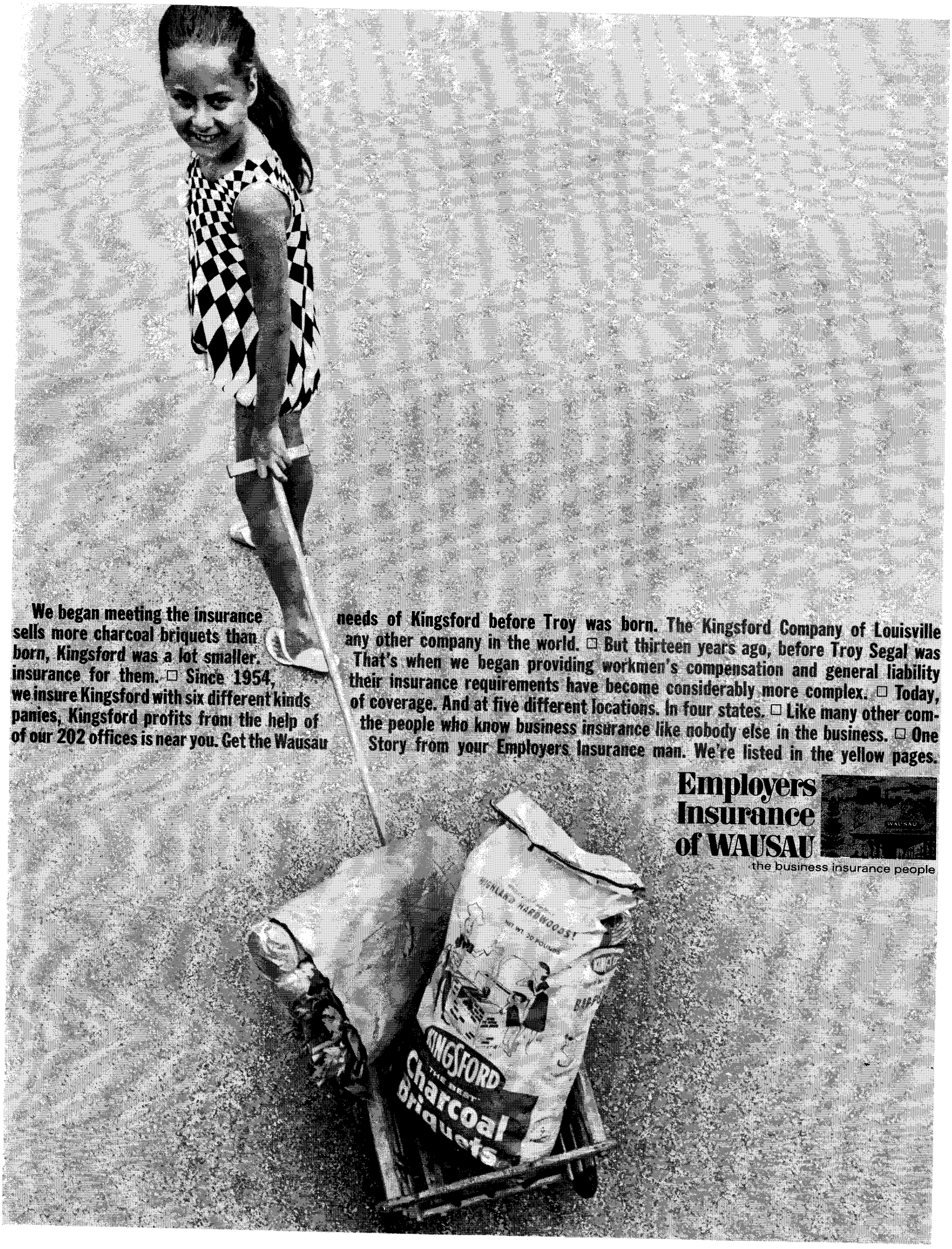

We began meeting the insurance needs of Kingsford before Troy was born. The Kingsford Company of Louisville sells more charcoal briquets than any other company in the world. ☐ But thirteen years ago, before Troy Segal was born, Kingsford was a lot smaller. That's when we began providing workmen's compensation and general liability insurance for them. ☐ Since 1954, their insurance requirements have become considerably more complex. ☐ Today, we insure Kingsford with six different kinds of coverage. And at five different locations. In four states. ☐ Like many other companies, Kingsford profits from the help of the people who know business insurance like nobody else in the business. ☐ One of our 202 offices is near you. Get the Wausau Story from your Employers Insurance man. We're listed in the yellow pages.

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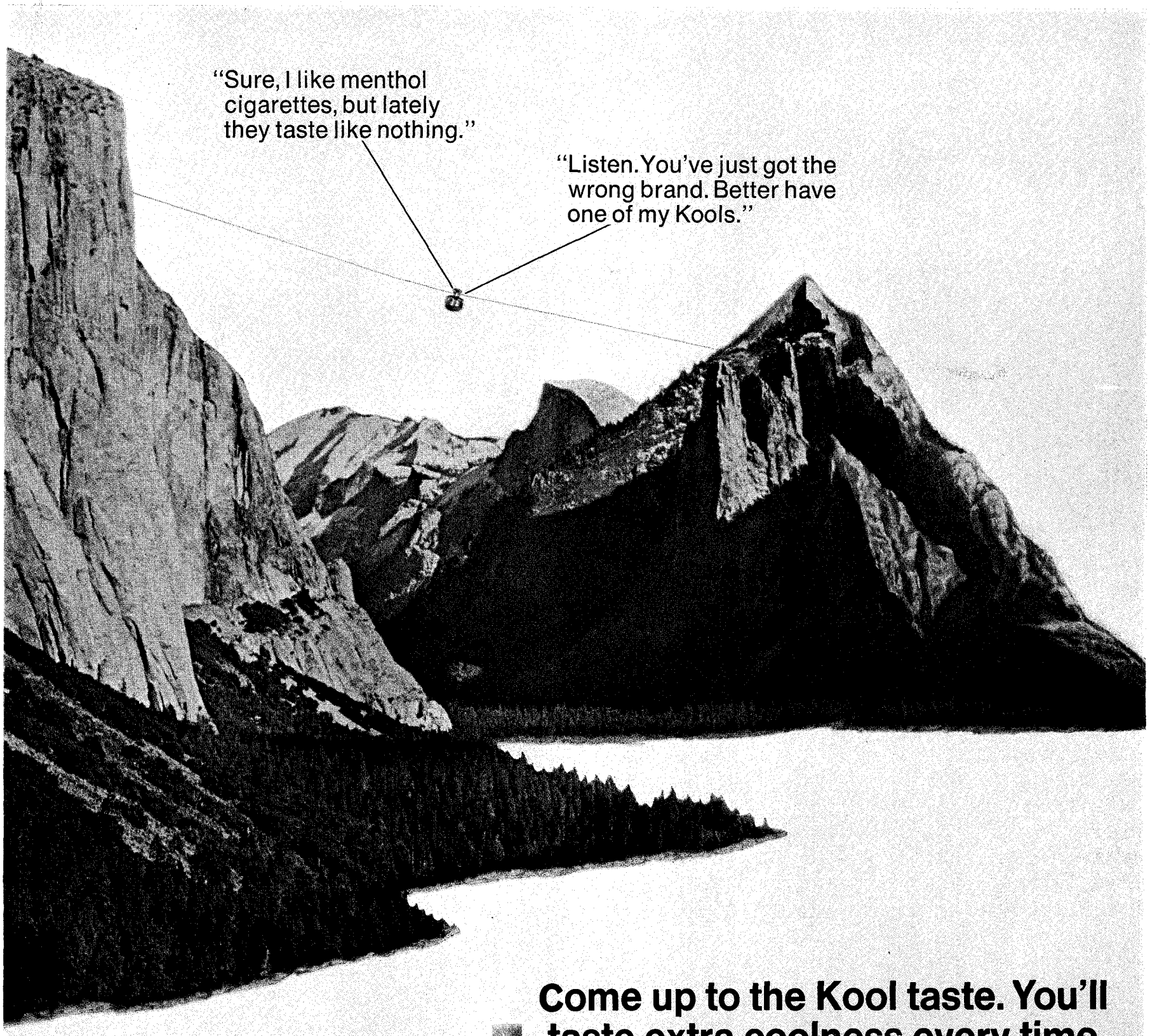
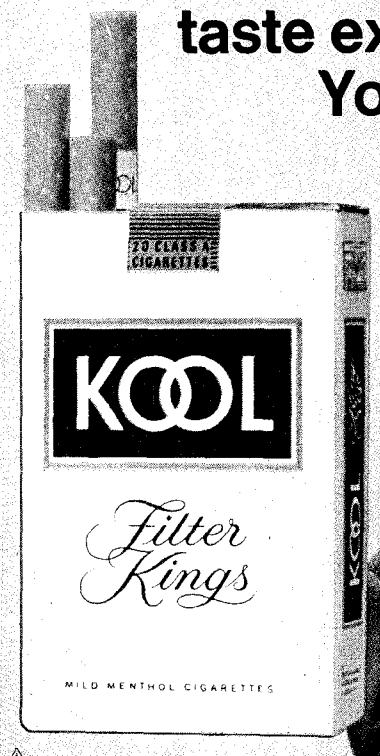

"Sure, I like menthol cigarettes, but lately they taste like nothing."
"Listen. You've just got the wrong brand. Better have one of my Kools."

Come up to the Kool taste. You'll taste extra coolness every time. You can depend on it.



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in from London with a run of photos of the Beatles.

"Lynn," Gloria called to her secretary, "take these calls for a while. Tell them Micky Dolenz isn't dead, he hasn't been drafted, and he's definitely not getting married. Tell them I said so." Then she examined the Beatles pictures. "This, this, and this," she said, selecting three color shots. "They'll do just fine."

16 is the giant of the lucrative early-teen fan-magazine field. It reaches about four million girls between the ages of 11 and 14 each month. (Sixteen-year-old girls rarely read fan magazines, but most 13-year-olds want to be 16.) Newsstand sales total around a million copies an issue, a figure topped by only a handful of national periodicals. The reason for its success can be summed up in two words: Gloria Stavers.

A former high-fashion model, Gloria resembles a stylish blend of Katharine Hepburn and Julie Andrews. Like Miss Andrews, Gloria is a Libra, whose sign astrologists associate with a passionate attachment to justice and a deep sympathy for suffering. Libra women are supposed to be among the most beautiful in the world and, because their natures are gentle and childlike, they are credited with the best understanding of children. If the astrologists are right, Gloria is a perfect Libra.

"I have this button in my head," she says. "I push it and I become thirteen again, and I remember all the things I longed for. I don't want to sound conceited, but the other magazines can't reach these children the way I can."

Gloria is a one-woman editorial staff. She writes every story in the magazine and takes most of the pictures. Layout and covers are done by a successful op artist named Fred Chance, under Gloria's close supervision. *16* has an extraordinarily high reputation for understanding what pop is all about, and is watched carefully by the moguls of the youth market for the latest trends. New arrivals on the pop scene appear in a format that resembles a medical report. If the readers respond favorably, more details and pictures will follow.

Talent agencies count the pages devoted to their clients as an indication of the act's popularity. Record companies seek Gloria's approval before launching publicity campaigns for new artists. Bob Dylan was in the habit of personally playing his new songs over the phone for Gloria to get her reaction. Screen Gems recently flew her to the West Coast to pass judgment on a group they are grooming to follow in the Monkees' profitable footsteps, and Columbia Records, hearing she was in Los Angeles, offered to pack up their new group, the Moby Grape, and fly them down from San Francisco so Gloria could have a look.

Although she is sometimes ridiculed as the "Mother Superior of the Inferior," Gloria takes her readers and their adolescent problems seriously. She lugs shopping bags full of mail home from the office and reads every one of the 300 personal letters she gets on an average day. The recurring theme is: "Nobody takes me seriously, but I know you won't laugh when I tell you. . . ." What follows isn't usually anything a parent would consider earth-shaking. "Please tell me how I can join the Dave Clark Five Fan Club. I'm utterly desperate." Or, "I'm twelve, big-boned and overweight. Can you suggest some exercises?" Representative letters are answered in *16*.

"The problems they have are so simple they bring tears to my eyes," Gloria says. "It's not yet a question of whether to wear mini-skirts, but how to say hello to a boy in the lunchroom. It's not how to put on eye makeup, but how to take care of their skin and keep their nails clean. A lot of parents today are young, too, and many of them never seem to take the time to explain the little things that really matter. I get letters from girls who cry themselves to sleep every night because they're so much in love with one Monkee or another. Their parents think it's silly, or simply don't believe them. Well, *I* believe them, and I know what they're going through. It hurts. We try to help."

The Micky Dolenz crisis is typical of the daily routine at *16*. A few days later the phones were buzzing with rumors that Paul McCartney had broken up with his girl friend Jane Asher. Little girls in Des Moines and Tampa had got on their phones to find out if it was true that they would have another crack at the bachelor Beatle.

Although most of these budding teeny-boppers will never find themselves face-to-face with a rock-'n'-roll idol, much less run the risk of marrying one, they can, through a *16* feature called "Dreamsville," win an occasional personal telephone call, lock of hair or cast-off sweater that Gloria wrangles away from the stars.

"At that age they're not ready to meet a real boy," Gloria says. "What they need is food for their fantasies."

Gloria claims that she gives the children not only what they want, but also what's good for them. Nobody has ever appeared in *16* smoking a cigarette or holding a drink stronger than ginger ale. When a reader recently asked Davy Jones how he passed the long, lonely nights on the road with the Monkees, Davy confided that he reads himself to sleep with the Bible.

Her readers have turned Gloria into a minor deity. The first indication that she was becoming a super celebrity came last summer at a pop concert in Lambertville, N.J. One of the performers said she was in the audience. A howl went up from the 2,000 fans, and Gloria had to be escorted to her limousine to avoid being crushed by a mob of hero-worshiping teen-agers.

When Gloria was not much older than her fans she had already begun her career in journalism, on the sports desk of the Goldsboro, N.C., *News-Argus*. After high school she moved to Washington, D.C., and found a job writing safety manuals for an automobile club. Then she sent a photograph to the John Robert Powers agency, which was conducting a nationwide search for models. Soon Gloria was called to New York, where Powers placed her in some of the city's most elegant and expensive salons. But she grew restless with the model's routine. In 1959 she met Jacques Chambrun, a publisher who had recently left the scandal-magazine field for the greener pastures of the teen press, and talked him into letting her come to work for his newest creation, *16*.

She got the job as a $50-a-week girl Friday. The magazine started out as a ragbag of press-agent handouts and contrived bits of gossip about the stars. In one early issue, Tab Hunter confessed that he slept *au naturel* and with a Teddy bear. ("I know it sounds silly," Tab explained.)

Not satisfied with rewriting press releases, Gloria went to see a star in person—it was Paul Anka—and actually asked him what was on his mind. The road to stardom was rough, Gloria reported. But "when he stands up and starts to sing, he's the happiest guy in the world." This wasn't much of a revelation, but the fans loved it. Gloria's first story doubled the magazine's meager circulation.

By 1964 Gloria's name had worked its way up to the top of *16*'s masthead. She had become indispensable.

Her power today is awesome. The teen-agers she influences pour about nine billion dollars a year into the economy, and record companies, cosmetics manufacturers and clothing firms are all scrambling eagerly for a share of the loot.

Gloria reportedly earns $50,000 a year as editor of *16;* business acquaintances claim she could make 10 times that amount as a product consultant. She once casually mentioned the name of a Los Angeles clothing store in her magazine, and it took the shop three months to answer requests, from all over the country, for catalogues.

Answering mail, fending off the adulation of her readers (who manage to find Gloria although she works behind an unmarked office door and has an unlisted home phone) and meeting monthly magazine deadlines add up to a usual work week of 70 hours. (On Wednesday evenings she takes classes in Buddhism, and once every five months or so flies to the Virgin Islands, where she unwinds by scuba diving. "I just like to sit on the bottom of the ocean and groove on the fish. It's fantastic," she says.)

Recently, over a lunch of Martinis and spareribs, Gloria paused to talk about her readers.

"If you want to know what the future mothers of America are like," she said, "just read my mail. There's a crusade on, whether parents know it or not. I think these young people—some of them call themselves flower children—mean to flood the adult world with love. I get letters that say, 'The adults are never going to understand unless we show them. We have to lead the way.' And, strangely enough, these kids aren't aware of their tremendous economic power. They're conscious of mass power, though, because they hear the constant adult talk about 'teen-agers.' The rebellion against the parent generation shows all the signs of being a really solid mass movement."

The waiter cleared the dishes, and Gloria lighted a cigarette, then smiled to herself as she stirred her coffee.

"Girls of eleven to fifteen are in a period of development more intense than any other period in their lives. They are hungrier than they'll ever be, so they eat more. They see something they want—a mini-skirt or a pair of boots—and they want it more than they'll ever want anything in their lives. By the time a girl actually reaches sixteen she's ready to leave the dream-world, and *16* is way behind her. But during those earlier years, I tell you true, that child is *mine*." □

"Wouldn't feed a dog what they gave us."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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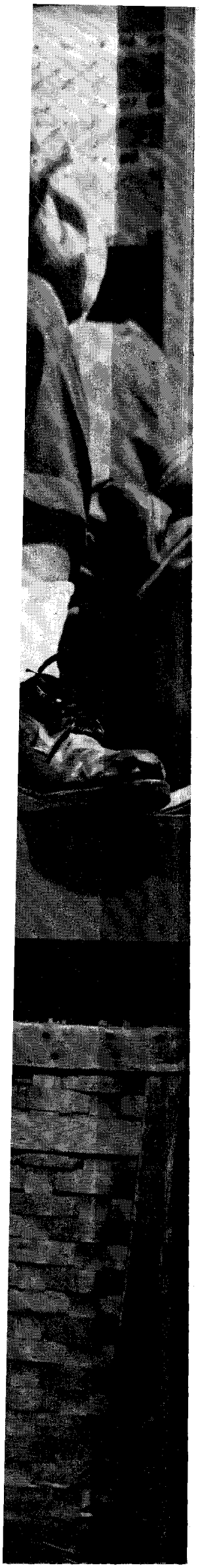

'Win one

Coach Duffy Daugherty may nee

It may not be the game of the century this time, but Duffy Daugherty's Aunt Mary Margaret back in his hometown of Barnesboro, Pa., is taking no chances. When the Notre Dame-Michigan State game appears on millions of television sets a few days hence, and the round, red face of her famous nephew comes on in full color, Aunt Mary Margaret will take up her post, as she did last year, behind the coal range in her kitchen. There she will cup an ear and try to hear the bulletins called from the living room by her sister, Duffy's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Daugherty, who fears neither television nor Ara Parseghian.

Aunt Mary Margaret cannot stand suspense. Not only Michigan State football games send her scurrying for her coal range, but so do the blast-offs of astronauts from Cape Canaveral and the reentry of orbiting capsules. Although some early-season forecasts predicted that Notre Dame would beat Michigan State so easily that there would be no suspense at all this time, Aunt Mary Margaret was not impressed. She had known Hugh Duffy Daugherty to be on the short end of the long odds many times before this and seen him come out on top. Now that both teams have been the victims of upsets, she believes more firmly than ever that it would not be beyond Duffy to surprise Notre Dame just as Houston (coached by Duffy's former assistant, Bill Yeoman) and Southern California had surprised Michigan State. It will all be just too exciting to bear. And so it is the coal-range vigil again for Aunt Mary Margaret.

For Duffy there will be no place to hide. As the cameras zoom in, he will be there as before, ceaselessly pacing the length of the visiting-team's bench in his baggy pants and stocking cap and as many layers of long underwear as the weather calls for, as roly-poly as television viewers saw him during last November's memorable 10–10 tie with Notre Dame. It is no secret that the inconclusive result of this game has rankled ever since in the mind of Ara Parseghian despite the fact that the wire services ended up voting his team the best in the nation. Stung by the criticism that he had settled for a tie instead of going for broke, Ara would like nothing better than to give his good friend Duffy the worst beating of his career. Duffy, in turn, would dearly love to give Ara the shellacking of his life, thereby resolving last season's no-decision and redeeming a season that started disastrously.

I have been seeing Duffy Daugherty and his family for the last 10 years. I have seen him when his luck was in and, like this year, when his luck seemed to have run out. And I cannot remember any day, however bleak it might have been, when I did not at least smile with Duffy for some reason or other. On the good days his stock jokes were often outrageously corny, but his delight in telling them made them seem hilarious. He is at his best as an ad-libber.

One time I lay in the hospital, wallowing in self-pity and protesting to a nurse that I was in no condition to go into the sunroom to play cards, as the doctors had ordered. Then I heard a voice say, "Why don't you do what the nice young lady is telling you?"

I looked around, and there stood Duffy.

"Duffy!" I cried. "I'm in terrible shape, and this girl wants me to play cards!"

"Do what she says," said Duffy. "You've got to

Photographs by Rich Clarkson

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for Aunt Mary Margaret!'

› use all of his famed wit and wiles to inspire Michigan State against Notre Dame in TV's big game.

By Gerald Holland

get well. The nurse is trying to help you feel better. Listen, I'd rather see you get well than win ten football games."

I was aghast. "What's that, Duffy?" I said. "Did you say ten football games?"

Duffy hesitated only an instant. "*Two* football games," he said.

At first Duffy had seemed to be easy enough to understand—an authentic wit with a razor-sharp mind and an engaging manner, all of which (I assumed) were attractive talents adorning a passing-fair football coach who would win as long as the recruiting went well.

I was to learn that there was a lot more to Duffy than that. He may look—and often act—like an old-time burlesque comedian, but he is resourceful and resilient, a fighter, tough when he has to be, strong in adversity, as shrewd a football tactician as any around. Although Duffy can take defeat, he despises it. He reels under it, the color draining from his pudgy face. For a little while he not only cannot laugh, he can scarcely talk. A friend of his made a remarkable discovery about Duffy one time when he walked into the Michigan State locker room after the team had lost to arch-rival Michigan. "I couldn't find Duffy," the friend recalls. "I walked up and down and around the dressing room and didn't see him anywhere. I was about to leave when I suddenly saw him standing against the wall. I realized then that I had walked by him several times and hadn't recognized him. He was absolutely silent, and when Duffy isn't talking or laughing, he just vanishes in the crowd."

Another friend confided a story about a Duffy that few people know. "I remember one time I was driving him someplace," he said. "As we were riding along, he suddenly said, 'Would you mind pulling over to the side of the road for a minute?' I pulled over and switched off the ignition. We sat there without a word. I was mystified. He had no problems I knew about, certainly no football problems. The season was going well enough. Then I stole a look at Duffy. There were tears rolling down his cheeks. I kept my eyes straight ahead for about fifteen minutes until he finally said, 'Well, let's get going.'"

The friend never did dare to ask Duffy what had driven him to tears. Whatever it was, Duffy hid it well, and what you remember about his life is the laughter, although there was often plenty of reason to despair.

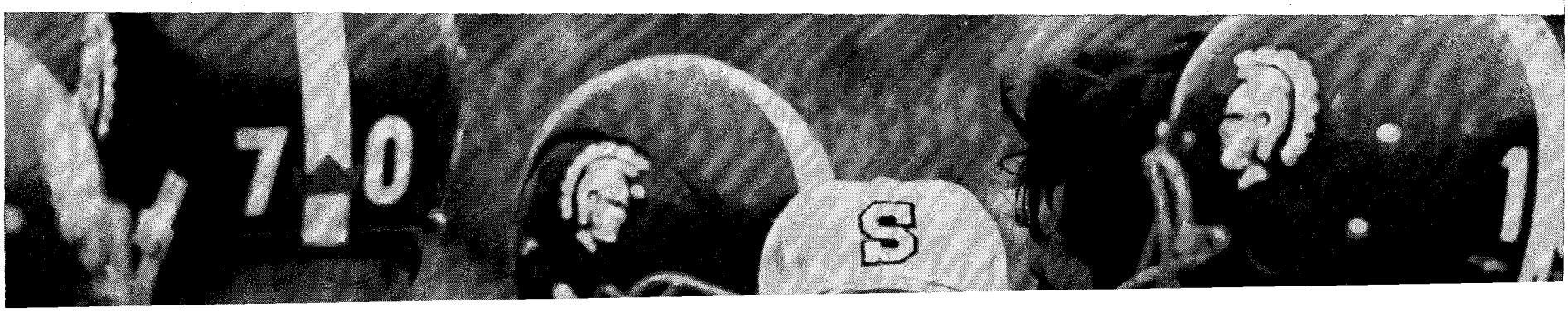
Duffy's father, Joseph Aloysius Daugherty, was a coal miner in Barnesboro, and the family never did have much money. He also happened to be the quarterback for the St. Benedict Athletic Club and the unpaid coach for the local high school. Duffy could not have escaped football if he had tried—and he certainly did not try. The first Christmas present he can remember was a football. When he was old enough, Duffy became the center of the Alley Eleven, a scrub team of boys under 14 that often played on snow-covered fields that were sprinkled with coal dust.

By the time the Depression hit in 1929, Duffy's father had given up his job in the mines and opened a clothing store. The business failed; pants were being patched, not purchased, but Joe Daugherty refused to go into bankruptcy—a lesson in responsibility Duffy never forgot—and the whole family pitched in to help pay off his debts. Duffy's first job, while he was in high school, was delivering special-delivery letters for 13 cents apiece. At 16 he got a job in a local shirt factory, and at 18 he went to work in the mines, which meant getting up at 4:30 in the morning.

But the Daughertys always found time for football. Family meals were interrupted as father and sons jumped up to run through the football play that happened to be under discussion. On such occasions mother did not object. "On the contrary," says Duffy's sister, Jean, "Mother usually played the right side of the line."

The whole Daugherty family could not afford to go to the movies, so Duffy hit on a substitute. He would earn enough to pay his way by renting out his brother Jack's pair of roller skates. Then he would run home to recreate the entire story, playing all the roles for the family and as many of the neighbors' children as could be jammed into the living room. "Usually," Jean Daugherty says, "Duffy's reenactment of the movie was better than the movie itself."

In 1936 Duffy won his emancipation from the coal mines by landing a scholarship to Syracuse. The team was then coached by Ossie Solem, whose assistants included Bud Wilkinson, later to win fame at Oklahoma, and Biggie Munn. As line coach, Munn liked Duffy's spirit and aggressive-



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■ 'Now we'll see how we take adversity. We'll see if we have character or just characters.'

ness, converted him from a center to a guard and talked Coach Solem into starting him on the varsity as a sophomore. Duffy was not even stopped by a broken neck. He came back in his senior year and was named team captain.

After World War II—Duffy made major in the South Pacific—Biggie Munn became head coach at Syracuse and offered his former player a job. One catch: the annual salary would be $2,000. "Would I consider it!" exclaimed Duffy to Biggie. "Did you ever get up at four-thirty in the morning and spend the day picking the slate out of coal cars?"

In 1947 Biggie became head coach at Michigan State, a little land-grant college of 7,000 students (it has more than 38,000 today). He invited Duffy to come along as his assistant at $3,500 a year. For the next seven years Duffy willingly played second banana to Munn, developing scrappy defensive platoons known as "Duffy's Toughies" and becoming the perfect assistant, a man who got the most out of his players and was able to break the tension with laughter.

But Duffy's image as the locker-room comedian in baggy pants hurt him badly when Munn, after compiling a brilliant record, moved up to athletic director in 1953 and designated Daugherty as his successor. Many alumni waited for Duffy to fall flat on his funny face, and that is precisely what he did. Inheriting a team that had won the Rose Bowl the year before, Daugherty ended the 1954 season with a 3–6 record, and the howls went up: "Bring back Biggie!"

It was a case of win to survive. Duffy survived. After a shaky start, his 1955 team went on to win the Big Ten championship and to defeat U.C.L.A. in the Rose Bowl. The sportswriters made Duffy the "Coach of the Year" for that, and he was on his way. Duffy's teams were undefeated during the regular season in 1965 and 1966 (the 1965 squad lost the Rose Bowl to U.C.L.A., 14–12), and Michigan State began this year with high hopes.

After the Houston and Southern California defeats, Duffy never worked harder trying to prepare his team for the Big Ten—and Notre Dame. He was tireless, running plays time after time until he was satisfied down to the last detail. Sometimes his voice would ring out with words of praise; at other times he would cry, "No, no, no! Hold it, hold it!" And then he would frequently demonstrate the proper course for a running back who had been in error, plodding step by step through the maneuver. Once, after such a demonstration, he called back to a young giant: "You see what I mean? Do you get it? Now do it that way." He paused and added, "Of course, I don't expect you to show my speed and drive, but you run just as fast as your little legs will carry you!"

One Wednesday after practice Duffy was delighted to find waiting for him an old friend and teammate from his playing days at Syracuse, Tony Paskevich, who had come all the way from New Jersey just to see him.

"How are things going, Duff?" asked Tony.

"Going pretty good, Tony," said Duffy. "They were showing good concentration out there today."

"Notre Dame, Duff. What do you think?"

"All I can say, Tony, is that no team I've ever coached had a better spirit than this one. They're looking forward to South Bend with lots of enthusiasm. Say, Tony, do you remember that Lithuanian song you taught me at Syracuse?"

"Sure I remember."

Duffy broke into the Lithuanian song he recalled from his undergraduate days, and Tony joined in. They concluded with great laughter and slapping of backs.

"You know, Tony," said Duffy, "I was singing that song on the road one time, and a Lithuanian hotel maid told me it was not nice. You never told me what the words meant, Tony."

"I never thought you'd meet another Lithuanian, Duff," said Tony.

A telephone man came up to Duffy. "Coach," he said, "where do you want the hot-line phone?"

"Why," said Duffy, looking around as he slipped out of his shorts, "put it on the long table over there. That's where we can all get to it easily."

"OK, coach," said the telephone man.

"What's with the hot line, Duff?" Tony asked.

"Oh," said Duffy, now in the altogether and scratching himself, "that's a direct line to our man in South Bend."

"You're kidding."

"Well," said Duffy, "actually it's only connected with my office." He started for the showers, calling back over his shoulder, "I'll be right with you, Tony. We'll have a beer."

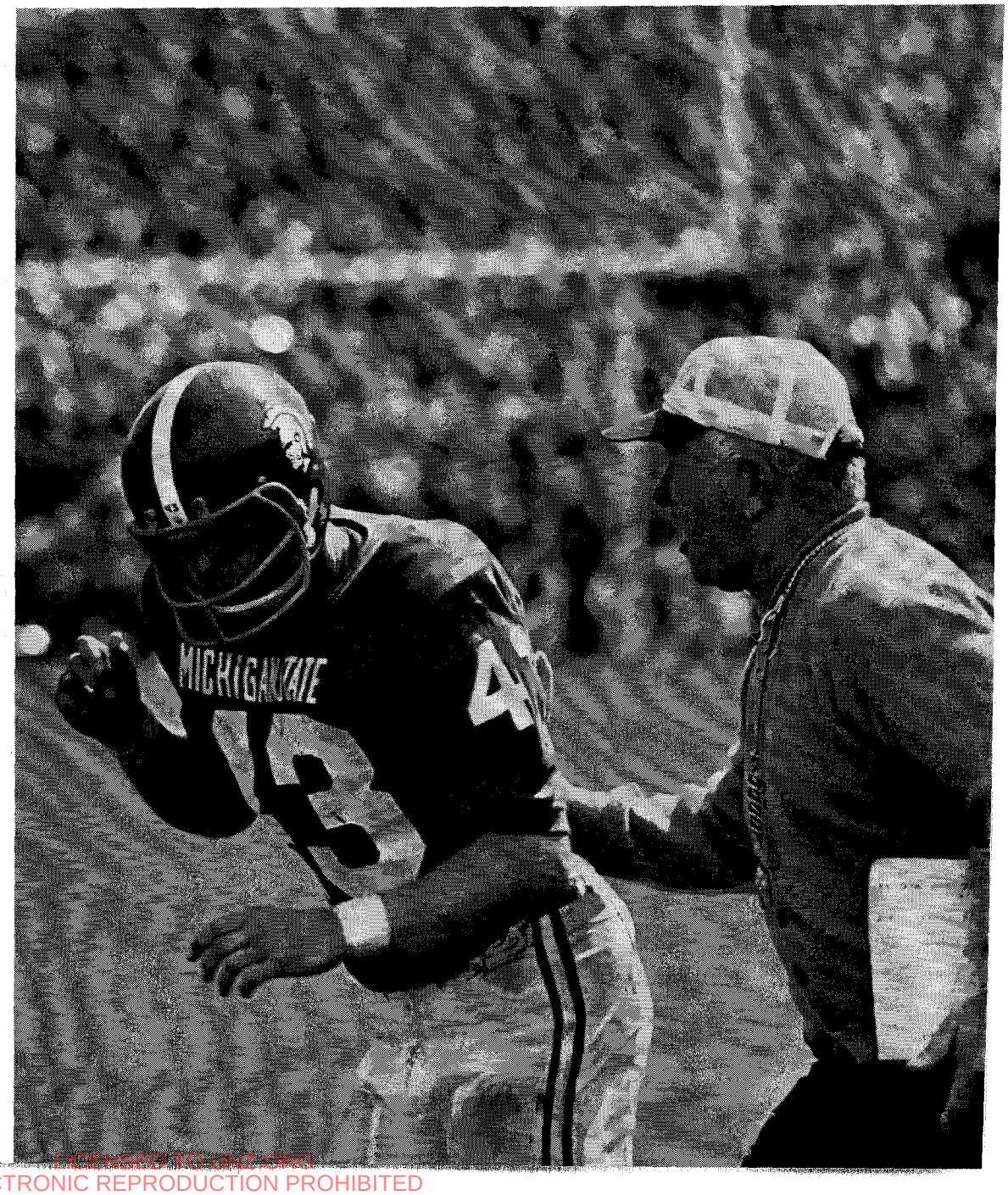
As he passed the blackboard, he stopped, picked up a piece of chalk and began drawing O's and X's furiously, muttering something like, "From a flanker I, a sprint-out pass with Apisa attacking the end, and Dwight Lee leading Jimmy Raye, and our flanker clearing the zone. . . ." His voice trailed off as he scratched away with the chalk, finally putting it down and looking around at his assistants, who nodded understandingly.

In a moment, from the shower room, Duffy's voice rose again in song, and this time his eight assistants joined in lustily. The song was the official anthem of Duffy's hometown in the coal regions of western Pennsylvania (the dressing-room choral group has recorded it at the request of the mayor, who has it played on important civic occasions), and with Duffy's voice bellowing above all the others, it came out:

"We're strong for Barnesboro,
B-A-R-N-E-S-B-O-R-O,
Where the girls are the fairest,
The boys are the squarest,
Of any old place that I know.
We're strong for Barnesboro,
Down where the sulphur creek flows.
We're always together,
In all kinds of weather . . . in
B-A-R-N-E-S-B-O-R-O!"

(Back in Barnesboro, Duffy's Aunt Mary Margaret—Mrs. Clair Caldwell—might have fretted that Duffy wasn't worrying enough about Notre Dame. But his mother would have approved completely. "Duffy," she has said, "was always a high-spirited boy even when he was working in the mines. It's Duffy's way, and I'm sure that underneath all his funning, he has his plans made for beating Mr. Parseghian on Saturday.")

There was no funning from Duffy after the early-season disasters. Pale and subdued, he faced



Daugherty sends halfback Frank Waters into the game with a hearty thump of encouragement. After a practice session, Duffy joins some of his coaching assistants in his hometown's official song: "We're strong for Barnesboro."

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up to the reporters and broadcasters in the dressing room. Of Houston, he said, "They had better running, better passing, better blocking, better kicking, better kick returning and better coaching. Now we'll see how we take adversity. We'll see if we have character or just characters." He was silent, and then said, "They say defeat can be humbling. Well, you're looking at the most humble man in the state of Michigan."

One Sunday morning after a defeat Duffy picked up his player-of-the-week, quarterback Jimmy Raye, for the drive to Jackson, where he and Bump Elliott, the Michigan coach, tape their Sunday-evening television show.

Duffy was holding an even 70-miles-an-hour when the car began to wobble. "Is that the wind, or have we got a flat?" he asked. "Coach," said Jimmy Raye, "I would say that we definitely have a flat." Duffy took a tight grip on the wheel as the car continued to wobble. He let it slow down without touching the brake, then pulled off the road and got out to look at the tires. The left rear was it.

"That tire," said Duffy, "looks like I feel."

The first car to come along stopped. It was driven by an off-duty truck driver named Red, who recognized Duffy right away.

Bump Elliott was waiting outside the studio when Duffy arrived in a strange car.

"Had a flat six miles down the road," explained Duffy.

"My," said Bump, "you *have* had a lost weekend."

Now comes the big weekend that can make or break the season for both Duffy Daugherty and Ara Parseghian. Duffy is well aware of the psychological hazards of playing under the Golden Dome and against Rock and the Gipper and all the other great names of legend. He knows, too, of the ferocity of a home-team crowd at South Bend and of the almost fanatical worship of Parseghian, who even now is being spoken of in the same breath with Rockne. Of this last near heresy Duffy has a story that he likes to tell around the banquet circuit.

"One time last winter I happened to run into my good friend Ara at a coaching clinic down south. When the clinic was over, I suggested to Ara that we take a day off and go fishing.

"Well, we found a nice quiet little lake and really enjoyed ourselves. We caught a few fish, and we started to row back to shore. Suddenly I said, 'Ara, is it true that in South Bend they think an Armenian Presbyterian like you can walk on water?'

"Ara said, 'No, no, no. There's nothing to that, Duffy. Oh, maybe a few people in South Bend think I can walk on water, but not enough to amount to anything.'

"I said, 'Well, Ara, I'm asking you in confidence now. What about it? Can you do it? Can you walk on water?'

"Ara laughed and said, 'Of course I can't walk on water. I tell you, Duffy, it's just a crazy idea some people have. There's absolutely nothing to it at all.'

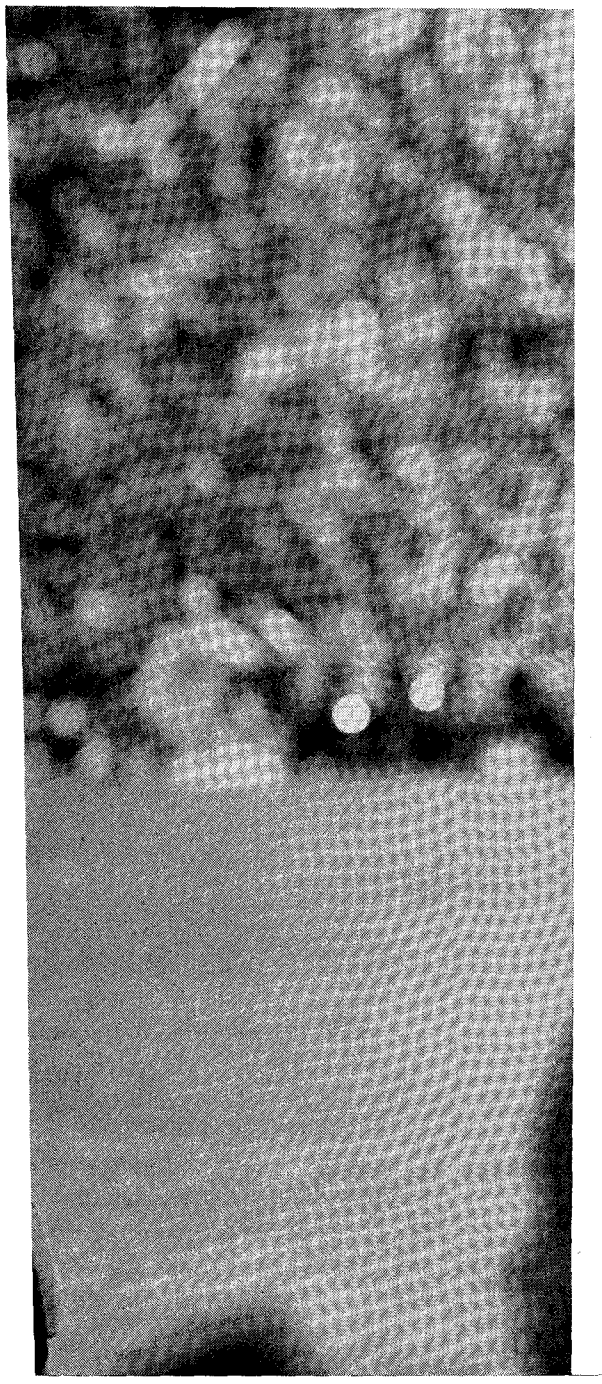
"I said, 'Ara, have you ever tried?' Ara said no, he hadn't tried. Did I think he was crazy? I kept at him. I said, 'Look, Ara, we're all alone out here. Why don't you try it and see? Maybe those people in South Bend are right. Maybe you can walk on water.'

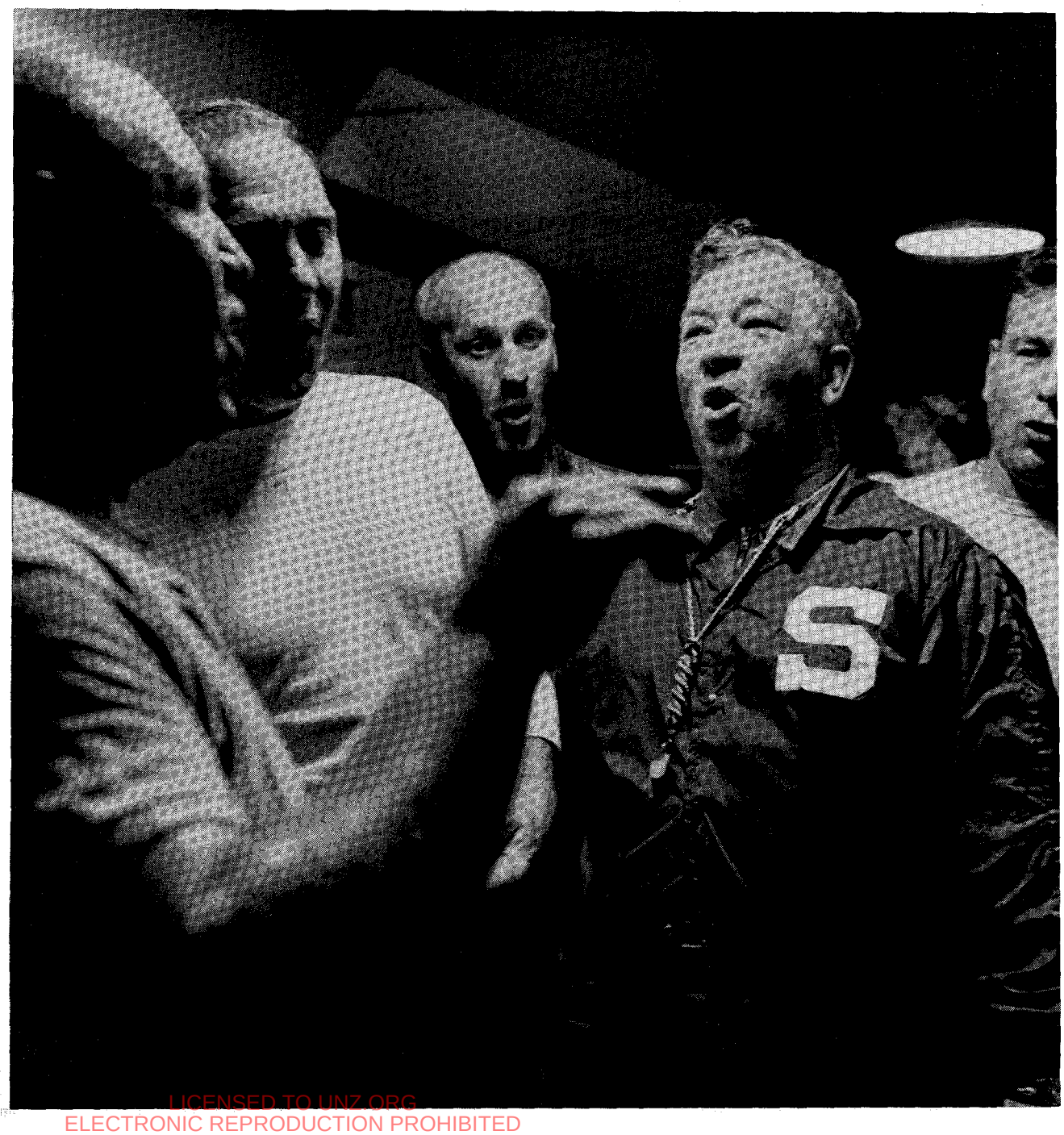
"Well, I wish you could have seen the look that came over Ara's face. He said, 'By golly, Duffy, maybe I can!' With that he got up, stepped over the side, and sank like a rock. When he came up, I grabbed him by the hair—luckily, he has a good head of hair—and pulled him out. Poor Ara was all shaken up. I wish you could have heard him plead with me. 'Duffy,' he said, 'please don't tell anybody in South Bend that I tried to walk on water and fell right to the bottom.'

"'Ara,'" I said, "'I give you my solemn word that I won't tell anybody in South Bend that you fell in if you won't tell anybody in East Lansing that I pulled you out.'"

For this Saturday afternoon, which is bound to draw a huge television audience, Duffy Daugherty may have one last-resort trick up his sleeve. It is not inconceivable that he may borrow a technique from the sainted Rockne who—on the very same hallowed ground—once pleaded with the Irish to go out there and win one for the Gipper.

If things look bad, if all appears lost at half time, it is just possible that Duffy Daugherty, with his most soulful look in his big blue eyes, might beg his Spartans to go out there and win this one for Aunt Mary Margaret behind the coal range back in Barnesboro, the town where the sulphur creek flows. □





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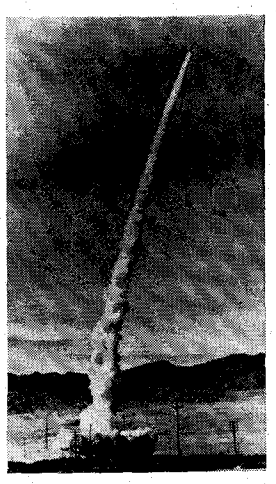
Editorial

The ABM: Damned if we do—more damned if we don't



The situation is this: You have an enemy who threatens you, but you have a weapon that will kill him instantly. The only trouble is that it will also kill you. He has the same kind of weapon. It will also kill both of you. Do your weapons make you safe from his threats? Is he safe from yours?

This is what Winston Churchill named "the balance of terror." It is also the state in which we all live. At this point we have more than 1,600 intercontinental missiles and some 600 long-range bombers. Their total destructive power would average 20 tons of TNT for every single Russian. The Soviets' power is almost as awesome—it would hit each American with about 10 tons of TNT.

For years Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara has argued that no defensive anti-missile system could protect either superpower against the other. Even when the Soviets began building an anti-missile system, McNamara responded by increasing America's offensive force. More offensive missiles, with multiple warheads and new anti-detection devices, can penetrate any defense, he argues. "It is important to understand," he says, "that none of the systems at the present or foreseeable state of the art would provide an impenetrable shield over the United States." In short, an anti-missile system is not "reasonable."

And yet, and yet. . . . The balance of terror is based on the assumption that the leaders of both sides are rational, and that no rational man wants to see his own country destroyed. That is why it is hard to imagine any President ever saying, "Well, this means the end of the United States, but we have to go ahead with it." In other words, it is hard to imagine the nuclear deterrent ever being used. It is hard precisely because of the absence of American defenses. And for all the years that McNamara has been denouncing the anti-ballistic missile (ABM), his critics have been denouncing his opposition to it. Nor is it easy to discount the Russians' investment in an anti-missile system. McNamara insists that they are being illogical, but are they? "An ABM defense lends itself superbly to bluff and blackmail . . ." one critic argues. "It is easy to imagine a suddenly belligerent Soviet attitude toward Western Europe. Would the undefended U.S. react strongly if the defended U.S.S.R. appeared willing to risk war . . . ? Would the President choose automatically to avenge the limited number of dead Americans by ordering a response certain to end civilized life in this country?"

Last month McNamara finally came around. While still insisting that no defense against the Soviets would work, he acknowledged that Communist China could threaten us with intercontinental missiles by the mid-1970's. Therefore, he said, "There are marginal grounds for concluding that a light deployment of ABM's against this possibility is prudent." In short, the U.S. will begin a five-billion-dollar program of installing a "thin" ABM defense against possible Chinese attack.

There were immediate outcries that McNamara had given in to sinister militarists and started a new round in the arms race. His decision, said one critic, was designed not as a defense against the Chinese but against the Republicans. "The decision is wrong," said another.

It is hard to be so certain about nuclear strategy, but we suspect that McNamara's decision was the right one—or at least a step in the right direction—and that the stated reasons are only partial reasons, and not necessarily the best ones.

1. *The danger of Chinese irrationality.* Granted that the Chinese provide a clear example of irresponsibility, the idea of basing world peace on rationality in high places is itself somewhat irrational. Hitler and Stalin were both demented, for example, and nobody is behaving very rationally in Vietnam. Indeed, it might be argued that all political leaders become somewhat irrational when major national interests are at stake.

2. *The question of whether the anti-missile system works.* Just as nuclear power has proved useless in Vietnam, so a strategy based on the danger of all-out attack may prove irrelevant in case of a lesser attack—a blow against one city, for example, or an accidental strike. Here, a missile that can shoot down an incoming attack could prove crucial.

3. *How big a system to build?* It is hard to be impressed by an anti-missile system that ignores Russia for the sake of erecting a defense against nonexistent Chinese missiles. The essential need is for whatever defense can be built against any attacking missiles from anywhere. Secretary McNamara proposes no increase in research and development and says the "thin" anti-missile system will not lead to a bigger one. We suspect he will find the pressures for a bigger system ultimately irresistible. By his own computer estimates, an undefended United States would lose 135 million lives in an all-out attack, whereas a United States defended by anti-missiles and fallout shelters would lose "only" 80 million. Such figures are pure guesswork, of course, and it can well be argued, as Nikita Khrushchev did, that "the living would envy the dead," but a difference of 55 million American lives is not exactly negligible.

The beginning of a missile defense can be interpreted as the beginning of a long and dismal road—at the end of which, according to many critics, lies "the mole society" in which everything is underground and life is scarcely worth living. Secretary McNamara professes himself convinced that he can take a few steps down such a road, and then stop. Perhaps. But our past policy has been based in part on wishful thinking, on the wish that nobody will ever use an atomic weapon because the consequences would be "unacceptable." So far, luck has been with us, but men who daily stake their lives on luck are not noted for longevity.

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